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Meru porters carrying trophy ivory.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

IX—ELEPHANT HUNTING ON MOUNT KENIA.

ON July 24th, in order to ship our fresh accumulations of specimens and trophies, we again went into Nairobi. It was a pleasure again to see its tree-bordered streets, and charming houses bowered in vines and bushes; and to meet once more the men and women who dwelt in the houses. I wish it were in my power to thank individually the members of the many East African households of which I shall always cherish warm memories of friendship and regard.

At Nairobi I saw Selous, who had just returned from a two months' safari with McMillan, Williams, and Judd. Their experience shows how large the element of luck is in lion hunting. Selous was particularly anxious to kill a good lion; there is nowhere

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to be found a more skilful or more hard-working hunter; yet he never even got a shot. Williams, on the other hand, came across three. Two he killed easily. The third charged him. He was carrying a double-barrelled .450, but failed to stop the beast; it seized him by the leg, and his life was saved by his Swahili gun-bearer, who gave the lion a fatal shot as it stood over him. He came within an ace of dying; but when I saw him, at the hospital, he was well on the road to recovery. One day Selous while on horseback saw a couple of lionesses, and galloped after them, followed by Judd, seventy or eighty yards behind. One lioness stopped and crouched under a bush, let Selous pass, and then charged Judd. She was right alongside him, and he fired from the hip; the bullet went into her eye; his horse jumped and swerved at the shot, throwing him off, and he found himself sitting on the ground, not three yards from the dead lioness. Nothing more was seen of the other.

Continually I met men with experiences in their past lives which showed how close the country was to those primitive conditions in which warfare with wild beasts was one of the main features of man's existence. At one dinner my host and two of my fellow guests had been within a year or eighteen months severely mauled by lions. All three, by the way, informed me that the actual biting caused them at the moment no pain whatever; the pain came later. On meeting Harold Hill, my companion on one of my Kapiti plains lion hunts, I found that since I had seen him he had been

Mr. Roosevelt laying the corner-stone at Kijabe Mission.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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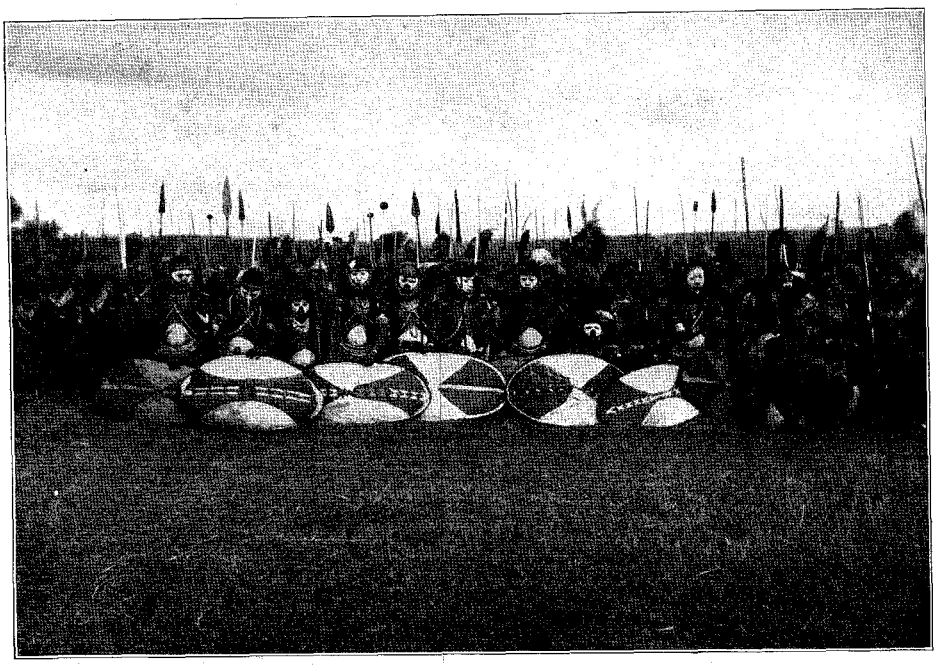
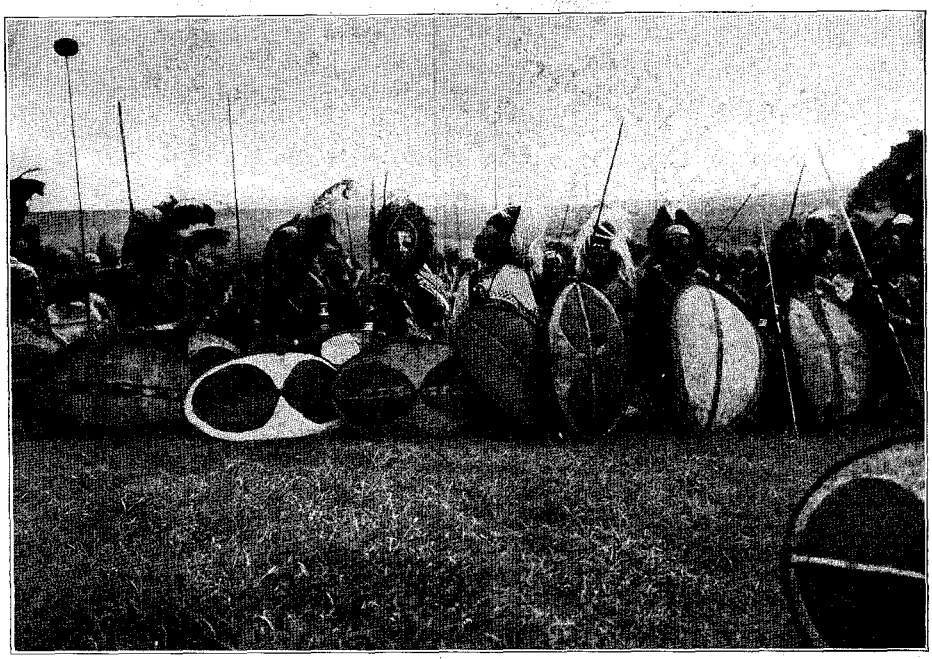


The circumcision dancers, Neri.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

roughly handled by a dying leopard. The government had just been obliged to close one of the trade routes to native caravans because of the ravages of a man-eating lion, which carried men away from the camps. A safari which had come in from the north



Kikuyu Ngama, Neri.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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Kikuyu Ngama, Neri.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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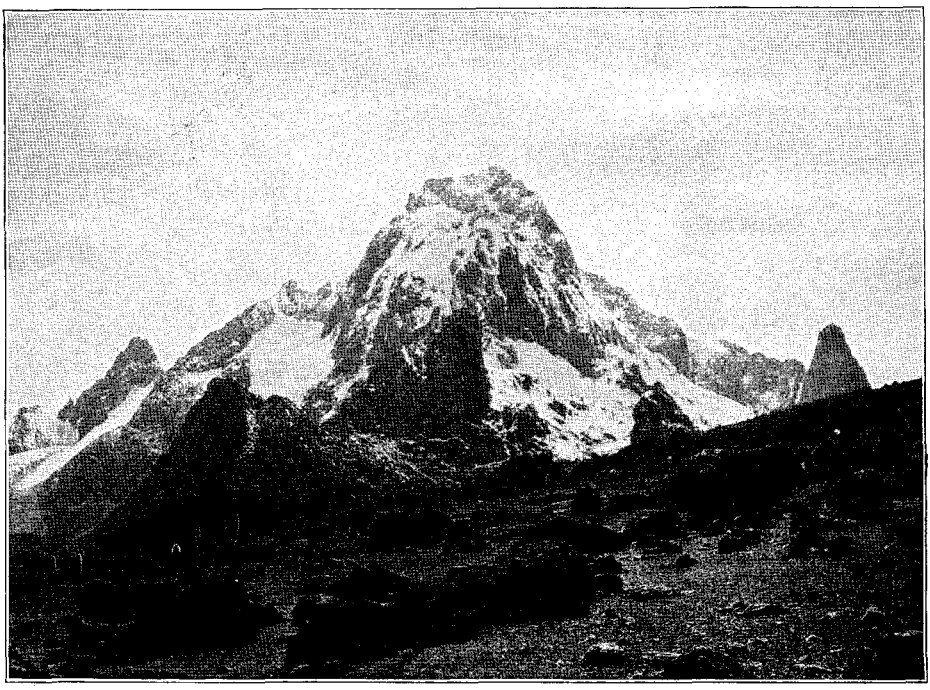
had been charged by a rhino, and one of the porters tossed and killed, the horn being driven clean through his loins. At Heatley's farm three buffalo (belonging to the same herd from which we had shot five) rushed out of the papyrus one afternoon at a passing buggy, which just managed to escape by a breakneck run across the level plain, the beasts chasing it for a mile. One afternoon, at Government House, I met a government official who had once succeeded in driving into a corral seventy zebras, including more stallions than mares; their misfortune in no way abated their savagery toward one another, and as the limited space forbade the escape of the weaker, the stallions fought to the death with teeth and hoofs during the first night, and no less than twenty were killed outright or died of their wounds.



West side of Kenia's peak, taken at an altitude of 15,000 feet.
From a photograph by J. Aiden Loring.

Most of the time in Nairobi we were the guests of ever-hospitable McMillan, in his low, cool house, with its broad vine-shaded veranda, running around all four sides, and its garden, fragrant and brilliant with a wealth of flowers. Birds abounded, singing beautifully; the bulbuls were the most noticeable singers, but there were many others. The dark ant-eating chats haunted the dusty roads on the outskirts of the town, and were interesting birds; they were usually found in parties, flirted their tails up and down as they sat on bushes or roofs or wires, sang freely in chorus until after dusk, and then retired to holes in the ground for the night. A tiny owl with a queer little voice called continually not only after nightfall, but in the bright afternoons. Shrikes spitted insects on the spines of the imported cactus in the gardens. Striped squirrels the size of chipmunks lived in the trees.

It was race week, and the races, in some of which Kermit rode, were capital fun. The white people—army officers, government officials, farmers from the country roundabout, and their wives—rode to the races on ponies or even on camels, or drove up in rickshaws, in gharries, in bullock tongas, occasionally in automobiles, most often in two-wheel carts or rickety hacks drawn by mules, and driven by a turbaned Indian or a native in a cotton shirt. There

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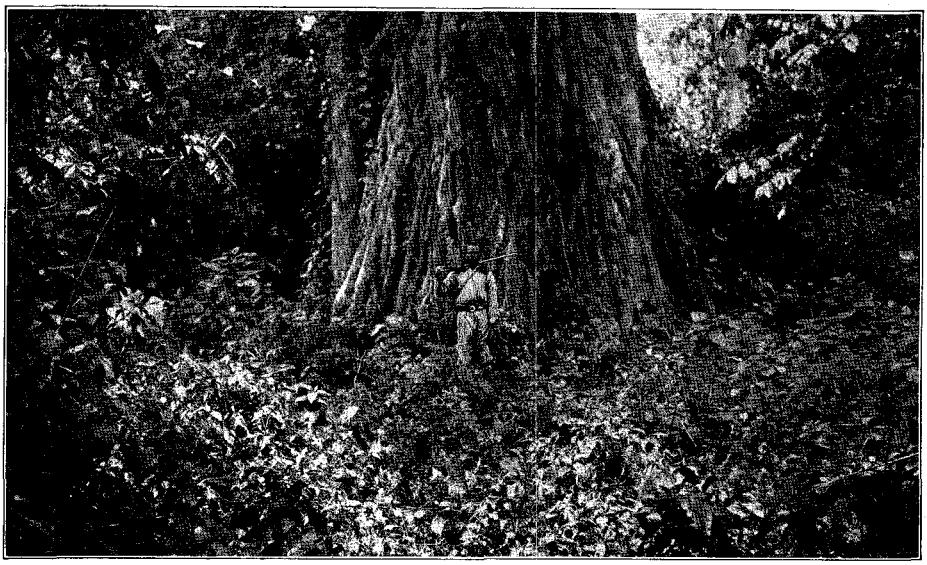
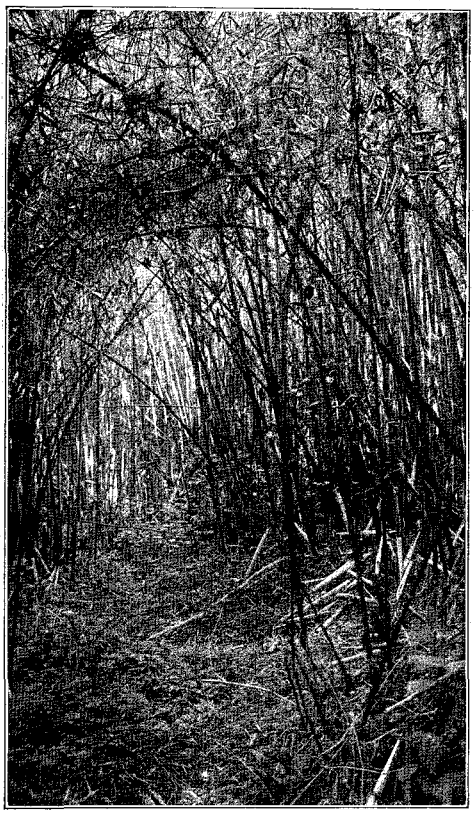


Trunk of giant fig-tree in Kenia forest.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Elephant trail in bamboo.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

were Parsees, and Goanese dressed just like the Europeans. There were many other Indians, their picturesque womenkind gaudy in crimson, blue, and saffron. The constabulary, Indian and native, were in neat uniforms and well set up, though often barefooted. Straight, slender Somalis with clear-cut features were in attendance on the horses. Native negroes, of many different tribes, flocked to the race-course and its neighborhood. The Swahilis, and those among the others who aspired toward civilization, were well clad, the men in half European costume, the women in flowing, parti-colored robes. But most of them were clad, or unclad, just as they always had been. Wkamba, with filed teeth, crouched in circles on the ground. Kikuyu passed, the men each with a blanket hung round the shoulders, and girdles of chains, and armlets and anklets of solid metal; the older women bent under burdens they carried on the back, half of them in addition with babies slung somewhere round them, while now and then an unmarried girl would have her face painted with ochre and vermilion. A small party of Masai warriors kept close together, each clutching his shining, long-bladed war spear, their hair daubed red and twisted into strings. A large band of Kavirondo, stark naked,

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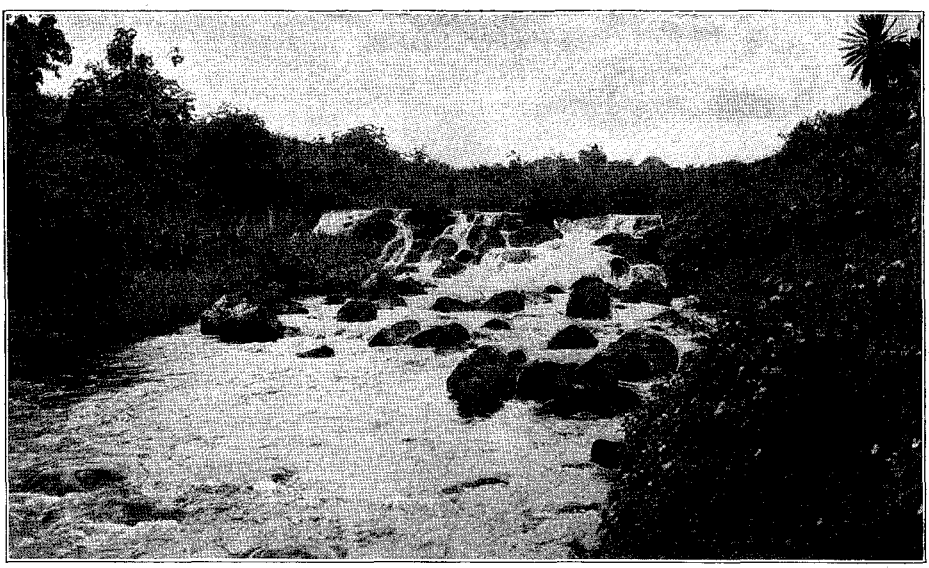

Creek on slopes of Kenia near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

with shield and spear and head-dress of nodding plumes, held a dance near the race track. As for the races themselves, they were carried on in the most sporting spirit, and only the Australian poet Patterson could adequately write of them.

On August 4th I returned to Lake Naivasha, stopping on the way at Kijabe to lay the corner-stone of the new mission building. Mearns and Loring had stayed at Naivasha and had collected many birds and small mammals. That night they took me out on a springhaas hunt. Thanks to Kermit we had discovered that the way to get this curious and purely nocturnal animal was by "shining" it with a lantern at night, just as in our own country deer, coons, owls, and other creatures can be killed. Springhaas live in big burrows, a number of them dwelling together in one community, the holes close to one another, and making what in the West we would call a "town" in speaking of prairie dogs. At night they come out to feed on the grass. They are as heavy as a big jack-rabbit, with short forelegs, and long hind legs and tail, so that they look and on occasion move like miniature kangaroos, although, in addition to making long hops or jumps, they often run almost like an ordinary rat or rabbit. They are pretty creatures, fawn-colored above,

Tree-ferns on slopes of Kenia near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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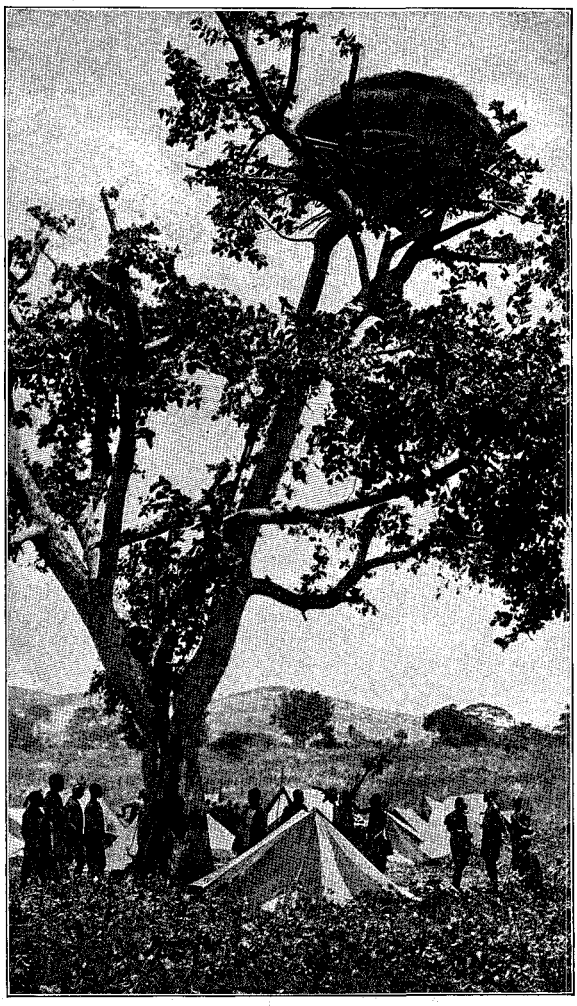
and white beneath, with the terminal half of the tail very dark. In hunting them we simply walked over the flats for a couple of hours, flashing the bull's-eye lantern on all



A watch-tower in Meru shambas.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

sides, until we saw the light reflected back by a springhaas's eyes. Then I would approach to within range, hold the lantern in my left hand so as to shine both on the sight and on the eyes in front, resting my gun on my left wrist. The number 3 shot, in the Fox double-barrel, would always do the business, if I held straight enough. There was nothing but the gleam of the eyes to shoot at; and this might suddenly be raised or lowered as the intently watching animal crouched on all-fours or raised itself on its hind legs. I shot half a dozen, all that the naturalists wanted. Then I tried to shoot a fox; but the moon had risen from behind a cloud bank; I had to take a long shot and missed.

While waiting for the safari to get ready, Kermit went off on a camping trip and shot two bushbuck, while I spent a couple of days trying for sing sing waterbuck on the edge of the papyrus. I did not shoot well, and among other feats I missed one bull, and wounded another which I did not get, as well as missing a serval as it bounded off in the tall grass. This was all the more exasperating because interspersed with the misses were some good shots: I killed a fine waterbuck cow at a hundred yards, and a buck tommy for the table at two hundred and fifty; and, after missing a handsome black and white, red-billed and red-legged jabiru, or saddle-billed stork, at a hundred and fifty yards, as he stalked through the meadow after frogs, I cut him down on the wing at a hundred and eighty, with the little Springfield rifle. The waterbuck spent the daytime outside, but near the edge of the papyrus; I found them grazing or resting, in the open, at all times between early morning and late afternoon. Some of them spent most of the day in the papyrus, keeping to the watery trails made by the hippos and by themselves; but this was not the general habit, unless they had been persecuted. When frightened they often ran into the papyrus, smashing the dead reeds and splashing the water in their rush. They are noble-looking antelope, with long, shaggy hair, and their chosen haunts beside the lakes were very attractive. Clumps of thorn trees and flowering bushes grew at the edge of the tall papyrus here and there, and often formed a matted jungle, the trees laced together by creepers, many of them brilliant in

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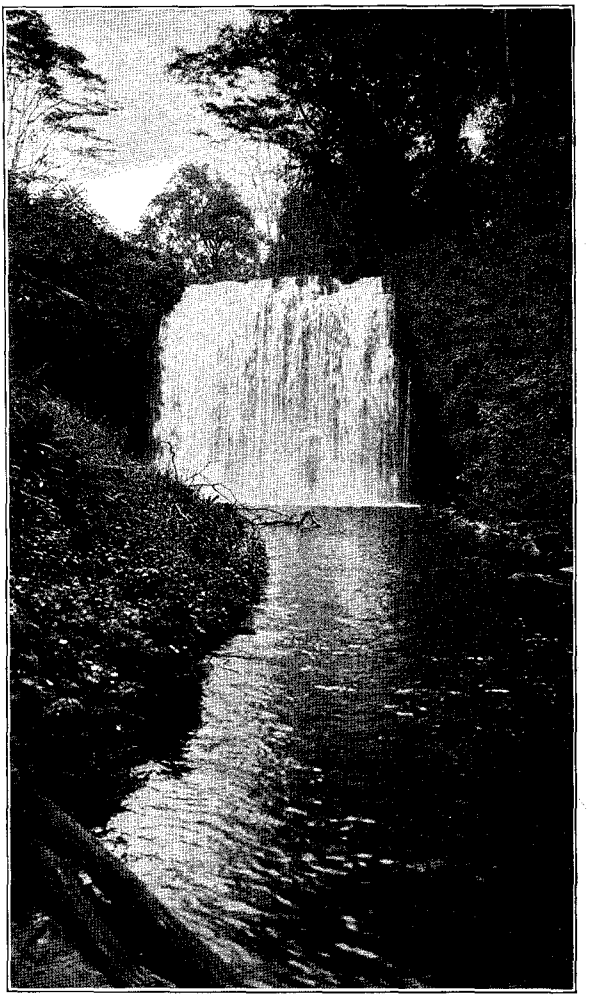
their bloom. The climbing morning-glories sometimes completely covered a tree with their pale purple flowers; and other blossoming vines spangled the green over which their sprays were flung with masses of bright yellow.

Four days' march from Naivasha, where we again left Mearns and Loring, took us to Neri. Our line of march lay across the high plateaus and mountain chains of the Aberdare range. The steep, twisting trail was slippery with mud. Our last camp, at an altitude of about ten thousand feet, was so cold that the water froze in the basins, and the shivering porters slept in numbed discomfort. There was constant fog and rain, and on the highest plateau the bleak landscape, shrouded in driving mist, was northern to all the senses. The ground was rolling, and through the deep valleys ran brawling brooks of clear water; one little foaming stream, suddenly tearing down a hillside, might have been that which Childe Roland crossed before he came to the dark tower.

There was not much game, and all of it moved abroad by night. One frosty evening we killed a dyker by shining its eyes. We saw old elephant tracks. The high, wet levels swarmed with mice and shrews, just as our arctic and alpine meadows swarm with them. The species were really widely different from ours, but many of them showed curious analogies in form and habits; there was a short-tailed shrew much like our mole shrew, and a long-haired, short-tailed rat like a very big meadow mouse. They were so plentiful that we frequently saw them, and the grass was cut up by their runways. They were abroad during the day, probably finding the nights too cold, and in an hour Heller trapped a dozen or two individuals belonging to seven species and five different genera. There were not many birds so high up. There were deer ferns; and Spanish moss hung from the trees and even from the bamboos. The flowers included utterly strange forms, as for instance giant lobelias ten feet high. Others we know in our gardens; geraniums and red-hot-pokers, which in places turned the glades to a fire color. Yet others either were like, or looked like, our own wild flowers: orange lady-slippers, red gladiolus on stalks six feet high, pansy-like violets, and blackberries and yellow raspberries. There were stretches of bushes bearing masses of small red or large white flowers shaped somewhat like columbines, or like the garden balsam; the red flower



Falls on slope of Kenia near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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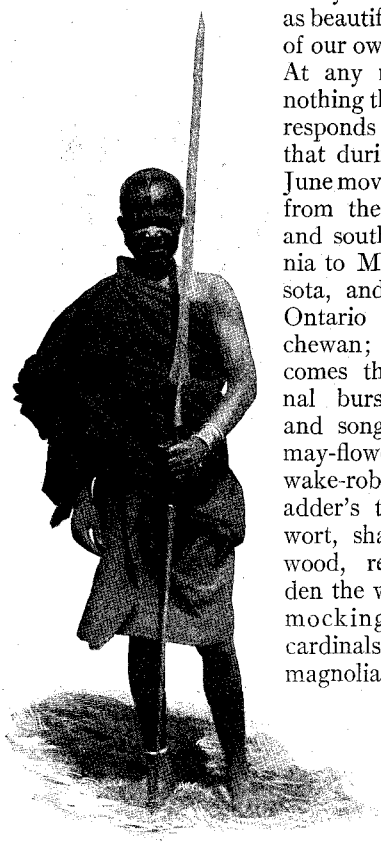
bushes under the bamboos, the white at a lower level. The crests and upper slopes of the mountains were clothed in the green uniformity of the bamboo forest, the trail winding dim under its dark archway of tall, close-growing stems. Lower down were junipers and yews, and then tree ferns and strange dragon trees with lily-like frondage. Zone succeeded zone from top to bottom, each marked by a different plant life.

In this part of Africa, where flowers bloom and birds sing all the year round, there is no such burst of bloom and song as in the northern spring and early summer. There is nothing like the mass of blossoms which carpet the meadows of the high mountain valleys and far northern meadows, during their brief high tide of life, when one short joyous burst of teeming and vital beauty atones for the long death of the iron fall and winter. So it is with the bird songs. Many of them are beautiful though, to my ears, none quite as beautiful as the best of our own bird songs. At any rate there is nothing that quite corresponds to the chorus that during May and June moves northward from the Gulf States and southern California to Maine, Minnesota, and Oregon, to Ontario and Saskatchewan; when there comes the great vernal burst of bloom and song; when the may-flower, bloodroot, wake-robin, anemone, adder's tongue, liverwort, shadblow, dogwood, redbud gladden the woods; when mocking-birds and cardinals sing in the magnolia groves of the South, and hermit thrushes, winter wrens, and sweetheart sparrows in the spruce and hemlock forests of the North; when bobolinks in the East and meadowlarks East and West sing in the fields; and water ousels by the cold streams of the Rockies, and canyon wrens in their sheer gorges; when from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific wood thrushes, veeries, rufous-backed thrushes, robins, bluebirds, orioles, thrashers, cat-birds, house finches, song sparrows—some in the East, some in the West, some both East and West—and many, many other singers thrill the gardens at sunrise; until the long days begin to shorten, and tawny lilies burn by the roadside, and the indigo buntings trill from the tops of little trees throughout the hot afternoons.



Suliman Na Meru, one of the elephant guides.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

We were in the Kikuyu country. On our march we met several parties of natives. I had been much inclined to pity the porters, who had but one blanket apiece; but when I saw the Kikuyus, each with nothing but a smaller blanket, and without the other clothing and the tents of the porters, I realized how much better off the latter were simply because they were on a white man's safari. At Neri boma we were greeted with the warmest hospitality by the District Commissioner, Mr. Browne. Among other things, he arranged a great Kikuyu dance in our honor. Two thousand warriors, and many women, came in; as well as a small party of Masai moran. The warriors were naked, or half-naked; some carried gaudy blankets, others girdles of leopard skin; their ox-hide shields were colored in bold patterns, their long-bladed spears quivered and gleamed. Their faces and legs were painted red and yellow; the faces of the young men who were about to undergo the rite of circumcision were stained a ghastly white, and their bodies fantastically painted. The warriors wore bead necklaces and waist belts and armlets of brass and steel, and spurred anklets of monkey skin. Some wore head-dresses made out of a lion's mane or from the long black and white fur of the Colobus monkey; others had plumes stuck in their red-daubed hair. They chanted in unison a deep-toned chorus, and danced rhythmically in rings, while the drums throbbed and the horns blared; and they danced by us in column, springing and chanting. The women shrilled applause, and danced in groups by themselves. The Masai circled

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First elephant camp, Kenia.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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The porters exult over the death of the bull.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The chief who acted as guide through shambas country near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and swung in a panther-like dance of their own, and the measure, and their own fierce singing and calling, maddened them until two of their number, their eyes staring, their faces working, went into fits of berserker frenzy, and were disarmed at once to prevent mischief. Some of the tribesmen held wilder dances still in the evening, by the light of fires that blazed in a grove where their thatched huts stood.

The second day after reaching Neri the clouds lifted and we dried our damp clothes and blankets. Through the bright sunlight we saw in front of us the high rock peaks of Kenia, and shining among them the fields of everlasting snow which feed her glaciers; for beautiful, lofty Kenia is one of the glacier-bearing mountains of the equator. Here Kermit and Tarlton went northward on a safari of their own, while Cuninghame, Heller, and I headed for Kenia itself. For two days we travelled through a well-peopled country. The fields of corn—always called mealies in Africa—of beans, and sweet potatoes, with occasional plantations of bananas, touched one another in almost uninterrupted succession. In most of them we saw the Kikuyu women at work with their native hoes; for among the Kikuyus, as among other savages, the woman is the drudge and beast of burden. Our trail led by clear, rushing streams, which formed the head-waters of the Tana; among the trees fringing their banks were graceful palms, and there were groves of tree ferns here and there on the sides of the gorges.

On the afternoon of the second day we struck upward among the steep foothills of the mountain, riven by deep ravines. We pitched camp in an open glade, surrounded by the green wall of

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Camping after death of the first bull.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

tangled forest, the forest of the tropical mountain sides.

The trees, strange of kind and endless in variety, grew tall and close, laced together by vine and creeper, while underbrush crowded the space between their mossy trunks, and covered the leafy mould beneath. Toward dusk crested ibis flew overhead, with harsh clamor, to seek their night roosts; parrots chattered, and a curiously homelike touch was given by the presence of a thrush in color and shape almost exactly like our robin. Monkeys called in the depths of the forest, and after dark tree-frogs piped and croaked, and the tree hyraxes uttered their wailing cries.

Elephants dwelt permanently in this mountainous region of heavy woodland. On our march thither we had already seen their traces in the "shambas," as the cultivated fields of the natives are termed; for the great beasts are fond of raiding the crops at night, and their inroads often do serious damage. In this neighborhood their habit is to live high up in the mountains, in the bamboos, while the weather is dry; the cows and calves keeping closer to the bamboos than the bulls. A spell of wet weather, such as we had fortunately been having, drives them down in the dense forest which covers the lower slopes. Here they may either pass all their time, or at night they may go still further down, into the open valley where the shambas lie; or they may occasionally still do what they habitually did in the days before the white hunters came, and wander far away, making migrations that are sometimes seasonal, and sometimes irregular and unaccountable.

No other animal, not the lion himself, is so constant a theme of talk, and a subject of such unflagging interest round the camp-fires of African hunters and in the native villages of the African

The 'Ndorobo who had hysterics on the elephant.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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wilderness, as the elephant. Indeed the elephant has always profoundly impressed the imagination of mankind. It is, not only to hunters, but to naturalists, and to all people who possess any curiosity about wild creatures and the wild life of nature, the most interesting of all animals. Its huge bulk, its singular form, the value of its ivory, its great intelligence—in which it is only matched, if at all, by the highest apes, and possibly by one or two of the highest carnivores—and its varied habits, all combine to give it an interest such as attaches to no other living creature below the rank of man. In line of descent and in physical formation it stands by itself, wholly apart from all the other great land beasts, and differing from them even more widely than they differ from one another. The two existing species —the African, which is the larger and finer animal, and the Asiatic—differ from one another as much as they do from the mammoth and similar extinct forms which were the contemporaries of early man in Europe and North America. The carvings of our palæolithic forefathers, etched on bone by cavern dwellers, from whom we are sundered by ages which stretch into an immemorial past, show that in their lives the hairy elephant of the north played the same part that his remote collateral descendant now plays in the lives of the savages who dwell under a vertical sun beside the tepid waters of the Nile and the Congo.

In the first dawn of history, the sculptured records of the kings of Egypt, Babylon, and Nineveh show the immense importance which attached in the eyes of the mightiest monarchs of the then world to the chase and the trophies of this great strange beast. The ancient civilization of India boasts as one of its achievements the taming of the elephant; and in the ancient lore of that civilization the elephant plays a distinguished part.

The elephant is unique among the beasts of great bulk in the fact that his growth in size has been accompanied by growth in brain power. With other beasts growth in bulk of body has not been accompanied by similar growth of mind. Indeed sometimes there seems to have been mental retrogression. The rhinoceros, in several different forms, is found in the same regions as the elephant, and in one of its forms it is in point of size second only to the elephant among terrestrial animals. Seemingly the ancestors of the two creatures, in that period, separated from us by uncounted hundreds of thousands of years, which we may conveniently designate as late miocene or early pliocene, were substantially equal in brain development. But in one case increase in bulk seems to have induced lethargy and atrophy of brain power, while in the other case brain and body have both grown. At any rate the elephant is now one of the wisest, and the rhinoceros one of the stupidest of big mammals. In consequence the elephant outlasts the rhino, although he is the largest, carries infinitely more valuable spoils, and is far more eagerly and persistently hunted. Both animals wandered freely over the open country of East Africa thirty years ago. But the elephant learns by experience infinitely more readily than the rhinoceros. The former no longer lies in the open plains, and now even crosses them if possible at night. But those rhinoceros which formerly dwelt in the plains for the most part continue to dwell there until killed out. Not the most foolish elephant would under similar conditions behave as the rhinos that we studied and hunted by Kilimakin and in the Sotik behaved. No elephant, in regions which have been hunted, would habitually spend its days lying or standing in the open plain; nor would it, in such places, repeatedly, and in fact uniformly, permit men to walk boldly up to it without heeding them until in its immediate neighborhood. The elephant's sight is bad, as is that of the rhinoceros; but a very brief experience with rifle-bearing man makes the former take refuge in regions where scent and hearing count for more than sight; while no experience has any such effect on the rhino. The rhinos that now live in the bush are the descendants of those which always lived in the bush; and it is in the bush that the species will linger long after it has vanished from the open, and it is in the bush that it is most formidable.

Elephant and rhino differ as much in their habits as in their intelligence. The former is very gregarious, herds of several hundred being sometimes found, and is of a restless, wandering temper, often shifting his abode and sometimes making long migrations. The rhinoceros is a lover of solitude; it is usually found alone, or a

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The first bull elephant.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

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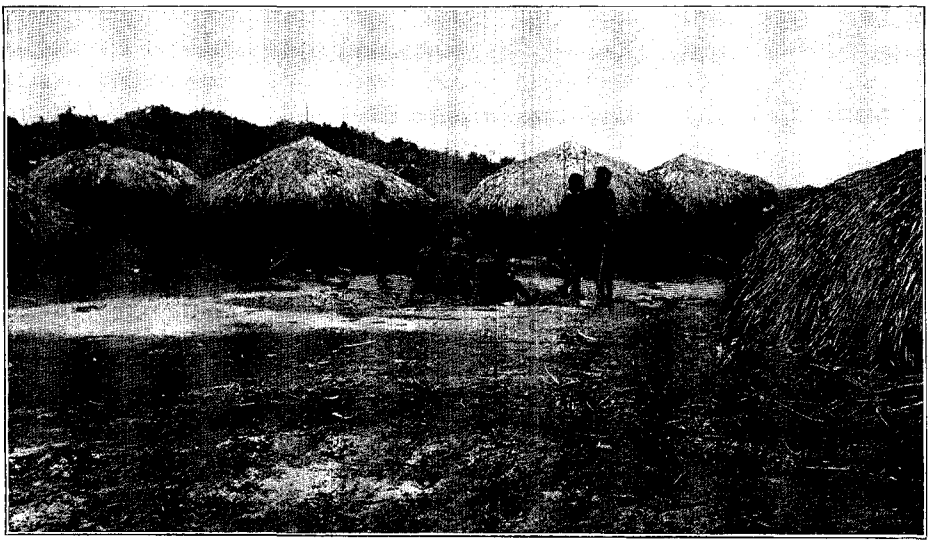
Kikuyu village and plantation.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring

bull and cow, or cow and calf may be in company; very rarely are as many as half a dozen found together. Moreover, it is comparatively stationary in its habits, and as a general thing stays permanently in one neighborhood, not shifting its position for very many miles unless for grave reasons.

The African elephant has recently been divided into a number of sub-species; but as within a century its range was continuous over nearly the whole continent south of the Sahara, and as it was given to such extensive occasional wanderings, it is probable that the examination of a sufficient series of specimens would show that on their confines these races grade into one another. In its essentials the beast is almost everywhere the same, although, of course, there must be variation of habits with any animal which exists throughout so



Kikuyu village near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

The herd (see frontispiece) getting uneasy.

wide and diversified a range of territory; for in one place it is found in high mountains, in another in a dry desert, in another in low-lying marshes or wet and dense forests.

In East Africa the old bulls are usually found singly or in small parties by themselves. These have the biggest tusks; the bulls in the prime of life, the herd bulls or breeding bulls, which keep in herds with the cows and calves, usually have smaller ivory. Sometimes, however, very old but vigorous bulls are found with the cows; and I am inclined to think that the ordinary herd bulls at times also keep by themselves, or at least in company with only a few cows, for at certain seasons, generally immediately after the rains, cows, most of them with calves, appear in great numbers at certain places, where only a few bulls are ever found. Where undisturbed elephant rest, and wander about at all times of the day and night, and feed without much regard to fixed hours, morning or evening, noon or midnight, the herd may be on the move, or its members may be resting; but during the hot noon they rarely or never feed, and ordinarily stand almost still, resting—for elephant almost never lie down unless sick. Where they are afraid of man, their only enemy, they come out to feed in thinly forested plains, or cultivated fields, when they do so at all, only at night, and before daybreak move back into the forest to rest. Where we were, on Kenia, the elephants sometimes moved down at night to feed in the shambas, at the expense of the crops of the natives, and sometimes stayed in the forest, feeding by day or night on the branches they tore off the trees, or, occasionally, on the roots they grubbed up with their tusks. They work vast havoc among the young or small growth of a forest, and the readiness with which they uproot, overturn, or break off medium-sized trees conveys a striking

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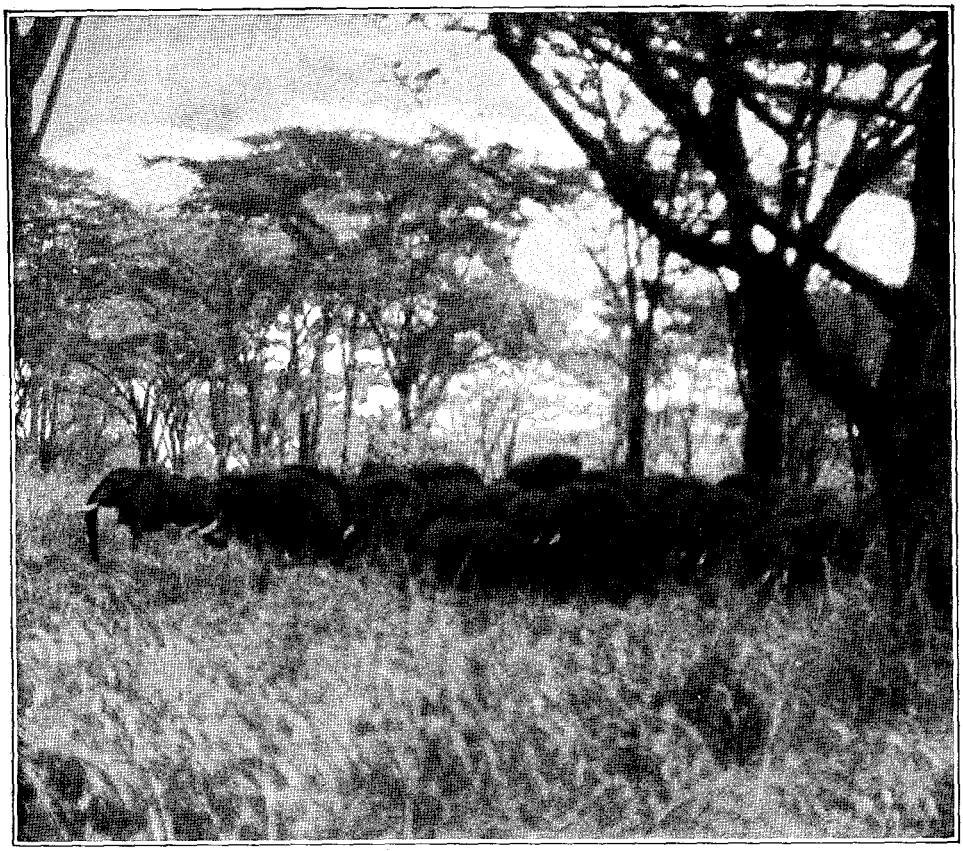

From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

The same herd on the eve of charging.

Immediately after taking this picture, Kermit had to quietly make his escape, slipping off among the trees to avoid the charge; he did not wish to shoot any of the herd if it could be avoided.

impression of their enormous strength. I have seen a tree a foot in diameter thus uprooted and overturned.

The African elephant has never, like his Indian kinsman, been trained to man's use. There is still hope that the feat may be performed; but hitherto its probable economic usefulness has for various reasons seemed so questionable that there has been scant encouragement to undergo the necessary expense and labor. Up to the present time the African elephant has yielded only his ivory as an asset of value. This, however, has been of such great value as well nigh to bring about the mighty beast's utter extermination. Ivory hunters and ivory traders have penetrated Africa to the haunts of the elephant since centuries before our era, and the elephant's boundaries have been slowly receding throughout historic time; but during the century just past its process has been immensely accelerated, until now there are but one or two out-of-the-way nooks of the Dark Continent to the neighborhood of which hunter and trader have not penetrated. Fortunately the civilized powers which now divide dominion over Africa have waked up in time, and there is at present no danger of the extermination of the lord of all four-footed creatures. Large reserves have been established on which various herds of elephants now live what is, at least for the time being, an entirely safe life. Furthermore, over great tracts of territory outside the reserves regulations have been promulgated which, if enforced as they are now enforced, will prevent any excessive diminution of the herds. In British East Africa, for instance, no cows are allowed to be shot save for special purposes, as for preservation in a museum, or to safeguard life and property; and no bulls

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Mr. Roosevelt and bull elephant shot at Meru.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

with tusks weighing less than thirty pounds apiece. This renders safe almost all the females and an ample supply of breeding males. Too much praise cannot be given the governments and the individuals who have brought about this happy result. It would be a veritable and most tragic calamity if the lordly elephant, the giant among existing four-footed creatures, should be permitted to vanish from the face of the earth.

But of course protection is not permanently possible over the greater part of the country, which is well fitted for settlement; nor anywhere, if the herds grow too numerous. It would be not merely silly, but worse than silly, to try to stop all killing of elephants. The unchecked increase of any big and formidable wild beast, even though not a flesh eater, is incompatible with the existence of man when he has emerged from the stage of lowest savagery. This is not a matter of theory, but of proved fact. In place after place in Africa where protection has been extended to hippopotamus or buffalo, rhinoceros or elephant, it has been found necessary to withdraw it because the protected animals did such damage to property, or became such menaces to human life. Among all four species cows with calves often attack men without provocation, and old bulls are at any time likely to become infected by a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief and apt to become man killers. I know settlers who tried to preserve the rhinoceros which they found living on their big farms, and who were obliged to abandon the attempt, and themselves to kill the rhinos because of repeated and wanton attacks on human beings by the latter. Where we were by Neri, a year or two before our visit, the rhinos had become so dangerous, killing one white man and several natives, that the District Commissioner who preceded Mr. Browne was forced to undertake a crusade against them, killing fifteen. Both in South Africa and on the Nile protection extended to hippopotamus has in places been wholly withdrawn because of the damage done by the beasts to the crops of the natives, or because of their

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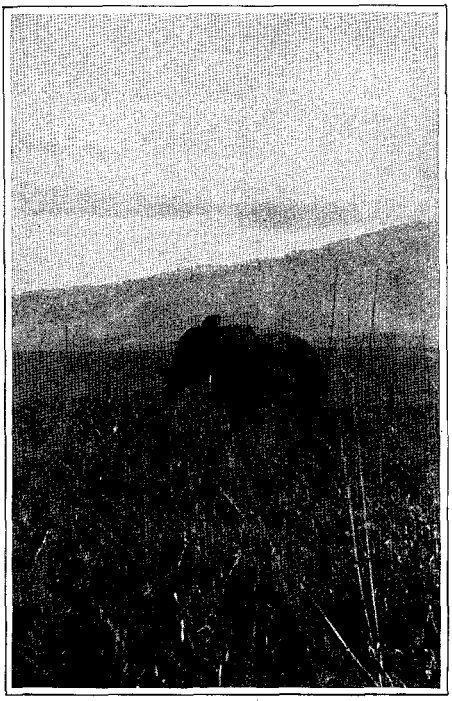
unprovoked assaults on canoes and boats. In one instance a last surviving hippo was protected for years, but finally grew bold because of immunity, killed a boy in sheer wantonness, and had to be himself slain. In Uganda the buffalo were for years protected, and grew so bold, killed so many natives, and ruined so many villages, that they are now classed as vermin and their destruction in every way encouraged. In the very neighborhood where I was hunting at Kenia, but six weeks before my coming, a cow buffalo had wandered down into the plains and run amuck, had attacked two villages, had killed a man and a boy, and had then been mobbed to death by the spearmen. Elephant, when in numbers, and when not possessed of the fear of man, are more impossible neighbors than hippo, rhino, or buffalo; but they are so eagerly sought after by ivory hunters that it is only rarely that they get the chance to become really dangerous to life, although in many places their ravages among the crops are severely felt by the unfortunate natives who live near them.



A cow elephant.
From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

The chase of the elephant, if persistently followed, entails more fatigue and hardship than any other kind of African hunting. As regards risk, it is hard to say whether it is more or less dangerous than the chase of the lion and the buffalo. Both Cuninghame and Tarlton, men of wide experience, ranked elephant hunting, in point of danger, as nearly on the level with lion hunting, and as more dangerous than buffalo hunting; and all three kinds as far more dangerous than the chase of the rhino. Personally, I believe the actual conflict with a lion, where the conditions are the same, to be normally the more dangerous sport; though far greater demands are made by elephant hunting on the qualities of personal endurance and hardihood and resolute perseverance in the face of disappointment and difficulty. Buffalo, seemingly, do not charge as freely as elephant, but are more dangerous when they do charge. Rhino when hunted, though at times ugly customers, seem to me certainly less dangerous than the other three; but from sheer stupid truculence they are themselves apt to take the offensive in unexpected fashion, being far more prone to such aggression than are any of the others—man-eating lions always excepted.

Very few of the native tribes in Africa hunt the elephant systematically. But the 'Ndorobo, the wild bush people of East Africa, sometimes catch young elephants in the pits they dig with slow labor, and very rarely they kill one with a kind of harpoon. The 'Ndorobo are doubtless in part descended from some primitive bush people, but in part also derive their blood from the more advanced tribes near which their wandering families happen to live; and they grade into the latter, by speech and through individuals who seem to stand half-way between. Thus we had with us two Masai 'Ndorobo, true wild people, who spoke a bastard Masai; who had formerly hunted with Cuninghame, and who came to us because of their ancient friendship with him. These shy woods creatures were afraid to come to Neri by daylight, when we were camped there, but after dark crept to Cuninghame's tent. Cuninghame gave them two

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fine red blankets, and put them to sleep in a little tent, keeping their spears in his own tent, as a measure of precaution to prevent their running away. The elder of the two, he informed me, would certainly have a fit of hysterics when we killed our elephant! Cuninghame was also joined by other old friends of former hunts, Kikuyu 'Ndorobo these, who spoke Kikuyu like the people who cultivated the fields that covered the river bottoms and hillsides of the adjoining open country, and who were, indeed, merely outlying, forest-dwelling members of the lowland tribes. In the deep woods we met one old Derobo, who had no connection with any more advanced tribe, whose sole belongings were his spear, skin cloak, and fire stick, and who lived purely on honey and game; unlike the bastard 'Ndorobo, he was ornamented with neither paint nor grease. But the 'Ndorobo who were our guides stood farther up in the social scale. The men passed most of their time in the forest, but up the mountain sides they had squalid huts on little clearings, with shambas, where their wives raised scanty crops. To the 'Ndorobo, and to them alone, the vast, thick forest was an open book; without their aid as guides both Cuninghame and our own gun-bearers were at fault, and found their way around with great difficulty and slowness. The bush people had nothing in the way of clothing save a blanket over the shoulders, but wore the usual paint and grease and ornaments; each carried a spear which might have a long and narrow, or short and broad blade; two of them wore head-dresses *of tripe*—skull-caps made from the inside of a sheep's stomach.

For two days after reaching our camp in the open glade on the mountain side it rained. We were glad of this, because it meant that the elephants would not be in the bamboos, and Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo went off to hunt for fresh signs. Cuninghame is as skilful an elephant hunter as can be found in Africa, and is one of the very few white men able to help even the wild bushmen at their work. By the afternoon of the second day they were fairly well satisfied as to the whereabouts of the quarry.

The following morning a fine rain was still falling when Cuninghame, Heller, and I started on our hunt; but by noon it had stopped. Of course we went in single file and on foot; not even a bear hunter from the cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi could ride through that forest. We left our home camp standing, taking blankets and a coat and change of underclothing for each of us, and two small Whymper tents, with enough food for three days; I also took my wash kit and a book from the pigskin library. First marched the 'Ndorobo guides, each with his spear, his blanket round his shoulders, and a little bundle of corn and sweet potato. Then came Cuninghame, followed by his gun-bearer. Then I came, clad in khaki-colored flannel shirt and khaki trousers buttoning down the legs, with hob-nailed shoes and a thick slouch hat; I had intended to wear rubber-soled shoes, but the soaked ground was too slippery. My two gun-bearers followed, carrying the Holland and the Springfield. Then came Heller, at the head of a dozen porters and skinners; he and they were to fall behind when we actually struck fresh elephant spoor, but to follow our trail by the help of a Derobo who was left with them.

For three hours our route lay along the edge of the woods. We climbed into and out of deep ravines in which groves of tree ferns clustered. We waded through streams of swift water, whose course was broken by cataract and rapid. We passed through shambas, and by the doors of little hamlets of thatched beehive huts. We met flocks of goats and hairy, fat-tailed sheep guarded by boys; strings of burden-bearing women stood meekly to one side to let us pass; parties of young men sauntered by, spear in hand.

Then we struck into the great forest, and in an instant the sun was shut from sight by the thick screen of wet foliage. It was a riot of twisted vines, interlacing the trees and bushes. Only the elephant paths, which, of every age, crossed and recrossed it hither and thither, made it passable. One of the chief difficulties in hunting elephants in the forest is that it is impossible to travel, except very slowly and with much noise, off these trails, so that it is sometimes very difficult to take advantage of the wind; and although the sight of the elephant is dull, both its sense of hearing and its sense of smell are exceedingly acute.

Hour after hour we worked our way onward through tangled forest and matted

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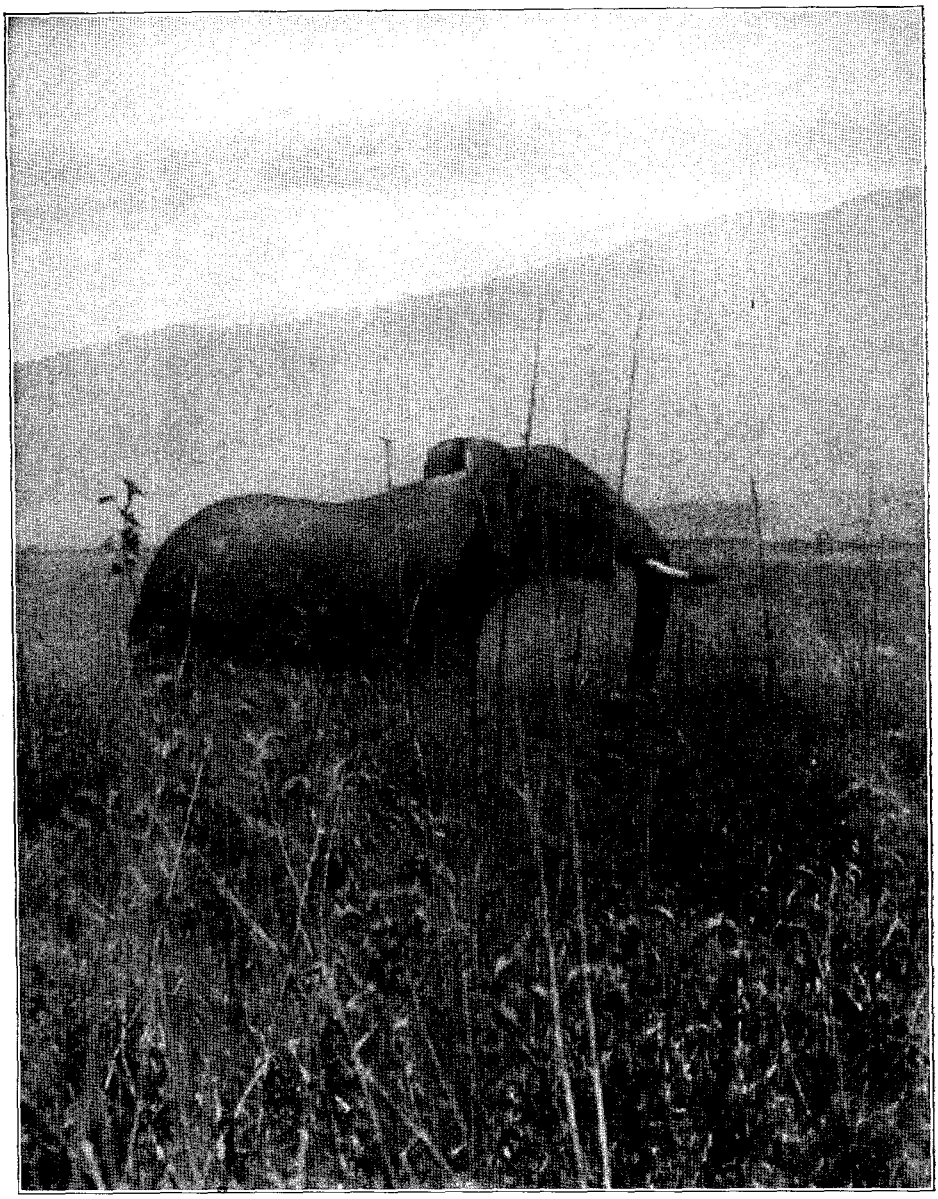

A cow elephant.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

jungle. There was little sign of bird or animal life, and a troop of long-haired black and white monkeys bounded away among the tree tops. Here and there brilliant flowers lightened the gloom. We ducked under vines and climbed over fallen timber. Poisonous nettles stung our hands. We were drenched by the wet boughs which we brushed aside. Mosses and ferns grew rank and close. The trees were of strange kinds. There were huge trees with little leaves, and small trees with big leaves. There were trees with bare, fleshy limbs, that writhed out through the neighboring branches, bearing sparse clusters of large frondage. In places the forest was low, the trees thirty or forty feet high, the bushes that choked the ground between,

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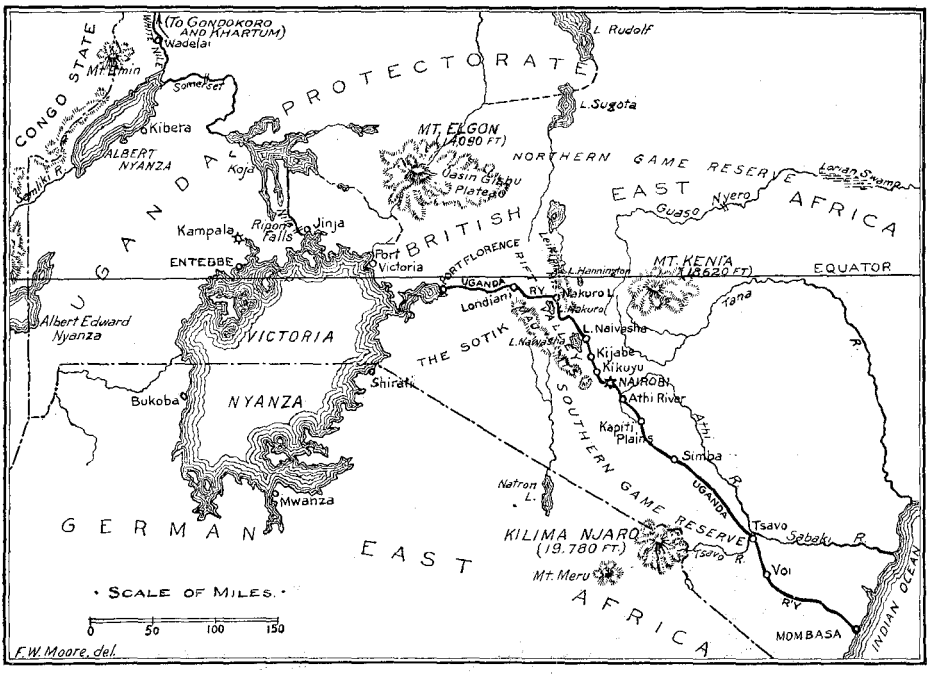

Map showing the localities mentioned in Mr. Roosevelt's articles.

fifteen or twenty feet high. In other places mighty monarchs of the wood, straight and tall, towered aloft to an immense height; among them were trees whose smooth, round boles were spotted like sycamores, while far above our heads their gracefully spreading branches were hung with vines like mistletoe and draped with Spanish moss; trees whose surfaces were corrugated and knotted as if they were made of bundles of great creepers; and giants whose buttressed trunks were four times a man's length across.

Twice we got on elephant spoor, once of a single bull, once of a party of three. Then Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo redoubled their caution. They would minutely examine the fresh dung; and above all they continually tested the wind, scanning the tree tops, and lighting matches to see from the smoke what the eddies were near the ground. Each time after an hour's stealthy stepping and crawling along the twisted trail a slight shift of the wind in the almost still air gave our scent to the game, and away it went before we could catch a glimpse of it, and we resumed our walk. The elephant paths led up hill and down —for the beasts are wonderful climbers— and wound in and out in every direction. They were marked by broken branches and the splintered and shattered trunks of the smaller trees, especially where the elephant had stood and fed, trampling down the bushes for many yards around. Where they had crossed the marshy valleys they had punched big round holes, three feet deep, in the sticky mud.

As evening fell we pitched camp by the side of a little brook at the bottom of a ravine, and dined ravenously on bread, mutton, and tea. The air was keen, and under our blankets we slept in comfort until dawn. Breakfast was soon over and camp struck; and once more we began our cautious progress through the dim, cool archways of the mountain forest.

Two hours after leaving camp we came across the fresh trail of a small herd of perhaps ten or fifteen elephant cows and calves, but including two big herd bulls. At once we took up the trail. Cuninghame and his bush people consulted again and again, scanning every track and mark with minute attention. The sign showed that the elephants had fed in the shambas early in the night, had then returned to the mountain, and stood in one place resting

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for several hours, and had left this sleeping ground some time before we reached it. After we had followed the trail a short while we made the experiment of trying to force our own way through the jungle, so as to get the wind more favorable; but our progress was too slow and noisy, and we returned to the path the elephants had beaten. Then the 'Ndorobo went ahead, travelling parallel thereto. It was about noon. The elephants moved slowly, and we listened to the boughs crack, and now and then to the curious internal rumblings of the great beasts. Carefully, every sense on the alert, we kept pace with them. My double-barrel was in my hands, and wherever possible, as I followed the trail, I stepped in the huge footprints of the elephant, for

A waterbuck.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

noiselessly and at speed. One of them was clad in a white blanket, and another in a red one, which were conspicuous; but they were too silent and cautious to let the beasts see them, and could tell exactly where they were and what they were doing by the sounds. When these trackers waited for us they would appear before us like ghosts; once one of them dropped down from the branches above, having climbed a tree with monkey-like agility to get a glimpse of the great game.

At last we could hear the elephants, and under Cuninghame's lead we walked more cautiously than ever. The wind was right, and the trail of one elephant led close alongside that of the rest of the herd, and where such a weight had pressed there were no sticks left to crack under my feet. It made our veins thrill thus for half an hour to creep stealthily along, but a few rods from the herd, never able to see it, because of the extreme denseness of the cover, but always hearing first one and then another of its members, and always trying to guess what each one might do, and keeping ceaselessly ready for whatever might befall. A flock of hornbills flew up with noisy clamor, but the elephants did not heed them.

At last we came in sight of the mighty game. The trail took a twist to one side, and there, thirty yards in front of us, we made out part of the gray and massive head of an elephant resting his tusks on the

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Mr. Roosevelt's and Kermit's camp near which they got the rhino and elephant.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

branches of a young tree—elephants hardly ever feed at noon. A couple of minutes passed before, by cautious scrutiny, we were able to tell whether the animal we could see was a cow or a bull, and whether, if a bull, it carried heavy enough horns. Then we saw that it was a big bull with good ivory. It turned its head in my direction and I saw its eye; and I fired a little to one side of the eye, at a spot which I thought would lead to the brain. I struck exactly where I aimed, but the head of an elephant is enormous and the brain small, and the bullet missed it. However, the shock momentarily stunned the beast. He stumbled forward, half falling, and as he recovered I fired with the second barrel, again aiming for the brain. This time the bullet sped true, and as I lowered the rifle from my shoulder, I saw the great lord of the forest come crashing to the ground.

But at that very instant, before there was a moment's time in which to reload, the thick bushes parted immediately on my left front, and through them surged the vast bulk of a charging bull elephant, the matted mass of tough creepers snapping like packthread before his rush. He was so close that he could have touched me with his trunk. I leaped to one side and dodged behind a tree trunk, opening the rifle, throwing out the empty shells, and slipping in two cartridges. Meanwhile Cuninghame fired right and left, at the same time throwing himself into the bushes on the other side. Both his bullets went home, and the bull stopped short in his charge, wheeled, and immediately disappeared in the thick cover. We ran forward, but the forest had closed over his wake. We heard him trumpet shrilly, and then all sounds ceased.

The 'Ndorobo, who had quite properly disappeared when this second bull charged, now went forward and soon returned with the report that he had fled at speed, but was evidently hard hit, as there was much blood

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on the spoor. If we had been only after ivory we should have followed him at once; but there was no telling how long a chase he might lead us; and as we desired to save the skin of the dead elephant entire, there was no time whatever to spare. It is a formidable task, occupying many days, to preserve an elephant for mounting in a museum, and if the skin is to be properly saved, it must be taken off without an hour's unnecessary delay.

So back we turned to where the dead tusker lay, and I felt proud indeed as I stood by the immense bulk of the slain monster and put my hand on the ivory. The tusks weighed a hundred and twenty pounds the pair. There was the usual scene of joyful excitement among the gun-bearers—who had behaved excellently—and among the wild bush people who had done the tracking for us; and, as Cuninghame had predicted, the old Masai Derobo, from pure delight, proceeded to have hysterics on the body of the dead elephant. The scene was repeated when Heller and the porters appeared half an hour later. Then, chattering like monkeys, and as happy as possible, all, porters, gun-bearers, and 'Ndorobo alike, began the work of skinning and cutting up the quarry, under the leadership and supervision of Heller and Cuninghame, and soon they were all splashed with blood from head to foot. One of the trackers took off his blanket and squatted stark naked inside the carcass the better to use his knife. Each laborer rewarded himself by cutting off strips of meat for his private store, and hung them in red festoons from the branches round about. There was no let-up in the work until it was stopped by darkness.

Our tents were pitched in a small open glade a hundred yards from the dead elephant. The night was clear, the stars shone brightly, and in the west the young moon hung just above the line of tall tree tops. Fires were speedily kindled and the men sat around them, feasting and singing in a strange minor tone until late in the night. The flickering light left them at one moment in black obscurity, and the next brought into bold relief their sinewy crouching figures, their dark faces, gleaming eyes, and flashing teeth. When they did sleep, two of the 'Ndorobo slept so close to the fire as to burn themselves; an accident to which they are prone, judging from the many scars of old burns on their legs. I toasted slices of elephant's heart on a pronged stick before the fire, and found it delicious; for I was hungry and the night was cold. We talked of our success and exulted over it, and made our plans for the morrow; and then we turned in under our blankets for another night's sleep.

Next morning some of the 'Ndorobo went off on the trail of Cuninghame's elephant to see if it had fallen, but found that it had travelled steadily, though its wounds were probably mortal. There was no object in my staying, for Heller and Cuninghame would be busy for the next ten days, and would ultimately have to use all the porters in taking off and curing the skin, and transporting it to Neri; so I made up my mind to go down to the plains for a hunt by myself. Taking one porter to carry my bedding, and with my gun-bearers, and a Derobo as guide, I struck off through the forest for the main camp, reaching it early in the afternoon. Thence I bundled off a safari to Cuninghame and Heller, with food for a week, and tents and clothing, and enjoyed the luxury of a shave and a warm bath. Next day was spent in writing and making preparations for my own trip. A Kikuyu chief, clad in a cloak of hyrax skins, and carrying his war spear, came to congratulate me on killing the elephant and to present me with a sheep. Early the following morning everything was in readiness; the bull-necked porters lifted their loads, I stepped out in front, followed by my led horse, and in ten hours' march we reached Neri boma, with its neat buildings, its trees, and its well-kept flower beds.

My hunting and travelling during the following fortnight will be told in the next chapter. On the evening of September 6th we were all together again at Meru boma, on the north-eastern slopes of Kenia—Kermit, Tarlton, Cuninghame, Heller, and I. Thanks to the unfailing kindness of the Commissioner, Mr. Horne, we were given full information of the elephant in the neighborhood. He had no 'Ndorobo, but among the Wa-Meru, a wild martial tribe, who lived close around him, there were a number of hunters, or at least of men who knew the forest and the game, and these had been instructed to bring in any news.

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We had, of course, no idea that elephant would be found close at hand. But next morning, about eleven, Horne came to our camp with four of his black scouts, who reported that three elephants were in a patch of thick jungle beside the shambas, not three miles away. Horne said that the elephants were cows, that they had been in the neighborhood some days, devastating the shambas, and were bold and fierce, having charged some men who sought to drive them away from the cultivated fields; it is curious to see how little heed these elephants pay to the natives. I wished a cow for the Museum, and also another bull. So off we started at once, Kermit carrying his camera. I slipped on my rubber-soled shoes, and had my gun-bearers accompany me barefooted, with the Holland and the Springfield rifles. We followed foot-paths among the fields until we reached the edge of the jungle in which the elephants stood.

This jungle lay beside the forest, and at this point separated it from the fields. It consisted of a mass of rank-growing bushes, allied to the cotton plant, ten or twelve feet high, with only here and there a tree. It was not good ground in which to hunt elephant, for the tangle was practically impenetrable to a hunter save along the elephant trails, whereas the elephants themselves could move in any direction at will, with no more difficulty than a man would have in a hay field. The bushes in most places rose just above their backs, so that they were completely hid from the hunter even a few feet away. Yet the cover afforded no shade to the mighty beasts, and it seemed strange that elephants should stand in it at mid-day with the sun out. There they were, however, for, looking cautiously into the cover from behind the bushes on a slight hill crest quarter of a mile off, we could just make out a huge ear now and then as it lazily flapped.

On account of the wind we had to go well to one side before entering the jungle. Then in we went in single file, Cuninghame and Tarlton leading, with a couple of our naked guides. The latter showed no great desire to get too close, explaining that the elephants were "very fierce." Once in the jungle, we trod as quietly as possible, threading our way along the elephant trails, which crossed and recrossed one another. Evidently it was a favorite haunt, for the sign was abundant, both old and new. In the impenetrable cover it was quite impossible to tell just where the elephants were, and twice we sent one of the savages up a tree to locate the game. The last time the watcher, who stayed in the tree, indicated by signs that the elephant were not far off; and his companions wished to lead us round to where the cover was a little lower and thinner. But to do so would have given them our wind, and Cuninghame refused, taking into his own hands the management of the stalk. I kept my heavy rifle at the ready, and on we went, in watchful silence, prepared at any moment for a charge. We could not tell at what second we might catch our first glimpse at very close quarters of "the beast that hath between his eyes the serpent for a hand," and when thus surprised the temper of "the huge earth-shaking beast" is sometimes of the shortest.

Cuninghame and Tarlton stopped for a moment to consult; Cuninghame stooped, and Tarlton mounted his shoulders and stood upright, steadying himself by my hand. Down he came and told us that he had seen a small tree shake seventy yards distant; although upright on Cuninghame's shoulders he could not see the elephant itself. Forward we stole for a few yards, and then a piece of good luck befell us, for we came on the trunk of a great fallen tree, and scrambling up, we found ourselves perched in a row six feet above the ground. The highest part of the trunk was near the root, farthest from where the elephants were; and though it offered precarious footing, it also offered the best lookout. Thither I balanced, and looking over the heads of my companions I at once made out the elephant. At first I could see nothing but the shaking branches, and one huge ear occasionally flapping. Then I made out the ear of another beast, and then the trunk of a third was uncurled, lifted, and curled again; it showered its back with earth. The watcher we had left behind in the tree top coughed; the elephants stood motionless, and up went the biggest elephant's trunk, feeling for the wind; the watcher coughed again, and then the bushes and saplings swayed and parted as three black bulks came toward us. The cover was so high that we could not see their tusks, only the tops of their heads and their

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backs being visible. The leader was the biggest, and at it I fired when it was sixty yards away, and nearly broadside on, but heading slightly toward me. I had previously warned every one to kneel. The recoil of the heavy rifle made me rock, as I stood unsteadily on my perch, and I failed to hit the brain. But the bullet, only missing the brain by an inch or two, brought the elephant to its knees; as it rose I floored it with the second barrel. The blast of the big rifle, by the way, was none too pleasant for the other men on the log and made Cuninghame's nose bleed. Reloading, I fired twice at the next animal, which was now turning. It stumbled and nearly fell, but at the same moment the first one rose again, and I fired both barrels into its head, bringing it once more to the ground. Once again it rose—an elephant's brain is not an easy mark to hit under such conditions—but as it moved slowly off, half stunned, I snatched the little Springfield rifle, and this time shot true, sending the bullet into its brain. As it fell I took another shot at the wounded elephant, now disappearing in the forest, but without effect.

On walking up to our prize it proved to be not a cow, but a good-sized adult (but not old) herd bull, with thick, short tusks, weighing about forty pounds apiece. Ordinarily, of course, a bull, and not a cow, is what one desires, although on this occasion I needed a cow to complete the group for the Museum. However, Heller and Cuninghame spent the next few days in preserving the skin, and I was too much pleased with our luck to feel inclined to grumble. We were back in camp five hours after leaving it. Our gun-bearers usually felt it incumbent on them to keep a dignified bearing while in our company. But the death of an elephant is always a great event; and one of the gun-bearers, as they walked ahead of us campward, soon began to improvise a song, reciting the success of the hunt, the death of the elephant, and the power of the rifles; and gradually, as they got further ahead, the more light-hearted among them began to give way to their spirits, and they came into camp frolicking, gambolling, and dancing as if they were still the naked savages that they had been before they became the white man's followers.

Two days later Kermit got his bull. He and Tarlton had camped about ten miles off in a magnificent forest, and late the first afternoon received news that a herd of elephants was in the neighborhood. They were off by dawn, and in a few hours came on the herd. It consisted chiefly of cows and calves, but there was one big master bull, with fair tusks. It was open forest with long grass. By careful stalking they got within thirty yards of the bull, behind whom was a line of cows. Kermit put both barrels of his heavy double .450 into the tusker's head, but without even staggering him; and as he walked off Tarlton also fired both barrels into him, with no more effect; then, as he slowly turned, Kermit killed him with a shot in the brain from the .405 Winchester. Immediately the cows lifted their ears, and began trumpeting and threatening; if they had come on in a body at that distance, there was not much chance of turning them or of escaping from them; and after standing stock still for a minute or two, Kermit and Tarlton stole quietly off for a hundred yards, and waited until the anger of the cows cooled and they had moved away, before going up to the dead bull. Then they followed the herd again, and Kermit got some photos which, as far as I know, are at least as good as any that have ever been taken of wild elephant. He took them close up, at imminent risk of a charge.

The following day the two hunters rode back to Meru, making a long circle. The elephants they saw were not worth shooting, but they killed the finest rhinoceros we had yet seen. They saw it in an open space of tall grass, surrounded by lantana brush, a flowering shrub with close-growing stems, perhaps twenty feet high and no thicker than a man's thumb; it forms a favorite cover for elephant and rhinoceros, and is well-nigh impenetrable to hunters. Fortunately this particular rhino was outside it, and Kermit and Tarlton got up to about twenty-five yards from him. Kermit then put one bullet behind his shoulders, and as he whipped round to charge, another bullet on the point of his shoulders; although mortally wounded, he showed no signs whatever of being hurt, and came at the hunters with great speed and savage desire to do harm. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Tarlton fired, inflicting merely a flesh wound in one shoulder, and the big, fearsome brute, which had utterly disre-

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garded the two fatal shots, on receiving this flesh wound, wheeled and ran. Both firing, they killed him before he had gone many yards. He was a bull, with a thirty-inch horn.

By this time Cuninghame and Heller had finished the skin and skeleton of the bull they were preserving. Near the carcass Heller trapped an old male leopard, a savage beast; its skin was in fine shape, but it was not fat, and weighed just one hundred pounds. Now we all joined, and shifted camp to a point eight or nine miles distant from Meru boma, and fifteen hundred feet lower among the foot-hills. It was much hotter at this lower level; palms were among the trees that bordered the streams. On the day we shifted camp Tarlton and I rode in advance to look for elephants, followed by our gun-bearers and half a dozen wild Meru hunters, each carrying a spear or a bow and arrows. When we reached the hunting grounds, open country with groves of trees and patches of jungle, the Meru went off in every direction to find elephant. We waited their return under a tree, by a big stretch of cultivated ground. The region was well peopled, and all the way down the path had led between fields, where the Meru women were tilling with their adze-like hoes, and banana plantations, where among the banana trees other trees had been planted, and the yarn vines trained up their trunks. These cool, shady banana plantations, fenced in with tall hedges and bordered by rapid brooks, were really very attractive. Among them were scattered villages of conical thatched huts, and level places plastered with cow dung on which the grain was threshed; it was then stored in huts raised on posts. There were herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats; and among the burdens the women bore we often saw huge bottles of milk. In the shambas there were platforms, and sometimes regular thatched huts, placed in the trees; these were for the watchers, who were to keep the elephants out of the shambas at night. Some of the natives wore girdles of banana leaves, looking, as Kermit said, much like the pictures of savages in Sunday-school books.

Early in the afternoon some of the scouts returned with news that three bull elephants were in a piece of forest a couple of miles distant, and thither we went. It was an open grove of heavy thorn timber beside a strip of swamp; among the trees the grass grew tall, and there were many thickets of arbutelon, a flowering shrub a dozen feet high. On this the elephant were feeding. Tarlton's favorite sport was lion hunting, but he was also a first-class elephant hunter, and he brought me up to these bulls in fine style. Although only three hundred yards away, it took us two hours to get close to them. Tarlton and the "shenzis"—wild natives, in Swahili (a kind of African chinook) "wa-shenzi"—who were with us, climbed tree after tree, first to place the elephants, and then to see if they carried ivory heavy enough to warrant my shooting them. At last Tarlton brought me to within fifty yards of them. Two were feeding in bush which hid them from view, and the third stood between, facing us. We could only see the top of his head and back, not his tusks, and could not tell whether he was worth shooting. Much puzzled we stood where we were, peering anxiously at the huge half-hidden game. Suddenly there was a slight eddy in the wind, up went the elephant's trunk, twisting to and fro in the air; evidently he could not catch a clear scent; but in another moment we saw the three great dark forms moving gently off through the bush. As rapidly as possible, following the trails already tramped by the elephants, we walked forward, and after a hundred yards Tarlton pointed to a big bull with good tusks standing motionless behind some small trees seventy yards distant. As I aimed at his head he started to move off; the first bullet from the heavy Holland brought him to his knees, and as he rose I knocked him flat with the second. He struggled to rise; but, both firing, we kept him down; and I finished him with a bullet in the brain from the little Springfield. Although rather younger than either of the bulls I had already shot, it was even larger. In its stomach were beans from the shambas, arbutelon tips, and bark, and especially the twigs, leaves, and white blossoms of a smaller shrub. The tusks weighed a little over a hundred pounds the pair.

We still needed a cow for the Museum; and a couple of days later, at noon, a party of natives brought in word that they had seen two cows in a spot five miles away. Piloted by a naked spearman, whose hair

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was done into a cue, we rode toward the place. For most of the distance we followed old elephant trails, in some places mere tracks beaten down through stiff grass which stood above the head of a man on horseback, in some places paths rutted deep into the earth. We crossed a river, where monkeys chattered among the tree tops. On an open plain we saw a rhinoceros cow trotting off with her calf. At last we came to a hill-top with, on the summit, a noble fig-tree, whose giant limbs were stretched over the palms that clustered beneath. Here we left our horses and went forward on foot, crossing a palm-fringed stream in a little valley. From the next rise we saw the backs of the elephants as they stood in a slight valley, where the rank grass grew ten or twelve feet high. It was some time before we could see the ivory so as to be sure of exactly what we were shooting. Then the biggest cow began to move slowly forward, and we walked nearly parallel to her, along an elephant trail, until from a slight knoll I got a clear view of her at a distance of eighty yards. As she walked leisurely along, almost broadside to me, I fired the right barrel of the Holland into her head, knocking her flat down with the shock; and when she rose I put a bullet from the left barrel through her heart, again knocking her completely off her feet; and this time she fell permanently. She was a very old cow, and her ivory was rather better than in the average of her sex in this neighborhood, the tusks weighing about eighteen pounds apiece. She had been ravaging the shambas over night—which accounted in part for the natives being so eager to show her to me—and in addition to leaves and grass, her stomach contained quantities of beans. There was a young one—just out of calfhood, and quite able to take care of itself—with her; it ran off as soon as the mother fell.

Early next morning Cuninghame and Heller shifted part of the safari to the stream near where the dead elephant lay, intending to spend the following three days in taking off and preparing the skin. Meanwhile Tarlton, Kermit, and I were to try our luck in a short hunt on the other side of Meru boma, at a little crater lake called Lake Ingouga. We could not get an early start, and reached Meru too late to push on to the lake the same day.

The following morning we marched to the lake in two hours and a half. We spent an hour in crossing a broad tongue of woodland that stretched down from the wonderful mountain forest lying higher on the slopes. The trail was blind in many places because elephant paths of every age continually led along and across it, some of them being much better marked than the trail itself, as it twisted through the sun-flecked shadows underneath the great trees. Then we came out on high downs, covered with tall grass and littered with volcanic stones and broken by ravines which were choked with dense underbrush. There were high hills, and to the left of the downs, toward Kenia, these were clad in forest. We pitched our tents on a steep cliff overlooking the crater lake—or pond, as it might more properly be called. It was bordered with sedge, and through the water-lilies on its surface we saw the reflection of the new moon after nightfall. Here and there thick forest came down to the brink, and through this, on opposite sides of the pond, deeply worn elephant paths, evidently travelled for ages, wound down to the water.

That evening we hunted for bush buck, but saw none. While sitting on a hillock at dusk, watching for game, a rhino trotted up to inspect us, with ears cocked forward and tail erect. A rhino always has something comic about it, like a pig, formidable though it at times is. This one carried a poor horn, and therefore we were pleased when at last it trotted off without obliging us to shoot it. We saw new kinds of whydah birds, one with a yellow breast, one with white in its tail; at this altitude the cocks were still in full plumage, although it was just past the middle of September; whereas at Naivasha they had begun to lose their long tail feathers nearly two months previously.

On returning to camp we received a note from Cuninghame saying that Heller had been taken seriously sick, and Tarlton had to go to them. This left Kermit and me to take our two days' hunt together.

One day we got nothing. We saw game on the open downs, but it was too wary, and though we got within twenty-five yards of eland in thick cover, we could only make out a cow, and she took fright and ran without our ever getting a glimpse of the bull

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that was with her. Late in the afternoon we saw an elephant a mile and a half away, crossing a corner of the open downs. We followed its trail until the light grew too dim for shooting, but never overtook it, although at the last we could hear it ahead of us breaking the branches; and we made our way back to camp through the darkness.

The other day made amends. It was Kermit's turn to shoot an elephant, and mine to shoot a rhinoceros; and each of us was to act as the backing gun for the other. In the forenoon, we saw a bull rhino with a good horn walking over the open downs. A convenient hill enabled us to cut him off without difficulty, and from its summit we killed him at the base, fifty or sixty yards off. His front horn was nearly twenty-nine inches long; but though he was an old bull, his total length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, was only twelve feet, and he was, I should guess, not more than two-thirds the bulk of the big bull I killed in the Sotik.

We rested for an hour or two at noon, under the shade of a very old tree with glossy leaves, and orchids growing on its gnarled, hoary limbs, while the unsaddled horses grazed, and the gun-bearers slept near by, the cool mountain air, although this was mid-day under the equator, making them prefer the sunlight to the shade. When we moved on it was through a sea of bush ten or fifteen feet high, dotted here and there with trees; and riddled in every direction by the trails of elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Each of these animals frequents certain kinds of country to which the other two rarely or never penetrate; but here they all three found ground to their liking. Except along their winding trails, which were tunnels where the jungle was tall, it would have been practically impossible to traverse the thick and matted cover in which they had made their abode.

We could not tell what moment we might find ourselves face to face with some big beast at such close quarters as to insure a charge, and we moved in cautious silence, our rifles in our hands. Rhinoceros were especially plentiful, and we continually came across not only their tracks, but the dusty wallows in which they rolled, and where they came to deposit their dung. The fresh sign of elephant, however, distracted our attention from the lesser game, and we followed the big footprints eagerly, now losing the trail, now finding it again. At last near a clump of big trees we caught sight of three huge, dark bodies ahead of us. The wind was right, and we stole toward them, Kermit leading, and I immediately behind. Through the tangled branches their shapes loomed in vague outline; but we saw that one had a pair of long tusks, and our gun-bearers unanimously pronounced it a big bull, with good ivory. A few more steps gave Kermit a chance at its head, at about sixty yards, and with a bullet from his .405 Winchester he floored the mighty beast. It rose, and we both fired in unison, bringing it down again; but as we came up it struggled to get on its feet, roaring savagely, and once more we both fired together. This finished it. We were disappointed at finding that it was not a bull; but it was a large cow, with tusks over five feet long—a very unusual length for a cow—one weighing twenty-five, and the other twenty-two pounds.

Our experience had convinced us that both the Winchester .405, and the Springfield .300 would do good work with elephants; although I kept to my belief that, for such very heavy game, my Holland .500–.450 was an even better weapon.

Not far from where this elephant fell Tarlton had, the year before, witnessed an interesting incident. He was watching a small herd of elephants, cows and calves, which were in the open, when he saw them begin to grow uneasy. Then, with a shrill trumpet, a cow approached a bush, out of which bounded a big lion. Instantly all the cows charged him, and he fled as fast as his legs would carry him for the forest, two hundred yards distant. He just managed to reach the cover in safety; and then the infuriated cows, in their anger at his escape, demolished the forest for several rods in every direction.

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THE EYES

By Edith Wharton

I

WE had been put in the mood for ghosts, that evening, after an excellent dinner at our old friend Culwin's, by a tale of Fred Murchard's—the narrative of a strange personal visitation.

Seen through the haze of our cigars, and by the drowsy gleam of a coal fire, Culwin's library, with its oak walls and dark old bindings, made a good setting for such evocations; and ghostly experiences at first hand being, after Murchard's brilliant opening, the only kind acceptable to us, we proceeded to take stock of our group and tax each member for a contribution. There were eight of us, and seven contrived, in a manner more or less adequate, to fulfil the condition imposed. It surprised us all to find that we could muster such a show of supernatural impressions, for none of us, excepting Murchard himself and young Phil Frenham—whose story was the slightest of the lot—had the habit of sending our souls into the invisible. So that, on the whole, we had every reason to be proud of our seven "exhibits," and none of us would have dreamed of expecting an eighth from our host.

Our old friend, Mr. Andrew Culwin, who had sat back in his arm-chair, listening and blinking through the smoke circles with the cheerful tolerance of a wise old idol, was not the kind of man likely to be favoured with such contacts, though he had imagination enough to enjoy, without envying, the superior privileges of his guests. By age and by education he belonged to the stout Positivist tradition, and his habit of thought had been formed in the days of the epic struggle between physics and metaphysics. But he had been, then and always, essentially a spectator, a humorous detached observer of the immense muddled variety show of life, slipping out of his seat now and then for a brief dip into the convivialities at the back of the house, but never, as far as one knew, showing the least desire to jump on the stage and do a "turn."

Among his contemporaries there lingered a vague tradition of his having, at a remote period, and in a romantic clime, been wounded in a duel; but this legend no more tallied with what we younger men knew of his character than my mother's assertion that he had once been "a charming little man with nice eyes" corresponded to any possible reconstitution of his dry thwarted physiognomy.

"He never can have looked like anything but a bundle of sticks," Murchard had once said of him. "Or a phosphorescent log, rather," some one else amended; and we recognized the happiness of this description of his small squat trunk, with the red blink of the eyes in a face like mottled bark. He had always been possessed of a leisure which he had nursed and protected, instead of squandering it in vain activities. His carefully guarded hours had been devoted to the cultivation of a fine intelligence and a few judiciously chosen habits; and none of the disturbances common to human experience seemed to have crossed his sky. Nevertheless, his dispassionate survey of the universe had not raised his opinion of that costly experiment, and his study of the human race seemed to have resulted in the conclusion that all men were superfluous, and women necessary only because some one had to do the cooking. On the importance of this point his convictions were absolute, and gastronomy was the only science which he revered as a dogma. It must be owned that his little dinners were a strong argument in favour of this view, besides being a reason—though not the main one—for the fidelity of his friends.

Mentally he exercised a hospitality less seductive but no less stimulating. His mind was like a forum, or some open meet-

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ing-place for the exchange of ideas: somewhat cold and draughty, but light, spacious and orderly—a kind of academic grove from which all the leaves had fallen. In this privileged area a dozen of us were wont to stretch our muscles and expand our lungs; and, as if to prolong as much as possible the tradition of what we felt to be a vanishing institution, one or two neophytes were now and then added to our band.

Young Phil Frenham was the last, and the most interesting, of these recruits, and a good example of Murchard's somewhat morbid assertion that our old friend "liked 'em juicy." It was indeed a fact that Culwin, for all his mental dryness, specially tasted the lyric qualities in youth. As he was far too good an Epicurean to nip the flowers of soul which he gathered for his garden, his friendship was not a disintegrating influence: on the contrary, it forced the young idea to robuster bloom. And in Phil Frenham he had a fine subject for experimentation. The boy was really intelligent, and the soundness of his nature was like the pure paste under a delicate glaze. Culwin had fished him out of a thick fog of family dulness, and pulled him up to a peak in Darien; and the adventure hadn't hurt him a bit. Indeed, the skill with which Culwin had contrived to stimulate his curiosities without robbing them of their young bloom of awe seemed to me a sufficient answer to Murchard's ogreish metaphor. There was nothing hectic in Frenham's efflorescence, and his old friend had not laid even a finger-tip on the sacred stupidities. One wanted no better proof of that than the fact that Frenham still reverenced them in Culwin.

"There's a side of him you fellows don't see. *I* believe that story about the duel!" he declared; and it was of the very essence of this belief that it should impel him—just as our little party was dispersing—to turn back to our host with the absurd demand: "And now you've got to tell us about *your* ghost!"

The outer door had closed on Murchard and the others; only Frenham and I remained; and the vigilant servant who presided over Culwin's destinies, having brought a fresh supply of soda-water, had been laconically ordered to bed.

Culwin's sociability was a night-blooming flower, and we knew that he expected the nucleus of his group to tighten around him after midnight. But Frenham's appeal seemed to disconcert him comically, and he rose from the chair in which he had just reseated himself after his farewells in the hall.

"*My* ghost? Do you suppose I'm fool enough to go to the expense of keeping one of my own, when there are so many charming ones in my friends' closets?—Take another cigar," he said, revolving toward me with a laugh.

Frenham laughed too, pulling up his slender height before the chimney-piece as he turned to face his short bristling friend.

"Oh," he said, "you'd never be content to share if you met one you really liked."

Culwin had dropped back into his armchair, his shock head embedded in its habitual hollow, his little eyes glimmering over a fresh cigar.

"Liked—*liked?* Good Lord!" he growled.

"Ah, you *have*, then!" Frenham pounced on him in the same instant, with a side-glance of victory at me; but Culwin cowered gnomelike among his cushions, dissembling himself in a protective cloud of smoke.

"What's the use of denying it? You've seen everything, so of course you've seen a ghost!" his young friend persisted, talking intrepidly into the cloud. "Or, if you haven't seen one, it's only because you've seen two!"

The form of the challenge seemed to strike our host. He shot his head out of the mist with a queer tortoise-like motion he sometimes had, and blinked approvingly at Frenham.

"Yes," he suddenly flung at us on a shrill jerk of laughter; "it's only because I've seen two!"

The words were so unexpected that they dropped down and down into a fathomless silence, while we continued to stare at each other over Culwin's head, and Culwin stared at his ghosts. At length Frenham, without speaking, threw himself into the chair on the other side of the hearth, and leaned forward with his listening smile . . .

II

"Oh, of course they're not show ghosts—a collector wouldn't think anything of them . . . Don't let me raise your hopes . . . their one merit is their numerical

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strength: the exceptional fact of their being *two*. But, as against this, I'm bound to admit that at any moment I could probably have exorcised them both by asking my doctor for a prescription, or my oculist for a pair of spectacles. Only, as I never could make up my mind whether to go to the doctor or the oculist—whether I was afflicted by an optical or a digestive delusion—I left them to pursue their interesting double life, though at times they made mine exceedingly uncomfortable . . .

"Yes—uncomfortable; and you know how I hate to be uncomfortable! But it was part of my stupid pride, when the thing began, not to admit that I could be disturbed by the trifling matter of seeing two——

"And then I'd no reason, really, to suppose I was ill. As far as I knew I was simply bored—horribly bored. But it was part of my boredom—I remember—that I was feeling so uncommonly well, and didn't know how on earth to work off my surplus energy. I had come back from a long journey—down in South America and Mexico—and had settled down for the winter near New York, with an old aunt who had known Washington Irving and corresponded with N. P. Willis. She lived, not far from Irvington, in a damp Gothic villa, overhung by Norway spruces, and looking exactly like a memorial emblem done in hair. Her personal appearance was in keeping with this image, and her own hair —of which there was little left—might have been sacrificed to the manufacture of the emblem.

"I had just reached the end of an agitated year, with considerable arrears to make up in money and emotion; and theoretically it seemed as though my aunt's mild hospitality would be as beneficial to my nerves as to my purse. But the deuce of it was that as soon as I felt myself safe and sheltered my energy began to revive; and how was I to work it off inside of a memorial emblem? I had, at that time, the agreeable illusion that sustained intellectual effort could engage a man's whole activity; and I decided to write a great book—I forget about what. My aunt, impressed by my plan, gave up to me her Gothic library, filled with classics in black cloth and daguerrotypes of faded celebrities; and I sat down at my desk to make myself a place among their number. And to facilitate my task she lent me a cousin to copy my manuscript.

"The cousin was a nice girl, and I had an idea that a nice girl was just what I needed to restore my faith in human nature, and principally in myself. She was neither beautiful nor intelligent—poor Alice Nowell!—but it interested me to see any woman content to be so uninteresting, and I wanted to find out the secret of her content. In doing this I handled it rather rashly, and put it out of joint—oh, just for a moment! There's no fatuity in telling you this, for the poor girl had never seen any one but cousins . . .

"Well, I was sorry for what I'd done, of course, and confoundedly bothered as to how I should put it straight. She was staying in the house, and one evening, after my aunt had gone to bed, she came down to the library to fetch a book she'd mislaid, like any artless heroine on the shelves behind us. She was pink-nosed and flustered, and it suddenly occurred to me that her hair, though it was fairly thick and pretty, would look exactly like my aunt's when she grew older. I was glad I had noticed this, for it made it easier for me to do what was right; and when I had found the book she hadn't lost I told her I was leaving for Europe that week.

"Europe was terribly far off in those days, and Alice knew at once what I meant. She didn't take it in the least as I'd expected—it would have been easier if she had. She held her book very tight, and turned away a moment to wind up the lamp on my desk—it had a ground glass shade with vine leaves, and glass drops around the edge, I remember. Then she came back, held out her hand, and said: 'Good-bye.' And as she said it she looked straight at me and kissed me. I had never felt anything as fresh and shy and brave as her kiss. It was worse than any reproach, and it made me ashamed to deserve a reproach from her. I said to myself: 'I'll marry her, and when my aunt dies she'll leave us this house, and I'll sit here at the desk and go on with my book; and Alice will sit over there with her embroidery and look at me as she's looking now. And life will go on like that for any number of years.' The prospect frightened me a little, but at the time it didn't frighten

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me as much as doing anything to hurt her; and ten minutes later she had my seal ring on her finger, and my promise that when I went abroad she should go with me.

"You'll wonder why I'm enlarging on this familiar incident. It's because the evening on which it took place was the very evening on which I first saw the queer sight I've spoken of. Being at that time an ardent believer in a necessary sequence between cause and effect I naturally tried to trace some kind of link between what had just happened to me in my aunt's library, and what was to happen a few hours later on the same night; and so the coincidence between the two events always remained in my mind.

"I went up to bed with rather a heavy heart, for I was bowed under the weight of the first good action I had ever consciously committed; and young as I was, I saw the gravity of my situation. Don't imagine from this that I had hitherto been an instrument of destruction. I had been merely a harmless young man, who had followed his bent and declined all collaboration with Providence. Now I had suddenly undertaken to promote the moral order of the world, and I felt a good deal like the trustful spectator who has given his gold watch to the conjurer, and doesn't know in what shape he'll get it back when the trick is over . . . Still, a glow of self-righteousness tempered my fears, and I said to myself as I undressed that when I'd got used to being good it probably wouldn't make me as nervous as it did at the start. And by the time I was in bed, and had blown out my candle, I felt that I really *was* getting used to it, and that, as far as I'd got, it was not unlike sinking down into one of my aunt's very softest wool mattresses.

"I closed my eyes on this image, and when I opened them it must have been a good deal later, for my room had grown cold, and the night was intensely still. I was waked suddenly by the feeling we all know—the feeling that there was something near me that hadn't been there when I fell asleep. I sat up and strained my eyes into the darkness. The room was pitch black, and at first I saw nothing; but gradually a vague glimmer at the foot of the bed turned into two eyes staring back at me. I couldn't see the face attached to them—on account of the darkness, I imagined—but as I looked the eyes grew more and more distinct: they gave out a light of their own.

"The sensation of being thus gazed at was far from pleasant, and you might suppose that my first impulse would have been to jump out of bed and hurl myself on the invisible figure attached to the eyes. But it wasn't—my impulse was simply to lie still . . . I can't say whether this was due to an immediate sense of the uncanny nature of the apparition—to the certainty that if I did jump out of bed I should hurl myself on nothing—or merely to the benumbing effect of the eyes themselves. They were the very worst eyes I've ever seen: a man's eyes—but what a man! My first thought was that he must be frightfully old. The orbits were sunk, and the thick red-lined lids hung over the eyeballs like blinds of which the cords are broken. One lid drooped a little lower than the other, with the effect of a crooked leer; and between these pulpy folds of flesh, with their scant bristle of lashes, the eyes themselves, small glassy disks with an agate-like rim about the pupils, looked like sea-pebbles in the grip of a starfish.

"But the age of the eyes was not the most unpleasant thing about them. What turned me sick was their expression of vicious security. I don't know how else to describe the fact that they seemed to belong to a man who had done a lot of harm in his life, but had always kept just inside the danger lines. They were not the eyes of a coward, but of some one much too clever to take risks; and my gorge rose at their look of base astuteness. Yet even that wasn't the worst; for as we continued to scan each other I saw in them a tinge of faint derision, and felt myself to be its object.

"At that I was seized by an impulse of rage that jerked me out of bed and pitched me straight on the unseen figure at its foot. But of course there wasn't any figure there, and my fists struck at emptiness. Ashamed and cold, I groped about for a match and lit the candles. The room looked just as usual—as I had known it would; and I crawled back to bed, and blew out the lights.

"As soon as the room was dark again the eyes reappeared; and I now applied myself to explaining them on scientific principles. At first I thought the illusion might

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have been caused by the glow of the last embers in the chimney; but the fire-place was on the other side of my bed, and so placed that the fire could not possibly be reflected in my toilet glass, which was the only mirror in the room. Then it occurred to me that I might have been tricked by the reflection of the embers in some polished bit of wood or metal; and though I couldn't discover any object of the sort in my line of vision, I got up again, groped my way to the hearth, and covered what was left of the fire. But as soon as I was back in bed the eyes were back at its foot.

"They were an hallucination, then: that was plain. But the fact that they were not due to any external dupery didn't make them a bit pleasanter to see. For if they were a projection of my inner consciousness, what the deuce was the matter with that organ? I had gone deeply enough into the mystery of morbid pathological states to picture the conditions under which an exploring mind might lay itself open to such a midnight admonition; but I couldn't fit it to my present case. I had never felt more normal, mentally and physically; and the only unusual fact in my situation—that of having assured the happiness of an amiable girl—did not seem of a kind to summon unclean spirits about my pillow. But there were the eyes still looking at me . . .

"I shut mine, and tried to evoke a vision of Alice Nowell's. They were not remarkable eyes, but they were as wholesome as fresh water, and if she had had more imagination—or longer lashes—their expression might have been interesting. As it was, they did not prove very efficacious, and in a few moments I perceived that they had mysteriously changed into the eyes at the foot of the bed. It exasperated me more to feel these glaring at me through my shut lids than to see them, and I opened my eyes again and looked straight into their hateful stare . . .

"And so it went on all night. I can't tell you what that night was, nor how long it lasted. Have you ever lain in bed, hopelessly wide awake, and tried to keep your eyes shut, knowing that if you opened 'em you'd see something you dreaded and loathed? It sounds easy, but it's devilish hard. Those eyes hung there and drew me. I had the *vertige de l'abîme*, and their red lids were the edge of my abyss. . . . I had known nervous hours before: hours when I'd felt the wind of danger in my neck; but never this kind of strain. It wasn't that the eyes were so awful; they hadn't the majesty of the powers of darkness. But they had—how shall I say?—a physical effect that was the equivalent of a bad smell: their look left a smear like a snail's. And I didn't see what business they had with me, anyhow—and I stared and stared, trying to find out . . .

"I don't know what effect they were trying to produce; but the effect they *did* produce was that of making me pack my portmanteau and bolt to town early the next morning. I left a note for my aunt, explaining that I was ill and had gone to see my doctor; and as a matter of fact I did feel uncommonly ill—the night seemed to have pumped all the blood out of me. But when I reached town I didn't go to the doctor's. I went to a friend's rooms, and threw myself on a bed, and slept for ten heavenly hours. When I woke it was the middle of the night, and I turned cold at the thought of what might be waiting for me. I sat up, shaking, and stared into the darkness; but there wasn't a break in its blessed surface, and when I saw that the eyes were not there I dropped back into another long sleep.

"I had left no word for Alice when I fled, because I meant to go back the next morning. But the next morning I was too exhausted to stir. As the day went on the exhaustion increased, instead of wearing off like the lassitude left by an ordinary night of insomnia: the effect of the eyes seemed to be cumulative, and the thought of seeing them again grew intolerable. For two days I struggled with my dread; but on the third evening I pulled myself together and decided to go back the next morning. I felt a good deal happier as soon as I'd decided, for I knew that my abrupt disappearance, and the strangeness of my not writing, must have been very painful to poor Alice. That night I went to bed with an easy mind, and fell asleep at once; but in the middle of the night I woke, and there were the eyes . . .

"Well, I simply couldn't face them; and instead of going back to my aunt's I bundled a few things into a trunk and jumped onto the first steamer for England. I was

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so dead tired when I got on board that I crawled straight into my berth, and slept most of the way over; and I can't tell you the bliss it was to wake from those long stretches of dreamless sleep and look fearlessly into the darkness, *knowing* that I shouldn't see the eyes . . .

"I stayed abroad for a year, and then I stayed for another; and during that time I never had a glimpse of them. That was enough reason for prolonging my stay if I'd been on a desert island. Another was, of course, that I had perfectly come to see, on the voyage over, the folly, complete impossibility, of my marrying Alice Nowell. The fact that I had been so slow in making this discovery annoyed me, and made me want to avoid explanations. The bliss of escaping at one stroke from the eyes, and from this other embarrassment, gave my freedom an extraordinary zest; and the longer I savoured it the better I liked its taste.

"The eyes had burned such a hole in my consciousness that for a long time I went on puzzling over the nature of the apparition, and wondering nervously if it would ever come back. But as time passed I lost this dread, and retained only the precision of the image. Then that faded in its turn.

"The second year found me settled in Rome, where I was planning, I believe, to write another great book—a definitive work on Etruscan influences in Italian art. At any rate, I'd found some pretext of the kind for taking a sunny apartment in the Piazza di Spagna and dabbling about indefinitely in the Forum; and there, one morning, a charming youth came to me. As he stood there in the warm light, slender and smooth and hyacinthine, he might have stepped from a ruined altar—one to Antinous, say—but he'd come instead from New York, with a letter (of all people) from Alice Nowell. The letter—the first I'd had from her since our break—was simply a line introducing her young cousin, Gilbert Noyes, and appealing to me to befriend him. It appeared, poor lad, that he 'had talent,' and 'wanted to write'; and, an obdurate family having insisted that his calligraphy should take the form of double entry, Alice had intervened to win him six months' respite, during which he was to travel on a meagre pittance, and somehow prove his ultimate ability to increase it by his pen. The quaint conditions of the test struck me first: it seemed about as conclusive as a mediæval 'ordeal.' Then I was touched by her having sent him to me. I had always wanted to do her some service, to justify myself in my own eyes rather than hers; and here was a beautiful embodiment of my chance.

"Well, I imagine it's safe to lay down the general principle that predestined geniuses don't, as a rule, appear before one in the spring sunshine of the Forum looking like one of its banished gods. At any rate, poor Noyes wasn't a predestined genius. But he *was* beautiful to see, and charming as a comrade too. It was only when he began to talk literature that my heart failed me. I knew all the symptoms so well—the things he had 'in him,' and the things outside him that impinged! There's the real test, after all. It was always—punctually, inevitably, with the inexorableness of a mechanical law—it was *always* the wrong thing that struck him. I grew to find a certain grim fascination in deciding in advance exactly which wrong thing he'd select; and I acquired an astonishing skill at the game . . .

"The worst of it was that his *bêtise* wasn't of the too obvious sort. Ladies who met him at picnics thought him intellectual; and even at dinners he passed for clever. I, who had him under the microscope, fancied now and then that he might develop some kind of a slim talent, something that he could make 'do' and be happy on; and wasn't that, after all, what I was concerned with? He was so charming—he continued to be so charming—that he called forth all my charity in support of this argument; and for the first few months I really believed there was a chance for him . . .

"Those months were delightful. Noyes was constantly with me, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. His stupidity was a natural grace—it was as beautiful, really, as his eye-lashes. And he was so gay, so affectionate, and so happy with me, that telling him the truth would have been about as pleasant as slitting the throat of some artless animal. At first I used to wonder what had put into that radiant head the detestable delusion that it held a brain. Then I began to see that it was simply protective mimicry—an instinctive ruse to get away from family life

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and an office desk. Not that Gilbert didn't—dear lad!—believe in himself. There wasn't a trace of hypocrisy in his composition. He was sure that his 'call' was irresistible, while to me it was the saving grace of his situation that it *wasn't*, and that a little money, a little leisure, a little pleasure would have turned him into an inoffensive idler. Unluckily, however, there was no hope of money, and with the grim alternative of the office desk before him he couldn't postpone his attempt at literature. The stuff he turned out was deplorable, and I see now that I knew it from the first. Still, the absurdity of deciding a man's whole future on a first trial seemed to justify me in withholding my verdict, and perhaps even in encouraging him a little, on the ground that the human plant generally needs warmth to flower.

"At any rate, I proceeded on that principle, and carried it to the point of getting his term of probation extended. When I left Rome he went with me, and we idled away a delicious summer between Capri and Venice. I said to myself: 'If he has anything in him, it will come out now; and it *did*. He was never more enchanting and enchanted. There were moments of our pilgrimage when beauty born of murmuring sound seemed actually to pass into his face —but only to issue forth in a shallow flood of the palest ink . . .

"Well the time came to turn off the tap; and I knew there was no hand but mine to do it. We were back in Rome, and I had taken him to stay with me, not wanting him to be alone in his dismal *pension* when he had to face the necessity of renouncing his ambition. I hadn't, of course, relied solely on my own judgment in deciding to advise him to drop literature. I had sent his stuff to various people—editors and critics —and they had always sent it back with the same chilling lack of comment. Really there was nothing on earth to say about it——

"I confess I never felt more shabbily than I did on the day when I decided to have it out with Gilbert. It was well enough to tell myself that it was my duty to knock the poor boy's hopes into splinters—but I'd like to know what act of gratuitous cruelty hasn't been justified on that plea? I've always shrunk from usurping the functions of Providence, and when I have to exercise them I decidedly prefer that it shouldn't be on an errand of destruction. Besides, in the last issue, who was I to decide, even after a year's trial, if poor Gilbert had it in him or not?

"The more I looked at the part I'd resolved to play, the less I liked it; and I liked it still less when Gilbert sat opposite me, with his head thrown back in the lamplight, just as Phil's is now . . . I'd been going over his last manuscript, and he knew it, and he knew that his future hung on my verdict—we'd tacitly agreed to that. The manuscript lay between us, on my table—a novel, his first novel, if you please!—and he reached over and laid his hand on it, and looked up at me with all his life in the look.

"I stood up and cleared my throat, trying to keep my eyes away from his face and on the manuscript.

"'The fact is, my dear Gilbert,' I began——

"I saw him turn pale, but he was up and facing me in an instant.

"'Oh, look here, don't take on so, my dear fellow! I'm not so awfully cut up as all that!' His hands were on my shoulders, and he was laughing down on me from his full height, with a kind of mortally-stricken gaiety that drove the knife into my side.

"He was too beautifully brave for me to keep up any humbug about my duty. And it came over me suddenly how I should hurt others in hurting him: myself first, since sending him home meant losing him; but more particularly poor Alice Nowell, to whom I had so uneasily longed to prove my good faith and my immense desire to serve her. It really seemed like failing her twice to fail Gilbert——

"But my intuition was like one of those lightning flashes that encircle the whole horizon, and in the same instant I saw what I might be letting myself in for if I didn't tell the truth. I said to myself: 'I shall have him for life'—and I'd never yet seen any one, man or woman, whom I was quite sure of wanting on those terms. Well, this impulse of egotism decided me. I was ashamed of it, and to get away from it I took a leap that landed me straight in Gilbert's arms.

"'The thing's all right, and you're all wrong!' I shouted up at him; and as he hugged me, and I laughed and shook in his incredulous clutch, I had for a minute

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the sense of self-complacency that is supposed to attend the footsteps of the just. Hang it all, making people happy *has* its charms——

"Gilbert, of course, was for celebrating his emancipation in some spectacular manner; but I sent him away alone to explode his emotions, and went to bed to sleep off mine. As I undressed I began to wonder what their after-taste would be—so many of the finest don't keep! Still, I wasn't sorry, and I meant to empty the bottle, even if it *did* turn a trifle flat.

"After I got into bed I lay for a long time smiling at the memory of his eyes—his blissful eyes. . . Then I fell asleep, and when I woke the room was deathly cold, and I sat up with a jerk—and there were *the other eyes* . . .

"It was three years since I'd seen them, but I'd thought of them so often that I fancied they could never take me unawares again. Now, with their red sneer on me, I knew that I had never really believed they would come back, and that I was as defenceless as ever against them . . . As before, it was the insane irrelevance of their coming that made it so horrible. What the deuce were they after, to leap out at me at such a time? I had lived more or less carelessly in the years since I'd seen them, though my worst indiscretions were not dark enough to invite the searchings of their infernal glare; but at this particular moment I was really in what might have been called a state of grace; and I can't tell you how the fact added to their horror . . .

"But it's not enough to say they were as bad as before: they were worse. Worse by just so much as I'd learned of life in the interval; by all the damnable implications my wider experience read into them. I saw now what I hadn't seen before: that they were eyes which had grown hideous gradually, which had built up their baseness coral-wise, bit by bit, out of a series of small turpitudes slowly accumulated through the industrious years. Yes—it came to me that what made them so bad was that they'd grown bad so slowly . . .

"There they hung in the darkness, their swollen lids dropped across the little watery bulbs rolling loose in the orbits, and the puff of fat flesh making a muddy shadow underneath—and as their filmy stare moved with my movements, there came over me a sense of their tacit complicity, of a deep hidden understanding between us that was worse than the first shock of their strangeness. Not that I understood them; but that they made it so clear that some day I should . . . Yes, that was the worst part of it, decidedly; and it was the feeling that became stronger each time they came back to me . . .

"For they got into the damnable habit of coming back. They reminded me of vampires with a taste for young flesh, they seemed so to gloat over the taste of a good conscience. Every night for a month they came to claim their morsel of mine: since I'd made Gilbert happy they simply wouldn't loosen their fangs. The coincidence almost made me hate him, poor lad, fortuitous as I felt it to be. I puzzled over it a good deal, but couldn't find any hint of an explanation except in the chance of his association with Alice Nowell. But then the eyes had let up on me the moment I had abandoned her, so they could hardly be the emissaries of a woman scorned, even if one could have pictured poor Alice charging such spirits to avenge her. That set me thinking, and I began to wonder if they would let up on me if I abandoned Gilbert. The temptation was insidious, and I had to stiffen myself against it; but really, dear boy! he was too charming to be sacrificed to such demons. And so, after all, I never found out what they wanted . . ."

III

THE fire crumbled, sending up a flash which threw into relief the narrator's gnarled red face under its grey-black stubble. Pressed into the hollow of the dark leather armchair, it stood out an instant like an intaglio of yellowish red-veined stone, with spots of enamel for the eyes; then the fire sank and in the shaded lamp-light it became once more a dim Rembrandtish blur.

Phil Frenham, sitting in a low chair on the opposite side of the hearth, one long arm propped on the table behind him, one hand supporting his thrown-back head, and his eyes steadily fixed on his old friend's face, had not moved since the tale began. He continued to maintain his silent immobility after Culwin had ceased to speak, and it was I who, with a vague sense of dis-

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appointment at the sudden drop of the story, finally asked: "But how long did you keep on seeing them?"

Culwin, so sunk into his chair that he seemed like a heap of his own empty clothes, stirred a little, as if in surprise at my question. He appeared to have half-forgotten what he had been telling us.

"How long? Oh, off and on all that winter. It was infernal. I never got used to them. I grew really ill."

Frenham shifted his attitude silently, and as he did so his elbow struck against a small mirror in a bronze frame standing on the table behind him. He turned and changed its angle slightly; then he resumed his former attitude, his dark head thrown back on his lifted palm, his eyes intent on Culwin's face. Something in his stare embarrassed me, and as if to divert attention from it I pressed on with another question:

"And you never tried sacrificing Noyes?"

"Oh, no. The fact is I didn't have to. He did it for me, poor infatuated boy!"

"Did it for you? How do you mean?"

"He wore me out—wore everybody out. He kept on pouring out his lamentable twaddle, and hawking it up and down the place till he became a thing of terror. I tried to wean him from writing—oh, ever so gently, you understand, by throwing him with agreeable people, giving him a chance to make himself felt, to come to a sense of what he *really* had to give. I'd foreseen this solution from the beginning—felt sure that, once the first ardour of authorship was quenched, he'd drop into his place as a charming parasitic thing, the kind of chronic Cherubino for whom, in old societies, there's always a seat at table, and a shelter behind the ladies' skirts. I saw him take his place as 'the poet': the poet who doesn't write. One knows the type in every drawing-room. Living in that way doesn't cost much—I'd worked it all out in my mind, and felt sure that, with a little help, he could manage it for the next few years; and meanwhile he'd be sure to marry. I saw him married to a widow, rather older, with a good cook and a well-run house. And I actually had my eye on the widow . . . Meanwhile I did everything to facilitate the transition—lent him money to ease his conscience, introduced him to pretty women to make him forget his vows. But nothing would do him: he had but one idea in his beautiful obstinate head. He wanted the laurel and not the rose, and he kept on repeating Gautier's axiom, and battering and filing at his limp prose till he'd spread it out over Lord knows how many thousand sloppy pages. Now and then he would send a pailful to a publisher, and of course it would always come back.

"At first it didn't matter—he thought he was 'misunderstood.' He took the attitudes of genius, and whenever an opus came home he wrote another to keep it company. Then he had a reaction of despair, and accused me of deceiving him, and Lord knows what. I got angry at that, and told him it was he who had deceived himself. He'd come to me determined to write, and I'd done my best to help him. That was the extent of my offence, and I'd done it for his cousin's sake, not his.

"That seemed to strike home, and he didn't answer for a minute. Then he said: 'My time's up and my money's up. What do you think I'd better do?'

"'I think you'd better not be an ass,' I said.

"He turned red, and asked: 'What do you mean by being an ass?'

"I took a letter from my desk and held it out to him.

"'I mean refusing this offer of Mrs. Ellinger's: to be her secretary at a salary of five thousand dollars. There may be a lot more in it than that.'

"He flung out his hand with a violence that struck the letter from mine. 'Oh, I know well enough what's in it!' he said, scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"'And what's your answer, if you know?' I asked.

"He made none at the minute, but turned away slowly to the door. There, with his hand on the threshold, he stopped to ask, almost under his breath: 'Then you really think my stuff's no good?'

"I was tired and exasperated, and I laughed. I don't defend my laugh—it was in wretched taste. But I must plead in extenuation that the boy was a fool, and that I'd done my best for him—I really had.

"He went out of the room, shutting the door quietly after him. That afternoon I left for Frascati, where I'd promised to spend the Sunday with some friends. I was glad to escape from Gilbert, and by the same token, as I learned that night, I had

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also escaped from the eyes. I dropped into the same lethargic sleep that had come to me before when their visitations ceased; and when I woke the next morning, in my peaceful painted room above the ilexes, I felt the utter weariness and deep relief that always followed on that repairing slumber. I put in two blessed nights at Frascati, and when I got back to my rooms in Rome I found that Gilbert had gone . . . Oh, nothing tragic had happened—the episode never rose to *that*. He'd simply packed his manuscripts and left for America—for his family and the Wall Street desk. He left a decent little note to tell me of his decision, and behaved altogether, in the circumstances, as little like a fool as it's possible for a fool to behave . . ."

IV

CULWIN paused again, and again Frenham sat motionless, the dusky contour of his young head reflected in the mirror at his back.

"And what became of Noyes afterward?" I finally asked, still disquieted by a sense of incompleteness, by the need of some connecting thread between the parallel lines of the tale.

Culwin twitched his shoulders. "Oh, nothing became of him—because he became nothing. There could be no question of 'becoming' about it. He vegetated in an office, I believe, and finally got a clerkship in a consulate, and married drearily in China. I saw him once in Hong Kong, years afterward. He was fat and hadn't shaved. I was told he drank. He didn't recognize me."

"And the eyes?" I asked, after another pause which Frenham's continued silence made oppressive.

Culwin, stroking his chin, blinked at me meditatively through the shadows. "I never saw them after my last talk with Gilbert. Put two and two together if you can. For my part, I haven't found the link."

He rose stiffly, his hands in his pockets, and walked over to the table on which reviving drinks had been set out.

"You must be parched after this dry tale. Here, help yourself, my dear fellow. Here, Phil—" He turned back to the hearth.

Frenham still sat in his low chair, making no response to his host's hospitable summons. But as Culwin advanced toward him, their eyes met in a long look; after which, to my intense surprise, the young man, turning suddenly in his seat, flung his arms across the table, and dropped his face upon them.

Culwin, at the unexpected gesture, stopped short, a flush on his face.

"Phil—what the deuce? Why, have the eyes scared *you?* My dear boy—my dear fellow—I never had such a tribute to my literary ability, never!"

He broke into a chuckle at the thought, and halted on the hearth-rug, his hands still in his pockets, gazing down in honest perplexity at the youth's bowed head. Then, as Frenham still made no answer, he moved a step or two nearer.

"Cheer up, my dear Phil! It's years since I've seen them—apparently I've done nothing lately bad enough to call them out of chaos. Unless my present evocation of them has made *you* see them; which would be their worst stroke yet!"

His bantering appeal quivered off into an uneasy laugh, and he moved still nearer, bending over Frenham, and laying his gouty hands on the lad's shoulders.

"Phil, my dear boy, really—what's the matter? Why don't you answer? *Have* you seen the eyes?"

Frenham's face was still pressed against his arms, and from where I stood behind Culwin I saw the latter, as if under the rebuff of this unaccountable attitude, draw back slowly from his friend. As he did so, the light of the lamp on the table fell full on his perplexed congested face, and I caught its sudden reflection in the mirror behind Frenham's head.

Culwin saw the reflection also. He paused, his face level with the mirror, as if scarcely recognizing the countenance in it as his own. But as he looked his expression gradually changed, and for an appreciable space of time he and the image in the glass confronted each other with a glare of slowly gathering hate. Then Culwin let go of Frenham's shoulders, and drew back a step, covering his eyes with his hands . . .

Frenham, his face still hidden, did not stir.

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The Phillips Inn at Andover.

Formerly the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and now used as an inn principally by guests of the school and parents of the boys.

SOME AMERICAN PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

By Arthur Ruhl

THE Phillips Academy at Andover, the oldest of our preparatory schools, was opened in 1778 for the purpose, as Mr. Samuel Phillips, its founder, stated in its constitution, of "instructing Youth, not only in English and Latin Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic and those Sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to learn them the Great End and Real Business of Living."

These latter words are written, I suppose, above the gateway of every preparatory school to-day—over high-schools in kindly little Western towns, over fashionable Groton, St. Mark's, and St. Paul's. One can not see them perhaps, but founders and teachers and fond parents, at least, honestly believe they are there. The words are doubtless the same but their meanings must be as varied as American life to-day is varied.

When Andover was founded Washington's army was still at Valley Forge. When Exeter was founded by Mr. Samuel Phillips's brother, John, Cornwallis had not yet surrendered. And young Americans who would be playing foot-ball to-day were fighting for their lives in this world, and their souls in the next, and sitting down by their candles each night to reproach themselves in neatly written diaries for the moments of eternity they had wasted that day.

If the real business of living was not a simple matter for a generation that had few alternatives and many necessities, it must be complicated indeed for a generation which has the time and money to live comparatively at its ease. Except for the poor, making the acquaintance of the three R's is no longer romantic. The three R's are everywhere. Boys no longer need tramp hundreds of miles to find ordinary instruction as they used sometimes to come tramping up to the New England schools clear from the Mississippi Valley. The little red school-house has followed the railroad and even the "Fresno" scraper. A boom town scarcely springs up in the Western sage-brush which hasn't a high-school almost as soon as it has a hotel and a bank. As a place for final instruction, the need for the old-fashioned "academy" has long since passed away.

Going to college, meanwhile, has become with an astonishingly varied class of boys, almost a matter of course. A vast and heterogeneous army, freed from the immediate necessity of earning a living which worried their fathers, flings itself more or less blindly each autumn into the unknown

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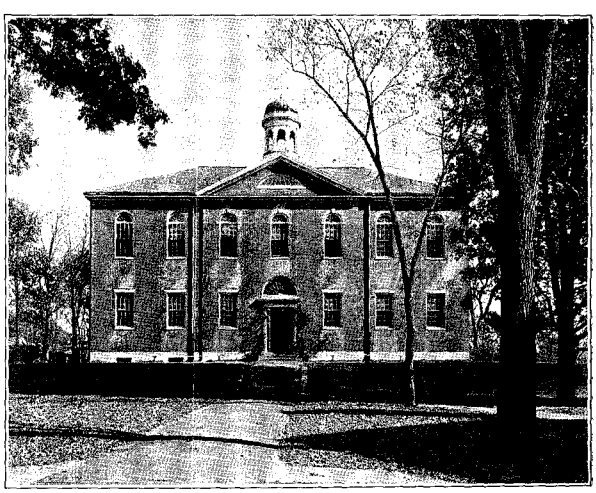
Foot-ball players—b

It is in the preparatory schools, perhaps, that foot-ball is at its best. The proportion of boys who play is much larger than

and fascinating possibilities of "college life." And you have but to glance casually at this multitude—all American citizens of to-morrow—to see that it stretches between widely separated extremes.

On the one hand is the high-school in the typical American town—the comfortable little Middle-Western city, for instance, where none is very rich nor very poor. A boy lives with his father and mother and brothers and sisters at home. He learns Gaul's three parts, and the square of a+b, and also, probably, how to take care of a furnace and shovel snow. All the varied human relationships of a home and a town still fairly homogeneous, and scarcely aware of such words as "tradesman" or "serving class," gradually shape and color his mind and character.

The Swedish carpenter's son beats him in geometry; the washer-woman's daughter knows more than he of Byron and Shakespeare. His own wit is leaden beside the repartee of the expressman, and he knows the groceryman very well because the groceryman, who used to go to school with his father, regards him affectionately as a sort of nephew, and always asks him if he won't have a ride when he happens to drive by. All the kindly humanity of the place steeps into him—far more, probably, than he realizes at the time. He can't quite escape observing that there is illness and failure in the world as well as foot-ball heroes and banjo clubs, and his own enthusiasms are set against a saving background of men with lines in their faces who have to hustle to pay rent and coal bills. He is part, in short, of a commonwealth instead of a cult; a school-boy instead of a college "man" in miniature.



The Commons at Andover.

This building, originally planned by the famous architect Bulfinch, later partially destroyed by fire and restored, was the old brick academy building referred to by Dr. Holmes in his poem "The School Boy."

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d little—at Andover.

colleges. There is not so much at stake and the whole atmosphere surrounding the game is more sensible and natural.

Also, probably, he is indifferently taught, crude in manners and clothes, and although he may go down to college with a general knowledge of human nature, and an instinctive democracy which his more specially prepared classmates may not acquire until years after they have left college, he goes awkwardly, like a tourist suddenly stepping into Paris or Timbuctoo.

At the other extreme is the fashionable preparatory school, cloistered away in some peculiarly agreeable and beautiful corner of the country. The little boy of twelve is taken here before he has begun, so to speak, to wake up. He may even have begun earlier and "prepared" for the preparatory. Surrounded by other little boys exactly like himself, he is shut away from the rest of the world for six impressionable years. He is taught charming manners, kept from the hurly-burly of the public school, and from temptation in so far as temptation resides in outside things.

He is trained almost as rigorously for a special rôle as if he were the son of an acrobat following his father's trade, or some rich little city girl preparing to "come out." If he isn't in the class room, he is hard at it on the foot-ball or base-ball field, or track or river. There are no loose ends or waste. Every moment is filled with carefully planned work or play, and watched over by older men—men who have travelled, alumni of the college for which he is preparing, perhaps, who have played on the teams and belonged to the clubs he hopes to play on and belong to.

Naturally he develops rapidly, and as this development is all along the line of making him a "gentleman" and a success in college, his comparative progress is astonishing. He learns loyalty to an ideal—his school, and what it stands for—when the public school-boy still considers teachers his natural enemies. He makes many delightful and valuable friends. He puts on a black coat and pumps each evening, perhaps, learns to play cricket or fives, always uses the "Sir" when addressing a master—acquires as a matter of course a thousand little agreeable graces. There is nothing "fresh" about these little gentlemen when they enter college. They come down to Cambridge or New Haven—you can tell them at a glance—as serenely almost as they might go to visit an uncle or a grown-up brother.

How far this preparation for college life is a preparation for ordinary life is, of course, another and more difficult story. If the mould into which they are run sometimes hardens around them, it is not surprising, for that was a charming place, there in the country, where all were light-hearted and polite and healthy and nice, and our ordinary world doubtless often seems badly arranged and rather tiresomely difficult.

Were these two alternatives equally practicable much might be said for either—the

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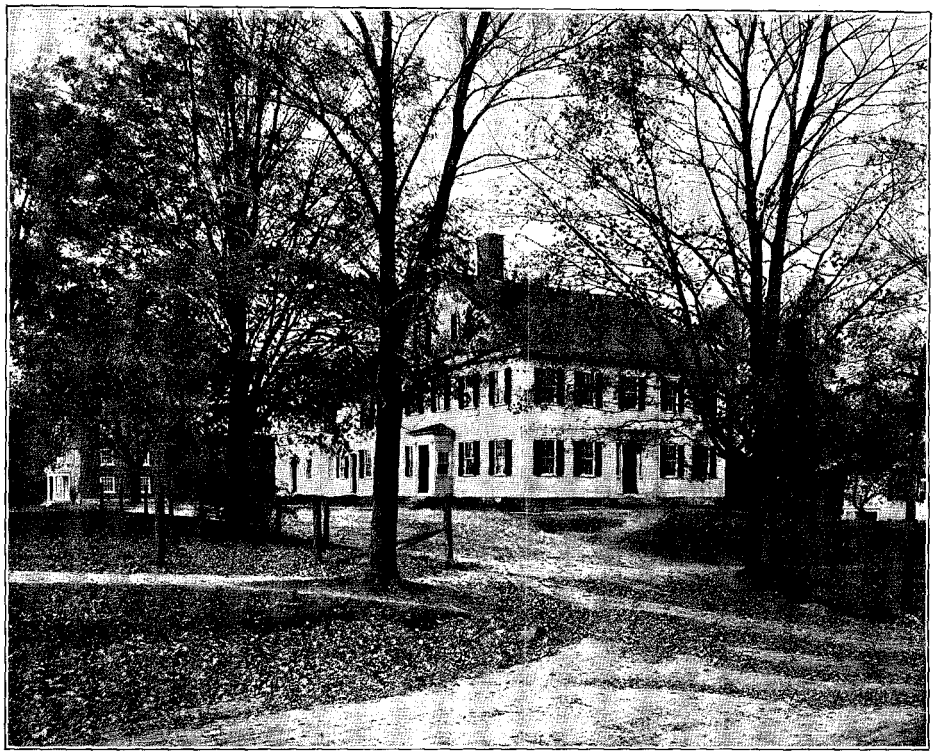
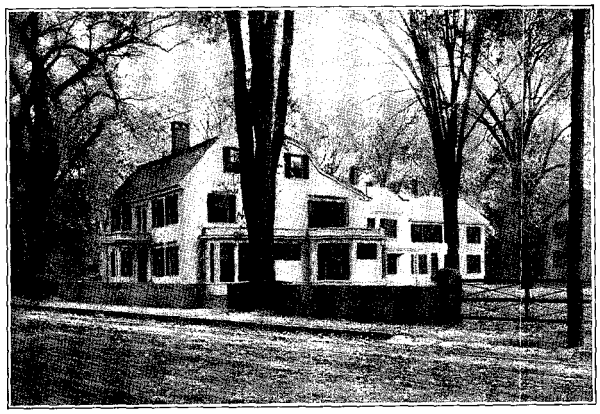


The Clement House at Andover.

This old colonial house is one of those used by boys who are working their way through the school.

"loose" home and high-school training; the special preparation of the "tighter" boarding-school life. But of course there is rarely so simple an alternative. The mere cost of board and tuition—nearly a thousand dollars a year in the more exclusive schools—practically eliminates, for them at least, all but the sons of the fairly well-to-do. And the rich little boy rarely has the choice between a fashionable school and the broad humanizing experience in a small town. His parents may have three houses and no home, or prefer to travel, or get divorced. And the choice is more likely to be between being really trained in a boarding-school or spoiled at home by private tutors. And even the robustious democracy of a Walt Whitman might balk, for reasons of health alone, at forcing a boy to grow up in a city like New York.



The Gilman House at Exeter.

Typical of the fine old New England houses characteristic of both Exeter and Andover.

Moreover, "going to college" is coming to mean at least two rather different things. In the West the co-educational State university, aiming at "results," is the last stage of a system of education which has much in it to appeal to a democracy—a

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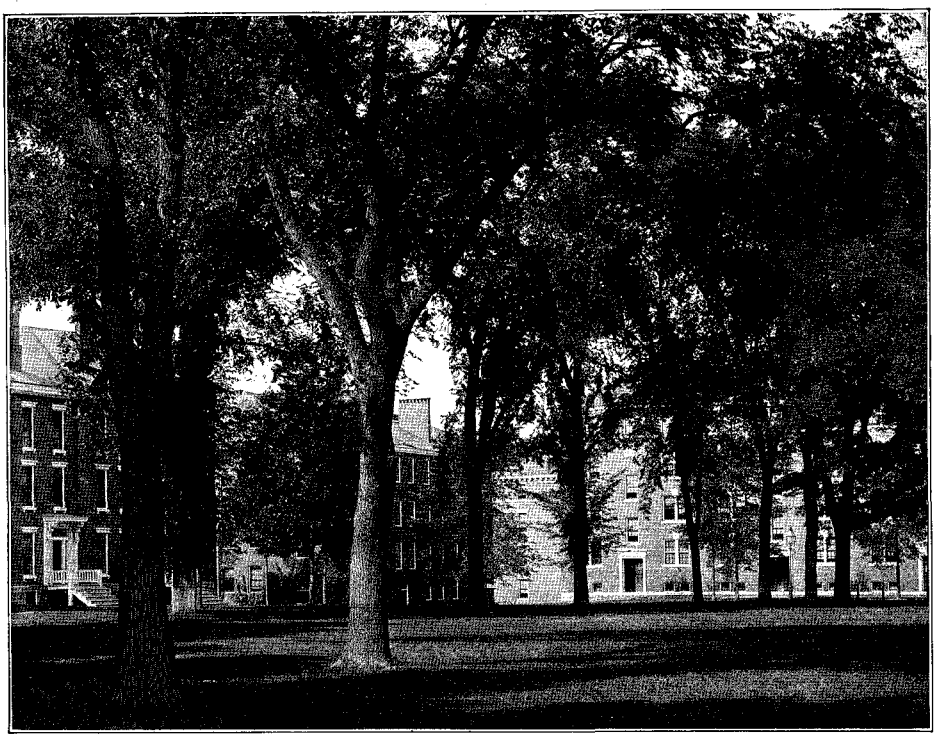
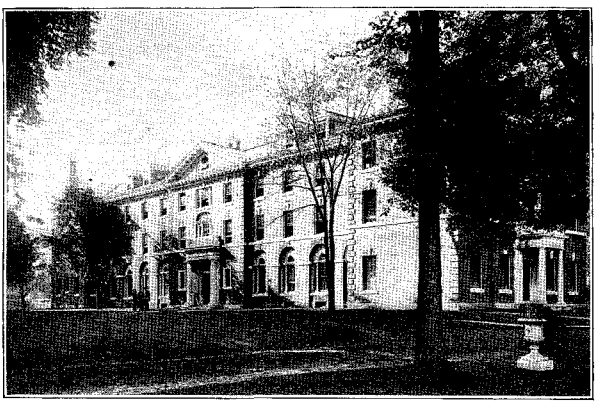


Looking across the Exeter campus.

system, that is, which is an organic part of the State, which keeps as close as possible to what seem practical needs, and through which the future citizens, boys and girls alike, march together side by side until they emerge prepared to establish homes and serve the State which trained them.

Those who prefer the older universities, however—and it isn't apparent that the success of Wisconsin, for instance, has lessened the desire for Harvard, Princeton, or Yale—find it increasingly difficult to enter there without special preparation. In the West, if not everywhere, the high-schools tend to become more and more vocational, to prepare their pupils for self-support rather than for a more extended quaffing of the Pierian spring. And excepting those who hold to the public school experience for such reasons as I have suggested, there are enough who prefer the old-fashioned training of the Eastern universities, apparently, to demand private preparatory schools, and more of them, for some time to come.

The venerable academies at Andover, in Massachusetts, and at Exeter, just across the line in New Hampshire, come nearer,



Dunbar Hall, one of the new dormitories at Exeter intended for younger boys.

Two masters and their wives live in this hall. There is a matron as house-keeper and the manner of life is very much like that led by the younger boys in the smaller schools.

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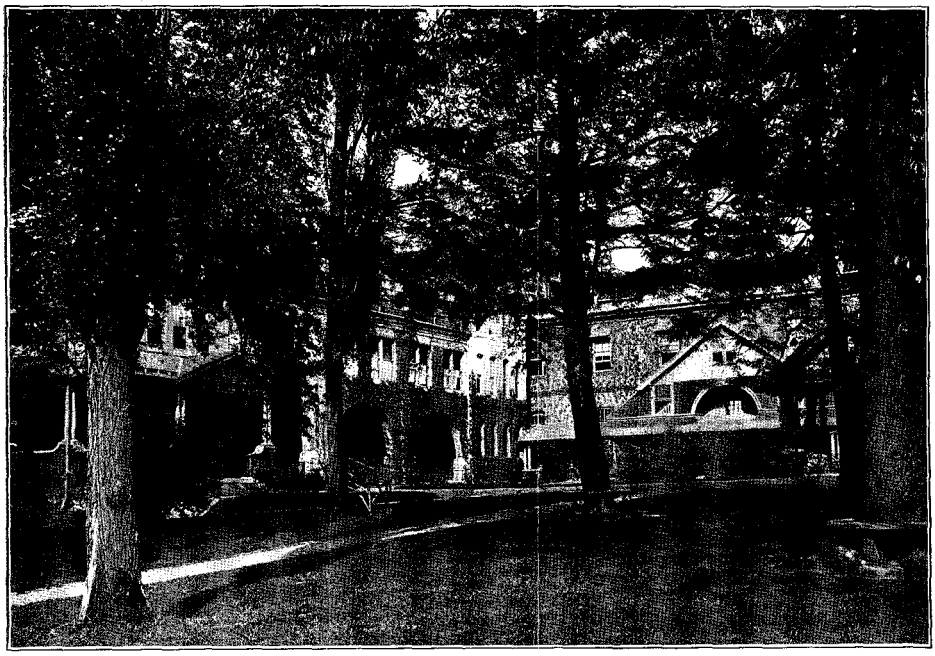

Within the quadrangle at the Hill School.

Except for a few detached buildings, all the work and living rooms at Hill are gathered under one roof.

perhaps, than any other of our preparatories to bridging the gap between the average high-school and such American developments of English models as are represented by Groton, St. Mark's, or St. Paul's. They were started in the heart of Puritan New England, in the midst of the War for Independence, and for over a century they have kept alive the sacred fire with which the young nation was burning at their birth. No other schools have helped in the making of so many distinguished men, nor are any, perhaps, so saturated with traditions so peculiarly American.

In their early days, when most of the boys were working their way as they went, raising vegetables to help pay their board, bundling up as if for a sleigh ride on Sundays to listen to three sermons in an unheated church, and on Monday reciting what they could remember of the discourses of the day before; in the day of Master Eliphalet Pearson—

". . . Great Eliphalet (I can see him now)—
Big name, big frame, big voice and beetling brow. . . ."

the boys boarded with the towns-people, and looked out for themselves very much as if they were at home. Of late years, as the type of boys has changed with the changing times, it has been found advisable more and more to gather them—especially the younger ones—in dormitories controlled by the schools.

Eventually, I suppose, they will be all lodged in school buildings. The newer dormitories, like Dunbar Hall at Exeter and Bancroft Cottage at Andover, are quite as fine as any buildings at the more fashionable schools, and discipline in them is much the same, but many of the sedate old colonial houses, with their broad white faces and green blinds, are still used as boarding-places, and the practice of encouraging a strong sense of personal responsibility still survives. As the Andover catalogue says: "The Academy aims to attract students with a definite educational purpose and a high moral standard. The Academy is not a suitable school for boys who are idle, insubordinate, or lacking in self-control; or for such as require the constant supervision of a teacher and the routine of the school-room in order to enforce industry and fidelity. Students who are found to be unable or unwilling to meet the school requirements

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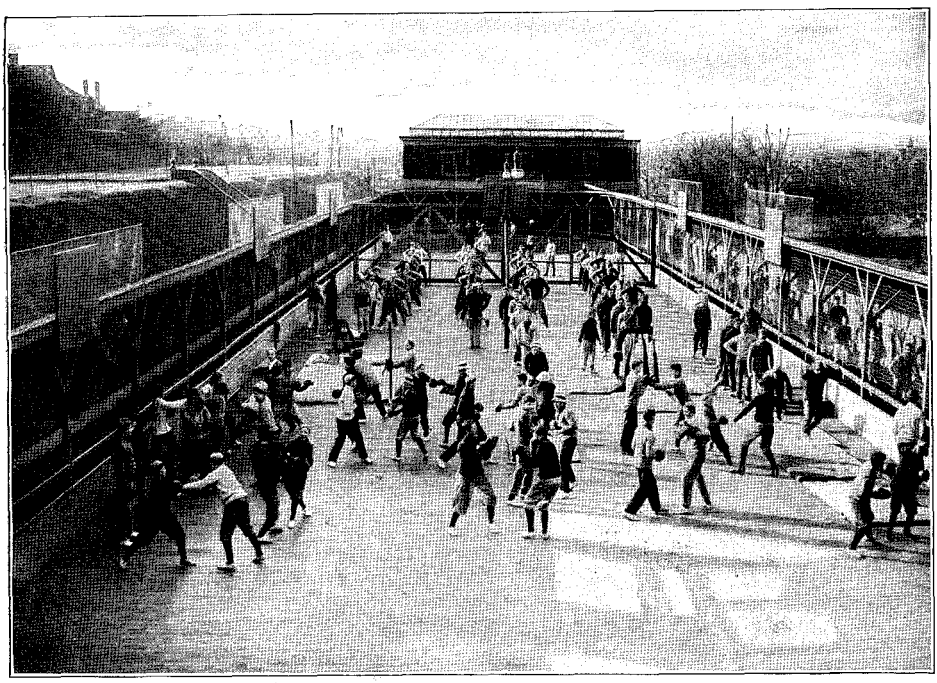

The out-door gymnasium at the Hill School.

The running track, roofed to keep off rain and snow but open to the air, encircles the floor space. The boys are exercised here instead of in-doors, and during sunshine hours whenever possible.

and those whose influence is injurious must be withdrawn from the school."

And nearly a fifth of those who register are sometimes dropped before the end of the year. This does not mean dismissal necessarily; it may mean merely that for one reason or another they can not keep the pace. A boy is asked, so to speak, not how long he has studied, but does he know his lesson: "Make good or get out," as one might paraphrase the motto of one of England's famous schools. It is a wasteful method, from the point of view of the more paternal schools, but those who survive are likely to be pretty fit.

As boys may enter any of the four classes, both Andover and Exeter are much used by those who can take only a year or two of special preparation. And as there is no age limit—a few years ago a bricklayer employed on one of the Andover buildings, and recently supervising mechanical engineer of one of the tallest buildings in New York, laid down his trowel and joined the school—the boys are likely to be older than in the more restricted schools. Their age, their numbers—there are nearly five hundred—and their comparative absence of restriction give to both Andover and Exeter much of the atmosphere of small college towns—an atmosphere robust and bracing; perhaps, for tenderly nurtured boys, too little restricted, too much as freshman year at college might be without the steadying influence of upper classmen.

There are sons of millionaires at Andover and Exeter, and side by side with them mill boys from the near-by towns and big-fisted youths from the Pennsylvania mines. Sixty or seventy at each school are helped by scholarships, and it is no disgrace whatever to pay for one's board by waiting on table. Many people are opposed to such supposedly menial tasks, but I think that if they could see these boys rush in to the Commons together from their noon recitations, and see those who are working throw off coats, shoot into duck jackets and begin to "rustle" food, sometimes picking up the talk where they left it, and with no more self-consciousness than you would pass the sandwiches at a summer picnic, they might feel differently. There is something in the air of those two old New England towns

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which makes such things possible, and it is a fine and impressive thing in this day and age that it should be so.

This atmosphere of old-fashioned Americanism—that all the schools considered here have a more or less similar scholastic and athletic equipment is assumed as a matter of course—is an especially important influence of Andover and Exeter. I do not refer to mere democratic rawness, but to that air of earnestness, sincerity, and

Commencement day exercises at the Hill School.

independence, dignity without pose or affectation, which fairly seems to radiate from these fine old white houses and ancient elms.

One feels this especially, I think, at Andover, the Andover of which that fiery old divine, the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, once said after Dr. Holmes had smiled at the rectilinear nature of New Englanders. "She may have lacked imagination, but she lifted up her thoughts to the Chinese junks, to the pagans of Burmah, to the isles of the South Seas, to the Indian Empire, and when there was no missionary society she invented one. Andover may have lacked imagination, but she imagined a Tract Society when there was none, a Temperance Society when there was none, an Education Society when there was none. She invented the first religious newspaper, and has sown her Greek fire and her Hebrew fire on this Continent all the way to the Pacific seas."

The theological seminary is no more, but the boys live in its dormitories and use its chapel each morning and on Sundays. And it was on one of their frosty November Sunday mornings that I went to church there with them. Outside the air was crystal clear, the elms stood gray and bare in its clearness, and Broadway seemed very far away. Across the street was the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a few doors away the house in which "America" was written. And for a boy born in New York or the West it must have meant a good deal to stand up in that place and sing as those five hundred husky young Americans sang to the tune of "Elton," Whittier's hymn:

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind forgive our
feverish ways
Reclothe us in our rightful mind
In purer lives our service find
In deeper reverence, praise.

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Lawrenceville boys on their way to practise cheers and songs before the annual game with Mercersburg.

Drop still thy dews of quietness till all our striving cease
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Life isn't polished at either of these schools, but one can not help feeling that there is something very valuable here for young Americans destined to spend their lives afterward amongst automobiles and stock exchanges and the rush and glitter of our day. Something is preserved here which still lives in the Harvard Yard and which to-day's undergraduates will scarcely find in the weathered oak and swimming pools of Harvard's "Gold Coast."

Although Andover and Exeter are substantially alike, there are various little differences apparent enough to those familiar with the schools. Goings and comings are a trifle more carefully watched at Andover and the boys incline to go to Yale. Exeter men incline to go to Harvard, and they like to think that they are even more democratic than Andover.

Carelessness in clothes—not an important symptom of democracy to be sure—is almost a fad at Exeter. Flannel shirts are common, and sweaters, although not permitted by most instructors, are worn to class sometimes. The typical Exeter costume seemed to include, when I was there, a negligee shirt with the collar turned up so as somewhat to resemble the collars Mr. Gladstone used to wear.

Exeter has more scholarships—about fifteen thousand dollars a year is available—and the scholarship boys are, in a way, the backbone of the school. They are compelled to stand well in their studies and, as they are often the school's best athletes, they almost succeed in making hard study and high marks fashionable. They seemed amused at Exeter at a recent visitor who, in addressing the boys, had good-naturedly assumed that they preferred C marks to A's or B's. And there were many stories here, as at Andover, of boys who had worked their way through and made a great success afterward in college or business. Recently the rich father of a boy had suddenly lost his money. A wealthy uncle offered to pay the boy's expenses, but he would have none of it. He opened a clothes-pressing shop in his room, the other boys loyally sent him their clothes, and he was able to carry himself through without help.

Stories of this sort are characteristic of Exeter. It is part of the school's tradition, stoutly preserved no matter how

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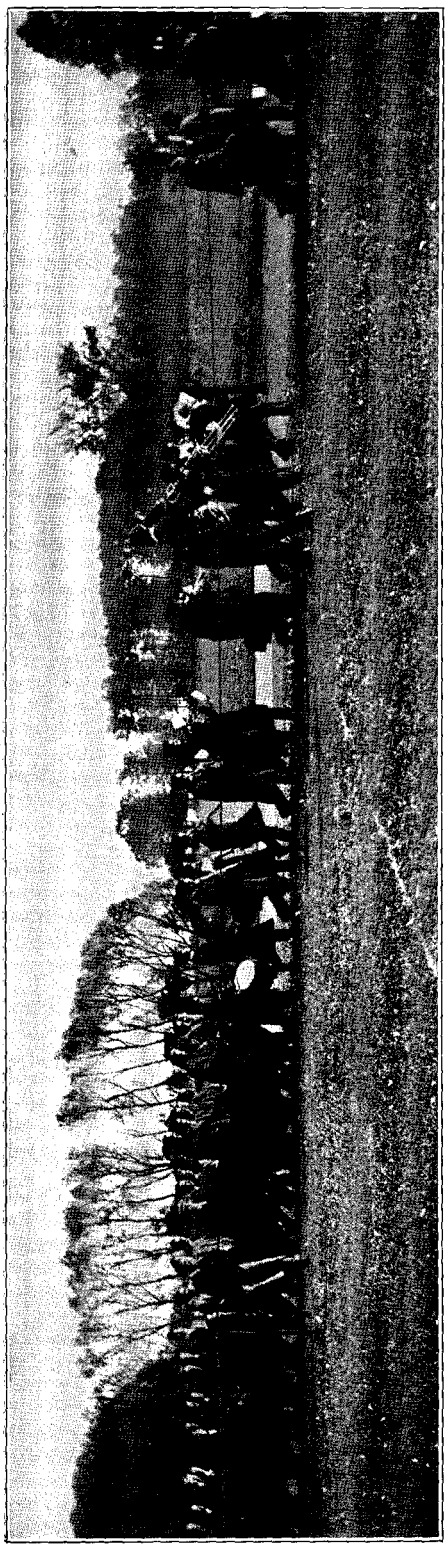

Lawrenceville boys marching onto the field just before a game.

many rich boys may come. Mr. Tufts, whose kindly scholarship has been initiating barbarous young Exonians into the beauties of the English classics for more than a quarter of a century, conducted chapel exercises the morning I was there, and he asked one of the boys to see him after the service was over. The boy had a library book long overdue, and I happened to be standing near enough to hear him mumble, with a grin, that he hadn't had any money to pay the fine.

"There's a wood-pile in my back-yard," said the old gentleman dryly. It was the sort of reply which would be cherished at Exeter whether or not there was any likelihood of the boy sawing wood.

These morning exercises, which are held in an assembly room instead of a separate chapel, begin at a quarter to eight, an engagement somewhat difficult for an uninitiated city man to meet in the cold dawn of a New England winter. I hurried in with the boys, unnoticed, just as the room was quieting down. The opening hymn had scarcely been given out when the room suddenly broke into loud applause. I asked the boy nearest me what they were clapping about. "You, I guess," he smiled. And the same embarrassing salute, given with the same matter-of-fact air, followed us from the doorway each time we marched to our table in Alumni Hall.

A custom similarly quaint is the finger-snapping in class. There is more or less of this in every high-school, of course, but these athletic youths have attained an astonishing proficiency. Unless the victim answers the question immediately—and it must take rare presence of mind to keep one's head—the room is alive with arms, hurled at the instructor and quickly snapped back, and a racket like so many fire-crackers.

At St. Mark's this has been refined into an excited "Oh, sir! Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" and at most schools it would make the master's blood run cold, but it was from just such boys as these doubtless that Exeter helped to make during the first century of her existence "nine college presidents, including three of

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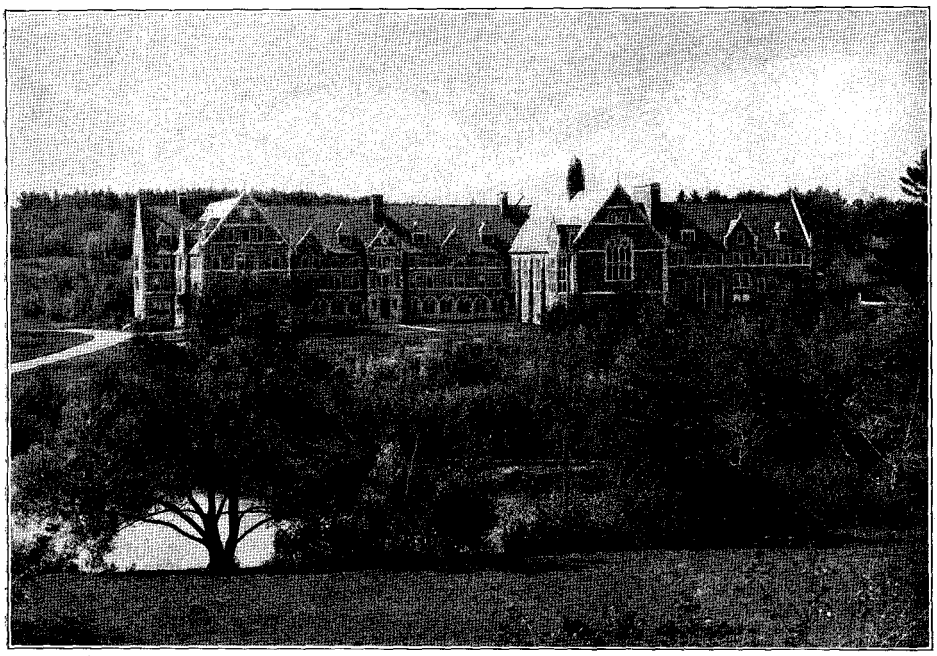
Harvard, fifty-two college professors, two hundred and forty-five teachers, thirty-six authors, five ambassadors, seven cabinet ministers, twenty-eight members of Congress, twelve governors of States, a long list of Federal and State judges, and such men as Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, Richard Hildreth, George Bancroft, James Walker, and Francis Bowen."



From a photograph, copyright by Kimball and Son.

The new Upper School at St. Paul's.

In this beautiful building the boys of the sixth form live. The dining-hall is in the wing beneath the cupola.

It has been under Dr. Amen, formerly of Harvard, that Exeter has regained the standing which a period of executive laxness caused her somewhat to lose a generation ago. The principal of Andover is Mr. Alfred E. Stearns, who combines in an uncommon way the old New England traditions with a sense of humor and an enthusiasm for out-door sports more typical of our day.

The Hill School, at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and the Lawrenceville School, in the pleasant country near Princeton, differ from each other in many ways, and yet they may be grouped here as schools more exclusive than Andover or Exeter, and yet not quite as "tight" as the fashionable "church" schools of New England. Many others might have been picked out—Hotchkiss in Connecticut, Belmont in California, and so on—quite as well as these two. They are intended for the sons of well-to-do parents—although Lawrenceville has scholarships, the boys themselves are not supposed to know who gets them—and it costs just as much to send a boy to Hill or Lawrenceville as to Groton. The boys may come, too, from just as charming families but the names of the parents are rather less likely to be familiar to the newspaper readers of Boston or New York. Walking on eggs is an absurdly simple pastime compared to making generalizations in such matters as these, but I shall perhaps not hazard too much by repeating the remark of a well-informed Lawrenceville alumnus that the boys in his school might be said to represent the "second generation." It is rather hard to say what that is, but I suppose it might mean that their parents had arrived at the Oriental rug period, although their grandparents were not accustomed to mahogany and plate.

Lawrenceville was founded in its present form by the legatees of the estate of Mr.

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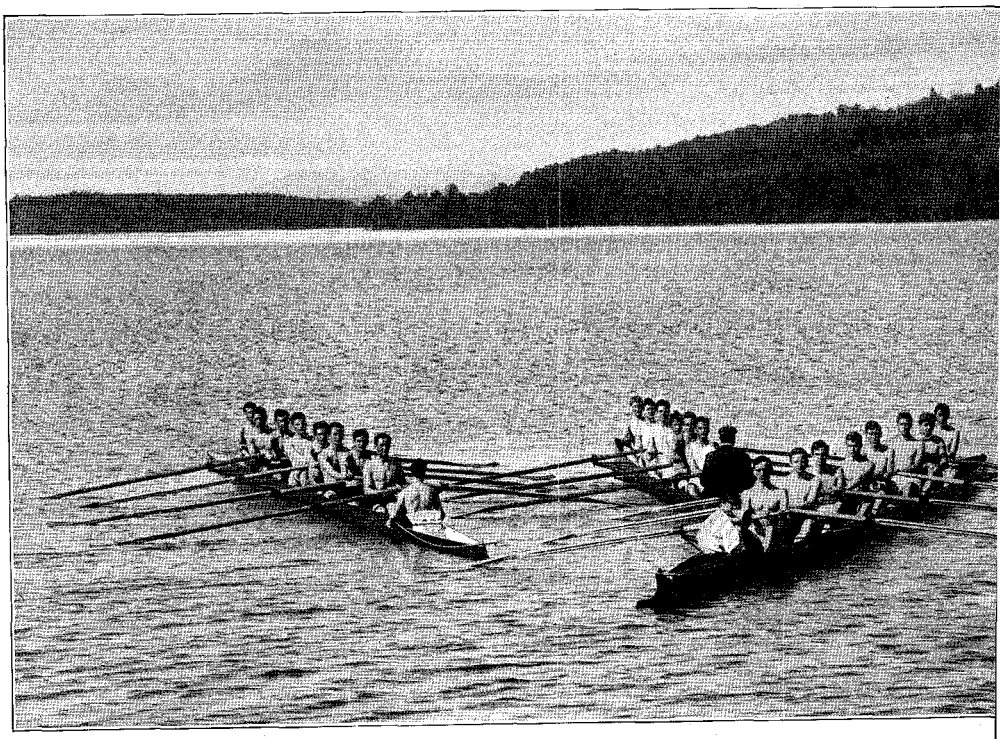

A flotilla on th

In addition to the spacious pond beside the school, St. Paul's boys are fortunate to have the use of a larger lake about two miles awa

John Cleve Green, a New York merchant who had grown rich in the Chinese trade. Started in 1810 and continued as a small boarding-school, it was acquired in 1878 by these legatees and opened in 1884. Several buildings have been added since then, but it was the school's good fortune to start with a liberal endowment and a definite architectural plan. It has room for nearly four hundred boys—more than twice the number at either Groton or St. Mark's—and its equipment includes a golf course, a lavish supply of out-door fields, and the finest school gymnasium in the country.

Lawrenceville's most characteristic feature is its house system. The boys below the upper form occupy separate houses, looked over by a master and his wife, assisted sometimes by an unmarried master. Each of these houses or dormitories is a home unit. The boys eat, sleep, and study there, and there are inter-house contests in athletics. The boys of the upper form live with two masters in the Upper House, a spacious dormitory presided over by two unmarried masters. They have no prescribed study hours, provided they keep up a certain grade in their marks; they can smoke during certain hours in a room arranged for that purpose if they have their parents' permission, and the seven directors chosen by themselves attend to a considerable extent to discipline.

"To combine the great world with the little world by the house system," as Professor William M. Sloane put it in his Founder's Day address two years ago, "to fit any graduate of Lawrenceville for the larger liberty of the university by his year under the self-government of the Upper House"—such was the purpose of the plan. Lawrenceville grew rapidly under its first master, Dr. Mackenzie, and its popularity —particularly among those who prefer to have their sons go to school in the Middle Atlantic States rather than in New England —continues under its present master, Dr. McPherson. Closely affiliated by proximity, its Presbyterian leanings and the sympathies of its founders with Princeton, it is generally thought of as the latter's natural preparatory.

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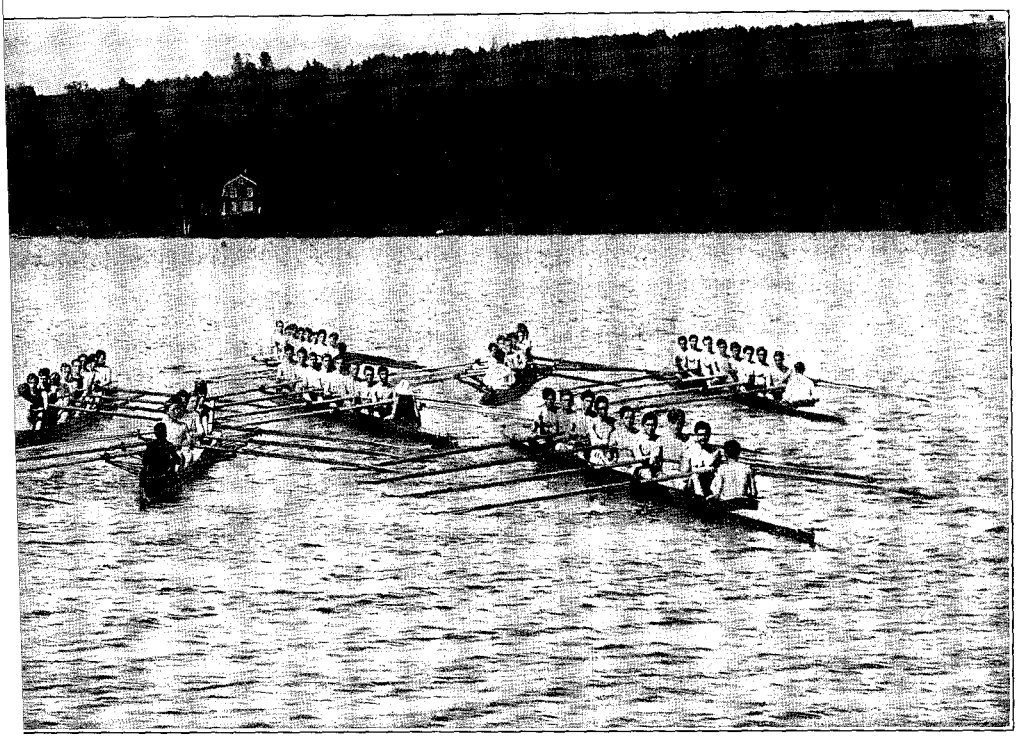

ake near St. Paul's.

Iere the crews of the two clubs, the Shattuck and Halcyon, train and race. Many college oarsmen have learned to row at St. Paul's.

Among Lawrenceville's historical exhibits is the Jigger Shop, a semi-scholastic refreshment parlor kept by a Jersey philosopher who has learned the tastes of boys. His place is a sort of museum in which everything from macaroons to golf clubs or writing-paper to ginger-snaps can be obtained. One of the masters, as a mark of special courtesy, treated me to a "jigger," the proprietor being left to choose the one at the moment most in vogue.

He filled a tall soda-water glass half full of marshmallows. Over this he poured a thick chocolate syrup. He put ice-cream on top of this, and an inch or two of whipped cream on top of the ice-cream, gave a stir, and the "jigger" was ready. The counter was lined with glass bowls filled with chopped nuts and syrup, breakfast foods, chopped bananas and syrup, chopped oranges, pineapples, etc., which, mixed in various combinations, are daily devoured by the young Laurentians.

Although the Jigger Shop is not included in the gymnastic equipment of the school, it strikes one as a fairly adequate test of physical prowess, and one might say of it as James G. Blaine once said of Andover after seeing the old "commons," that a school which could stand that must have some hidden strength that did not meet the eye. The lighter side of Lawrenceville, as at least one group of school-boys saw it, may be found in Mr. Owen Johnson's book of short stories, "The Eternal Boy." The school's more serious purpose has not, perhaps, been better defined than by Professor Sloane: "Here men are disciplined; made to work, not for immediate fruition but for training; not for earning, but for learning; not to be snobs, but to be aristocrats; not to be tail-enders in the scrimmage, but to head the wedge and win the victory for peace and righteousness."

The Hill School is a family school, like Groton and St. Mark's, and, in a rather special sense, a private school. It has neither endowments nor scholarships, and in its present form, with its two hundred and fifty boys, it is a continuation of the school started in 1851 by the Rev. Matthew Meigs, reorganized in 1876 by Mr. John Meigs,

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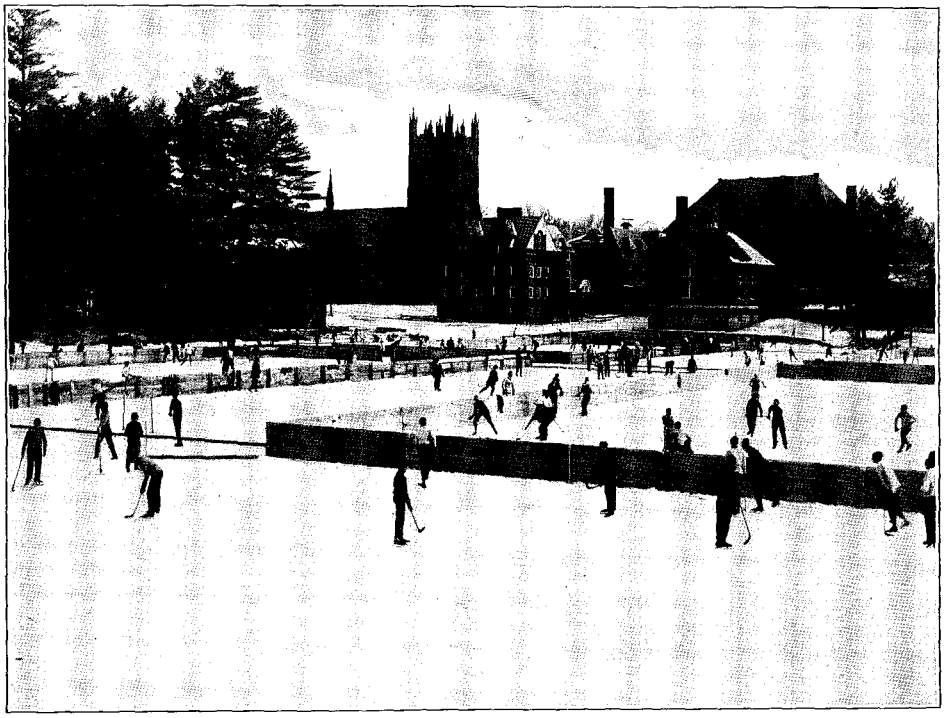
his son, and conducted by him ever since. "Neither the fad of any social set, nor the pet of any religious denomination," as one of its friends rather bluntly described it to me, as we stood in its sunny quadrangle on the day of the annual game with Hotchkiss, it is conducted along the same lines of compactness and efficiency as any other modern business enterprise, with the difference that its primary object is preparing boys for college instead of merely making money.



The hockey rinks at St. Paul's School.

The old mill-pond beside which the school is built makes hockey the most popular winter sport, and the St. Paul's boys hold their own even with the college teams.

There are the usual out-door athletic fields at Hill, and unusually careful training is given to the athletic teams, but the in-door gymnasium is small. Instead of an expensive gymnasium there is a large out-of-door floored space, with a roofed dirt track, open to the air, around it. Here the boys are exercised, in sunlight whenever possible; and it is believed that they get more practical good than they would from an expensive gymnasium. I should say that this was rather typical of Mr. Meigs's keen interest in results. He has a certain product to turn out—boys prepared thoroughly for college—and he has gone about his task with the same executive energy and eye to results that would be used by a capable organizer in other fields. The Hill School masters good-humoredly sigh now and then at the pace they have to keep, and it is a matter of record that Hill boys rarely fail to pass their entrance examinations.

Set on the outskirts of a small Pennsylvania manufacturing town, the Hill School is not noticeable for scenic or architectural beauty—although the immediate surroundings are spacious and restful—and its charm is found rather in the busy family atmosphere enclosed by its compact walls and spread over its playgrounds. Except for the chapel—a gift of the alumni—the gymnasium, masters' club, and a few detached cottages near by, nearly all the school's life—as at St. Mark's—is carried on under one roof. And in this family atmosphere the head-master's wife—a lady of strong religious feeling—has had an important part. Mrs. Meigs came to the

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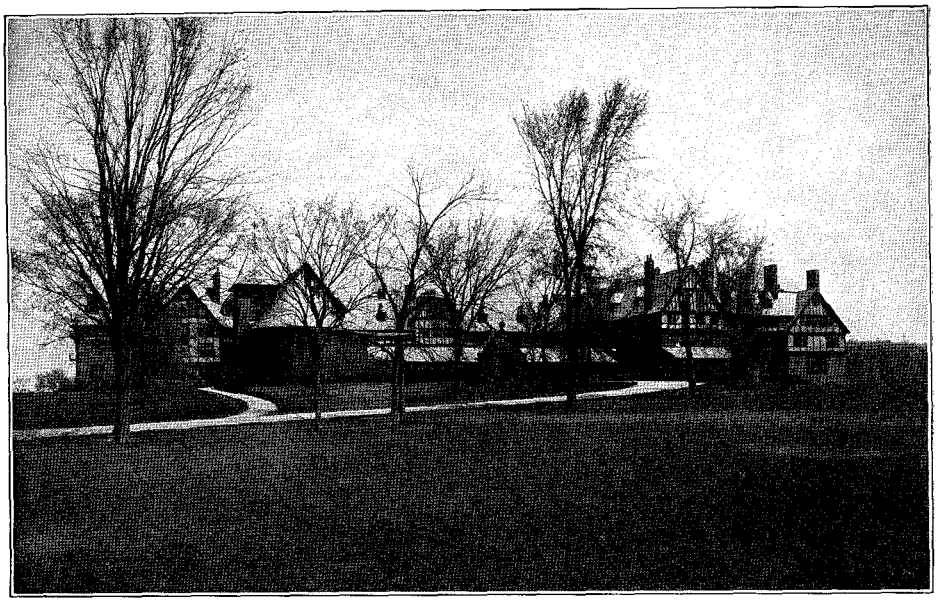

From a photograph, copyright by Kimball and Son.

A general view of St. Mark's School.

The gymnasium and a few masters' cottages are behind this building—otherwise the boys eat, sleep, study, and go to chapel under the one roof.

school as a bride, and she has grown up a part of that little court-yard life. At eleven each morning when the boys are nibbling crackers—just as they do at Groton—the masters drift into her cheerful drawing-room for tea or coffee, and some of her famous cinnamon buns. Here, too, after the game with Hotchkiss, I watched the foot-ball team, looking absurdly small and boyish in their every-day clothes, learning manners and being fed with tea and cakes and tactful praise. And the discussions about their future which these young men have with the head-master's wife in the "sky parlor" are matters of school history.

A master's wife in such a school has a wide field for the exercise of her influence. For several very important years she and her husband are switchmen, so to speak, turning all these little human ventures from one track to another. She may not be able to follow Dr. Holmes's advice and begin the education of children with their grandparents, but she often can, as I heard Mrs. Meigs herself say, turn the advice about and begin the education of grandchildren.

Scarcely less potent is the influence of the athletic instructor, Mr. Sweeney, who was brought to the school from a lithographer's office and, breaking records in a high jump, to become an unusual power not only over the boys' bodies but also their minds. I suppose there is not a better trained eleven in any of the preparatory schools, and it is said that the plays worked out by Mr. Sweeney and the boys at Hill are sometimes used by next season's Yale team. They looked, indeed, like little Yale men in the bud when they came swinging on to the field the day of the Hotchkiss game, in sailor hats and blue and white sweaters, and one wasn't surprised to hear that a majority of them go to Yale.

The St. Paul's School lies about two miles from Concord, New Hampshire, in a rolling, rather hilly country, covered with white birches and pines. Its size—it has room for nearly four hundred boys—and the arrangement of its many buildings make it differ from such small parental schools as St. Mark's and Groton, and yet it falls rather more naturally into a class with them than with Lawrenceville or Hill. All three are New England "church" schools, all suggest American adaptations of English forms, and the social flavor of the three—although St. Paul's is more differentiated—is much the same.

I asked a St. Paul's man, a keen observer, whose grown-up stories have given real

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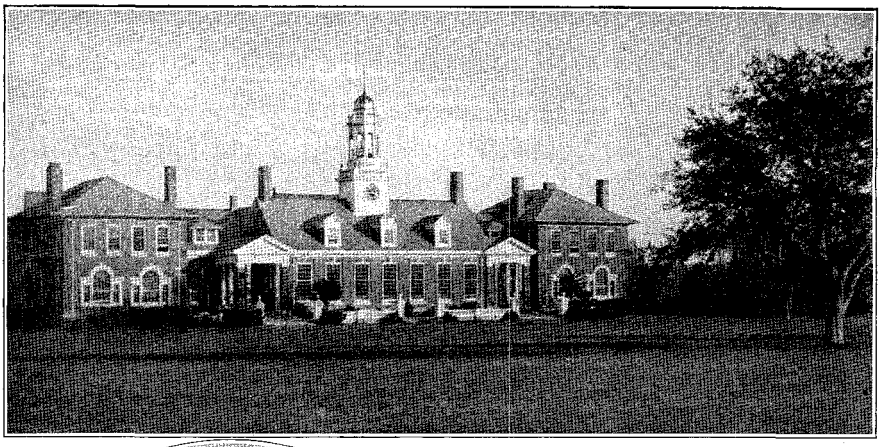
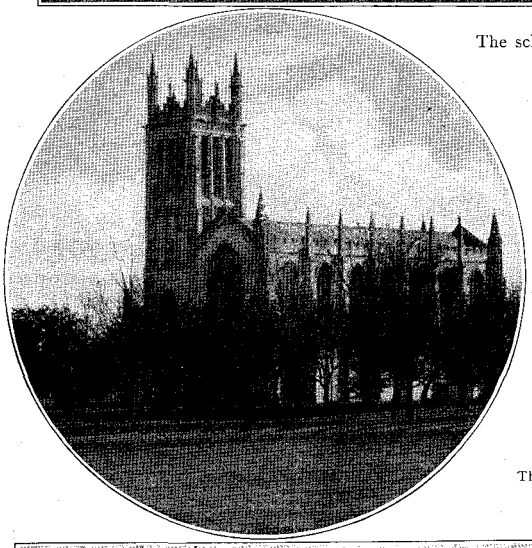


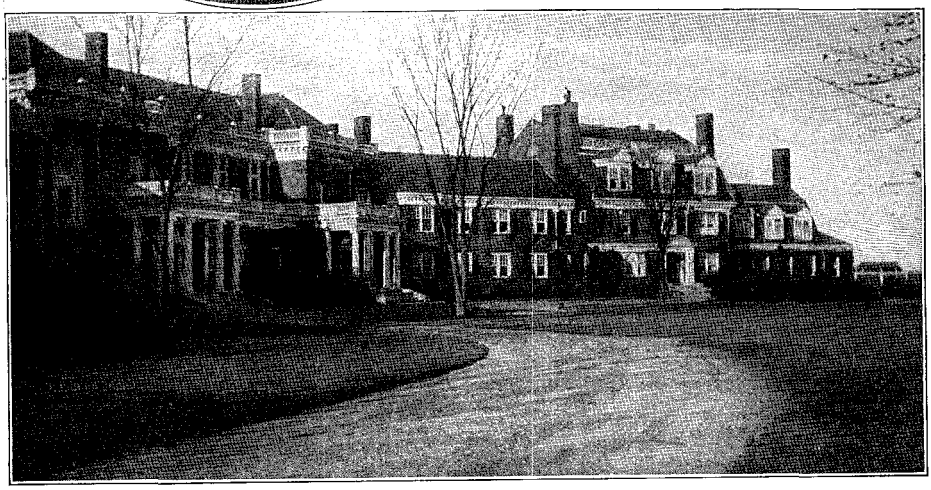
The school-house at Groton where the morning recitations are held.



pleasure to a great many Americans, if it were true that at St. Paul's, as some one had told me, "they went in for the handsome animal or Yale type of man." "It didn't make handsome animals of all of us," he wrote back, "and thank God it didn't make us all Elis; but it helped what little we had in the way of physique, and it gave us a mighty good time. The

The chapel at Groton.

The finest school chapel in the country and one of the best American specimens of Gothic architecture.



The Hundred House at Groton School.

The head-master and his family live in the wing on the right and the rest of the building is occupied by one hundred boys and their masters. The rest of the boys, about fifty, live across the campus in Brooks House.

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memory of the place which seems to linger most pleasantly in my mind is of the outdoor life—of the playground and of the country roundabout, with its ponds and woods."

And I think—of course assuming those things which it has in common with other good schools—that the casual visitor, too, carries away some such impression as most characteristic of St. Paul's. It is, indeed, a beautiful country, a school-boy's paradise. The school was built on the banks of an old mill-pond, where the boys canoe in summer and play hockey in winter, and there is a larger pond two miles away to which the crews are carried in big stages every spring afternoon. Something like a thousand acres of woodland are under the school's control, and the boys can even go trapping and chop down trees.

Dr. George C. Shattuck, who founded the school in 1856, expressed in his deed of gift his desire for physical and æsthetic education in the school's constitution—a rather startling innovation in those days—and Dr. Coit, for many years head-master, had the boys play cricket for the excellent reason that cricket is so uninteresting to watch that any normal boy would be more likely to play it than to loaf on the side lines. Rowing and foot-ball have taken the place of cricket now, and the whole school, you might say, plays.

For foot-ball, the boys are divided among three clubs, the Isthmian, Delphic, and Old Hundred, and each club has six teams, graded as fairly as possible according to weight and age. The big boys of one club play the big boys of another, and so on down to the midgets of the first form. Eighteen elevens are therefore hard at it during the autumn. A percentage is kept and there are mugs for the winners, and big permanent cups in the library to record the victories of the clubs.

Track athletics and hockey are arranged in the same way. The oarsmen are divided between the Shattuck and Halcyon clubs, and during the spring there are four eights, two sixes, and three fours. All their contests, except for occasional hockey games, are with each other. Under these conditions the overwrought atmosphere of interscholastic games is escaped, athletics become fun, and sport what it should be.

St. Paul's grew very fast during Dr. Coit's administration, and the school is rather more cosmopolitan than either Groton or St. Mark's. Many boys come from the West. In a sixth form Latin class of eleven boys, I found five from Pittsburg, and the eleven were to be scattered to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Trinity, and the University of Pennsylvania.

The founder of Andover would have been peculiarly interested, I imagine, if he could have returned and dined with us in the spacious old English hall of the Upper School at St. Paul's. I do not suppose that he would have noticed how agreeably these young sixth formers were dressed; doubtless all our clothes—so tragically important to a school-boy sometimes—would seem outlandish to him. But he could not have failed to observe the physical beauty, the general alertness, and winsome charm of these finished little gentlemen. Picked boys they are certainly. If you wanted to fill an eight-oared shell, or start a fashionable club, or lead a forlorn hope, or show Mr. Phillips the best type of modern young American, I don't suppose you could do better than to pick them here.

"It always gives me an emotion," a lady confided to me as we rode back toward New York. She had been to visit her son, and she referred to the sight of the boys marching into the stately English chapel in the morning, two by two, bareheaded, and glowing with health and good spirits. Well, I think it would have given the Hon. Samuel Phillips an emotion too. But he would have been most impressed, I imagine, to see these boys pore over their papers—dinner hour is mail hour in the Upper School—from the colleges for which they were preparing.

The *Crimson*, *News*, *Princetonian*—these they ripped open and ran over with exactly the business-like air of stockbrokers running ticker-tape through their fingers. Who was picked for the 'varsity boat, how many were trying for the college daily, who would manage the base-ball team?—all the gossip of the college world was their gossip too. Ahead of them was last year's class and the classes before that, pioneers paving the way. To take up the pleasant burden, meet the right people, make the right teams and clubs, "make good," in short—and it called for ability and hard work, too—was their "great end and real business of living."

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And one could not help thinking, as one watched them, of boys in far-away high-schools who must next fall meet and compete in this curious business with these finished little men of the world. Obviously, the former stood no chance, no more than a Cook's tourist on his first visit to London would have of dining with the King. And being for the most part well-mannered, sensible American boys, afraid, above all things, of "butting in" and being "fresh," they would flock by themselves, criticising the others for snobbishness, or sorrowing silently at their own unexplained lack of social success.

St. Mark's and Groton, in spite of various differences—the St. Mark's boys are gathered under one roof, for instance, the Groton boys in two houses at opposite sides of a broad lawn—may be classed together very much as were Andover and Exeter. They lie near each other in the pleasant rolling country of Eastern Central Massachusetts, St. Mark's at Southboro, and Groton about two miles from the village of the same name. St. Mark's was founded in 1865 by Mr. Joseph Burnett, and Groton was organized nineteen years later by the Rev. Endicott Peabody, its head-master still. The present head-master of St. Mark's, the Rev. William Greenough Thayer, is a graduate of Amherst, and a former master at Groton. Both schools are of the small parental type—there are about one hundred and twenty-five boys at St. Mark's and about one hundred and fifty at Groton—and both are intimately associated with the Episcopal Church.

Both of these schools are "fashionable" in the sense that socially ambitious parents will move mountains to get their sons admitted, and that a list of the boys' names reads like a rather carefully expurgated Social Register of Boston and New York. Both schools have waiting lists more than filling up their future classes until 1923—boys enter between the ages of twelve and fourteen generally—and, roughly speaking, it might be said that a child isn't likely to get into either unless he is registered as soon as he is born. "Of course," as I was gravely informed at Groton, "a Groton man wires to Dr. Peabody as soon as his son is born. Others generally think that a letter is quick enough."

When one uses the word "fashionable," on the other hand, one doesn't imply superficiality or lack of earnestness. Many of these boys come from families whose names are familiar to the readers of the newspaper society columns, but the majority of them, also, come from families which are "best" in a truer meaning of the word—families which stand for broad culture and solid attainment. Merely as a preparatory school, for instance, Groton has perhaps no superior in America. When President Hadley of Yale and Mr. Roosevelt send their sons thither, something besides mere social glamor is doubtless in their minds.

Groton's special quality is due to the personality of its head-master, and the fact that it started with, and because of its small numbers and careful selection has been able to keep, an unusually picked lot of boys. Mr. Peabody is an American with an English school and university training, and an American meeting him for the first time would doubtless take him for an Englishman. He is an all around athlete—he used to play with the boys on the school teams until he became too heavy for them—and yet a churchman; a scholar and yet a very graceful and sophisticated man of the world. Altogether his is a personality peculiarly fitted to win the confidence and lead the type of boy for whom the Groton school was started.

The English feel that our college athletes think too much of winning, train and specialize too seriously. To make a business of sport seems scarcely gentlemanly, according to their tradition that a gentleman does a great many things rather well in an off-hand way, but doesn't do any one thing so painfully that you might mistake him for a professional.

Such an athlete is the head-master himself, and something of his attitude is absorbed doubtless by the boys. Mr. Peabody once discovered two of his boys dragging a third about in the mud in order to give his new foot-ball clothes the proper veteran atmosphere. "Come, come!" he said, "that's like a soldier taking off his tunic and shooting it full of holes to get a reputation for bravery."

The night before the game with Hotchkiss at the Hill School, I heard a master telling of a Hill captain who had once stayed out of the big game because he thought he hadn't been playing as well as the school

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had the right to expect. It was an act which required real moral heroism. "It was more than that," said the master solemnly, groping for the proper word; "it was a—a sort of consecration." The story was told to illustrate the do-or-die spirit of the Hill boys, and it did so excellently, and it also illustrated what the head-master of Groton, I imagine, would consider the rather morbid seriousness with which alumni, coaches, and grown-ups generally contrive to invest the sports of school and college boys. Mr. Peabody once came across a big sixth form foot-ball player weeping in the locker room because his team had been beaten by St. Mark's. There are fashions in these matters, you know, as Mr. Peabody would say, with his whimsical smile, and it was the fashion to weep that year. "It isn't as bad as that," he suggested. "I can't help it," blubbered the young giant. "Oh, yes; you can," said the head-master, "and you will at once." "Yes, sir," said the boy, and ceased forthwith.

In his classes, too, the head-master preserves, in the most engaging fashion, a similar attitude of tolerant superiority to, and polite detachment from, over-seriousness and mere strenuosity. I never listened to a more lively and vigorous recitation than that of his little first formers in Latin. They piped out their answers and shifted up and down the benches as the answers happened to be right or wrong, as if they were playing some delightful game. They were as trim and well-disciplined as so many little soldiers, and yet, between the head-master and these neat little fellows in their broad turnover collars, there was always a certain half-whimsical, unpedagogical air as of "one gentleman to another." It was "Right you are!" when little Mr. Delancey Beekman III gave the proper ablative, or "Bless my soul—shocking—shocking!" when he was wrong; "Good shot!" when the boy at the foot of the class guessed right, "but only a shot, wasn't it?" lest he be too complacent; and "Steam ahead—steam ahead!" when any one hesitated too long.

I recall a rather Anglicized young master at one of the other schools who was trying, I fancy, to hit a similar note, and who did it very badly. The class was reading "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the instructor wished to point out that the office of justice of the peace was a less exalted position in America than its equivalent in England. "Of course over *they-ah*," he said, "he's a —a—a gentleman and—and all that kind of thing. Whereas *he-ah* he might be—I mean to *say*—our little friend of the country—the cobbler, you know, who dispenses justice as he makes his shoes!" And with a pleased air he tucked his handkerchief into his cuff.

The point he was trying to make was a perfectly good one, and he might also have explained that the English "public schools" can draw their masters from a class of men of force and a broad culture, which, for such work, has scarcely more than begun to exist here.

Every night the hundred boys in the Hundred House (the other sixty boys live in the Brooks House across the lawn), file past Mr. Peabody, shake hands, and say "Good night, sir," before they go upstairs to bed. Every morning, in the robes of an Episcopal clergyman, he strides into the beautiful Gothic chapel—which represents, to quote the careful description of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, the "Curvilinear half of the Middle Pointed style, often called the Late Decorated, but so far along in the style that its transition to the Third Pointed or Perpendicular is already manifesting itself"—a moment later in a plaid cap he strides out the side door and across to the recitation hall. The prefects, as the monitors chosen from the fifth form are called, sit at the head-master's table and talk over with him all the school problems, exactly like the big brothers of a large family, and every evening, after the younger boys are tucked away, the other instructors gather in the head-master's study or dining-room for a talk and a bite of supper before they go to bed.

A difficulty in a school of this type is that it will become too much like a family, and it was with the hope of getting more differentiation that the plan has recently been tried of going outside the waiting list and admitting each year, after an examination, a few boys from the West and South. Even with this break in the walls, however, there is a series of questions framed so ingeniously to reflect the applicants' general culture and previous environment, that there is little danger of the admission of

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any very startling alien influence. As it was explained to me at Groton with obvious truth: "Of course *we* should like to have the blacksmith's son here, only—it wouldn't be kind to the blacksmith."

A school of this type is a very interesting and significant thing, and it must be taken pretty seriously. The high-schools and even such schools as Andover and Exeter decline to admit, so to speak, that our democracy is any less simple than it was a hundred years ago. Such a school as Groton implies that we have an aristocratic, if not a leisure class, and that there is a place in America for schools performing a function similar to that performed by the famous old "public" schools of England. That there is a demand for such schools their tremendous vogue is sufficient proof, and whatever one may think about them—as about automobiles or steam engines—it seems apparent that they are here to stay.

There is no question that the English public schools send out year after year an unusually fine and virile type of young men to take up the burden of a ruling class and hold up the pillars of the empire. We have no such traditional ruling class. Our best men generally go into business. They rule, to be sure, through the power of their money, but it is an unconscious, generally, rather than a conscious responsibility. And it may be the mission of such schools as Groton is to teach to our chosen few some proper traditions of responsibility.

It is not for this, however, that ambitious parents and boys generally struggle to get into such schools. They are not thinking of duties but of privileges. And the real danger is not that the school is a poor school but that it is such a good one. It is not vulgar snobbishness that weakens democracy, but a refined and intelligent scepticism. And it is not every son of well-meaning but thoughtless parents who can break through the stamp which such a school sets upon him and get the best afterward out of our boisterous and disarranged world.

The little Groton boy in his pumps, black coat, and broad white collar is very charming saying "Good night!" to Mr. Peabody. He is not quite so charming five or six years later in college as he lets a good part of that vigorous, mixed-up stimulating world sweep by unheeded—those who are big enough to break through their environment are perhaps the finest type of young Americans—outside the doors of his particular fashionable society. And he is sometimes not charming at all ten years later when you see him of a late afternoon gloomily lapping up highballs in his New York club—a good deal fatter now, a good deal lazier, and a good deal less interested in everything not included in his little circle.

It is not fair of course to blame any school for the dangers of wealth and the common weaknesses of humanity, any more than it is fair to allow another school the credit for giving to the nation the distinguished men whose school-days there were merely part of a long life work. But it is fair and it is important to consider the slant which a boy's surroundings are likely to give his natural tendencies.

"Of course," a master said, referring to the almost military régime of work and play, "we don't make poets here—but I fancy the poets would be poets anyway." The important thing isn't the poets they don't make, but the poetry they may help to destroy—the poetry of common things, the kindly beauty of our varied American life; the stirring fret and urge, different temperaments and different breeds living and working and playing together. This is the real tragedy of these societies for the prevention of knowing what other Americans are like.

It isn't that the boys aren't carefully chosen, but that they are too carefully chosen. It is precisely because these boys are all so nice and good-looking and polite, and "the kind they are likely to know afterward," that half the bracing charm and romance of American life, school-boy or grown-up, is lost. It isn't that so few of us can get inside to know them; it is that so few of them ever get outside to know us. It isn't that America particularly needs this or that one hundred and fifty boys, but that these one hundred and fifty boys rather particularly need America.

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THE LONG LANE

By Josephine Preston Peabody

All through the summer night, down the long lane in flower,
The moon-white lane,
All through the summer night,—dim as a shower,
Glimmer and fade the Twain:
Over the cricket hosts throbbing the hour by hour,
Young voices bloom and wane.

Down the long lane They go, and past one window, pale
With visions silver-blurred;
Stirring the heart that waits,—the eyes that fail
After a spring deferred.—
Query, and hush, and Ah!—dim through a moon-lit veil,
The same one word.

Down the long lane, entwined with all the fragrance there;
The lane in flower somehow
With youth and plighted hands, and star-strewn air,
And muted "Thee" and "Thou":—
All the wild bloom and reach of dreams that never were,
—Never to be, now.

So, in the throbbing dark where ebbs the old refrain,
A starved heart hears.
And silver-bright, and silver-blurred again
With moonlight and with tears,
All the long night They go, down the long summer lane,
The long, long years.

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV

SANCHIA IN LONDON

I

LONDON in mid-May, slogging at its pleasures under the pale sun, might read one morning of an affray in Yorkshire, of a magistrate assaulted, or undergardener in arms, and forget it in half an hour; but to Sanchia, unaccustomed to cower, some such chance paragraph seemed one spot the more upon her vesture, which contact with the Fulham Road had smirched already. She had never taken cover before—and how should one be in such a place but to hide in it? With contracted brows and bosom oppressed, she watched the drifting millions go by, and her heart sank. Was she become as one of these? Is not to be ashamed to be shameful? And had she not been put to shame? If she was to hold up the head and feel the mouth of the winged steed that she rode, she must stable him elsewhere.

She wished to forget Wanless. Let it be as if it was not, and had never been. But she found that Glyde and his outrageous act made that not possible. They brought her down to London's level—her in her white robe out of stainless air: here she was still, as Glyde had made her there, but a woman for men to quarrel over, or a bone for dogs. Her heart surged hot against Wanless: she could not, if she would, forget it—least of all in the Fulham Road.

She felt spotted in Mrs. Benson's spotless dwelling—largely because it was Mrs. Benson's, partly because a smell of fried herrings drifted in daily from the street. She felt herself the chosen of a servant, one for whom a clown held battle; and then she found herself resenting the phrases, growing hot over them. A servant—Mrs. Benson, that stanch protectress! A clown—Struan—his thin frame throbbing with fire, and his eyes of a hawk in a cage, far-set, communing with invisible things! Why, when he was rapt in his work, he never saw her at all. She was a speck at his feet. He had sent her away once. "I'm busy," he had said, without looking at her; and she had gone away on tiptoe. These things vexed her to remember, and she felt that Mrs. Benson's dwelling could not be hers.

Mrs. Benson, too, it must be owned, had an incumbrance, which she kept as far as might be in the lower regions of her house, but which was now and again encountered on the stair: a shambling son, one Joe, mostly in shirt-sleeves, distilling familiarity and beer from every pore. He was a ne'er-do-well, whom it was his mother's cross and crown to keep in complete idleness. He cast dreadful looks, as of an equal in snugness, a fellow-minion, at the chiselled profile of our goddess, and was not long before he tried for a full-faced effect. Sanchia's eyes of clear amaze should have cut him down, but they did not. His "Morning, miss," was daily reminder of a shared clay. Sanchia made herself inaccessible, and Mrs. Benson agonized.

To apologize for her son had been as futile as to make excuses for death; but she tried it. "You'll overlook the partiality of a mother, Miss Percival? What am I to do? It's not that I want him to lap syrup from a spoon—far from that. Idleness leads to impiety, and impiety anywhere, from Tattersall's to the public, we all know. But think of what stings me. I can't abide the thought that here am I, large Mrs. Benson, with money to spare, turning my back upon my fatherless child. Yet nothing

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short of that will do it." Sanchia readily excused her; and then she turned her own back upon Fulham Road. Pimlico found her a lodging, at the gates of whose dingy mysteries were parks, Westminster, the sky and the river: eternal things, making for tranquillity.

It had been her first impulse, the moment she reached London, to go to her father, with whom alone she had regularly corresponded during her years of exile. There was Vicky Sinclair, to be sure, her sister next in age: once in a while came a letter from her. But Vicky was married to a man she knew nothing of, and she found herself shy. Fought for! Blared across London in a paragraph—championed by a clown! How was she to meet a Captain Sinclair? Her father, surely, was different. She never doubted his love, nor that he would take her to his heart if she asked to go there. But could she? It would have to be done by stealth; she must go to the city, to his office—for her mother ruled in Great Cumberland Place, and she could not go there. She hated secrets, and couldn't pose as a culprit; so she delayed and delayed. It was a comfort to her to know that he was at hand—across a league of murky air: meantime, she sought about for scope to spread her wings.

For a fortnight she drank of the gales of liberty, filled her bosom with beauty, and let art smooth out her brows. She listened to music, looked at pictures, renewed her reader's ticket, and spent whole days browsing under the Bloomsbury dome. Climbing the heights, she planned out schemes of work, felt her critical faculties renewed, studied men and women, and found her old pleasure in quiet chuckling over their shifts. But she had to chuckle alone, for she never spoke to a soul. For a fortnight or so all went well—and then, quite suddenly, without any warning, going, as it were, to the fountain for water, she found there was no bottom to her cruse. She went to bed sanguine, she awoke morose. She saw the day with jaundiced eyes, scorned herself, cried "Liver!" and took medicine. She was glued to her books all day, returned late to her lodging, and found herself in tears. She discovered a tenderness, a yearning; she lay awake dreaming of her childhood, of her girlhood, of Vicky, of her father's knee, of Senhouse, her dear, preposterous friend, whose gray eyes quizzed while they loved her. Golden days with him—golden nights when she dreamed over his eager, profuse, interminable letters! All these sweet, seemly things were dead! Ah, no, not that, else she must die. She cried softly, and stretched out her arms in the dark to the gentle ghosts that peopled it. Then, being practical in grain, she jumped up, lit candles, and wrote deliberately to each of her sisters—finally, after much biting of the pen, to her father. Before her mood could cool, she dressed hastily, slipped out and posted her letters. Coming back to bed, she paused in the act to enter it—one knee upon it. Wide-eyed she wondered why she had not written to Senhouse. To him, of all people in the world, first of all! And his answer—a certainty. Hot came the reply to her question, and smote her in the face. Never to him again—never. There are certain things no woman can bring herself to do. The more she has need of a man the less possible is it to tell him so. She sighed as she got into her bed, but her eyes were very kind.

Of the five fair daughters of Thomas Welbore Percival, East India merchant in The Poultry, Philippa, the eldest, the trenchant and clear-sighted, lived in Bryanston Square, mother of three children. Her husband, Mr. Tompsett-King, was a solicitor, but he was much more than that. An elderly, quiet gentleman, who talked in a whisper, and seemed to walk in one too, he presided over more than one learned society and spoke at congresses on non-controversial topics. A sound churchman, he deplored Romish advance on the one hand, and easy divorce on the other. The salvation of human society lay, he held, within these limits. Distrust the emotions; submit all things to reason—love of God, and love of woman. On these terms he prospered, like his father before him. It all seemed very simple to him. The handsome Philippa respected him, obeyed him particularly, and never differed from him in opinion. But she colored every compliance with his decrees with an idiosyncrasy so marked as to make them seem her own. Where he held that Rome pandered to the emotions, she laughed it to scorn as a forcing-house of spiritual foppery; where he saw in divorce a treason to the law of con-

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tract, she said that it tempted women to fall. Is it not easy enough to sin? Must we legalize it? Why put a tax upon marriage? Mr. Tompsett-King deprecated all dottings of iotas; when Philippa stormed at society, he hummed a sad little tune. Before he left for Bedford Row he patted her shoulder and said, "Gently does it." Some such scene must ensue upon the Prodigal's letter.

Hawise, Lady Pinwell, lived in the country. Her husband was a baronet, and a handsome blond. A pretty, apple-cheeked, round-eyed girl, very much of a kitten, she was now grown plump, sleek, rather slow to move, and many times a mother. She deferred to her husband in all things, and by his wish received her parents on a formal visit once a year. She saw very little of her sisters, and as for Sanchia—the thing was not to be heard of—not even mentioned to Sir George. As, in fact, she burned the child's letter before she left her bedroom, she does not come into the tale at all.

But the pensive Melusine, three years younger than Philippa, seven older than Sanchia, may be reckoned with. She was also married, to a Mr. Gerald Scales, the son of a baronet. He was not, however, to inherit the title, for he had a brother, Sir Matthew, and frequent nephews. But his means were ample for his rank and discreet amusements, and went further and did more for him than prolific Sir Matthew's; for Melusine gave him no sons. His circle of being, in and through which trailed with charming languor his wife, was of more dappled sheen and of ampler circumference than that of Bryanston Square. Having its centre in Kensington Gore, it reached to Ranelagh on one side, to Maidenhead on the other. There was a riverside villa down there, where Mrs. Scales gave parties in the summer-time and was punted about by flushed gentlemen in pink shirts. She was the tallest of the five sisters, and the most graceful; near-sighted enough for lorgnettes, an elegant young woman. She had an instinct for attitudes, turns of the head, which were useful in tête-à-tête conversations. Mentally, she was not strong, and perhaps her manner was too elaborate: she draped herself when she sat down as if her skirts were window-curtains. Toy Pomeranians were a hobby of hers, and the early Florentine masters. She could read off the names of the saints in a Sacred Conversation as easily as you or I a row of actresses in a photograph shop. Mrs. Jameson's books were at her fingers' ends. Her mother favored her more than any of her children, and was often at her house on visits. Gerald Scales called her the Dowager, and pleased her vastly. He himself was Tubby to his friends.

Vicky, a year older than Sanchia, had married a Captain Sinclair, who was stationed at Aldershot. She had been the romp of former days, and when the storm had burst, hotly on the culprit's side. But Vicky had been flighty, and marriage changes one. Sanchia's eyes grew wistful as she sat, her letters on the wing, and thought of Vicky.

Her first response was from Melusine, in a telegram from Taplow which read "Darling—alas!" and no more. Her comment was shrewd: "Mamma is there"—and she was right. Then came her father's letter, to pluck at her heart-strings. He invited her to The Poultry at "any hour of the day—and the sooner the better"; but was clear that she could not visit Great Cumberland Place without writing to mamma. "Doing the civil," was his jocular way of putting it—one of papa's little ways, when he meant more. She knew that he was right, and postponed the fond man and his injunction. His love might be taken for granted by a favorite child. Just now it was her sisters' judgment she craved.

Philippa wrote with her accustomed steel. It might have been a bayonet: yet she meant to be kind.

"Bryanston Square, Thursday.

"My Dear Sanchia: I may as well say at once that I am not surprised to hear from you; in fact, I have been expecting some such letter as yours ever since I read in the *Times* of Claire Ingram's death. Poor, unhappy woman, it was time. Some of the Pierponts (the Godfrey P.'s) are intimate friends of ours: we dined there last week; no party—just ourselves—and heard all about it. I learn that Mr. Ingram has gone abroad, but imagine that he will be in London before the end of the season. Have you written to mamma? If not, *pray do so.* I assure you that it will be taken as it is meant. Nothing but good can come of it. Of that I am sure.

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"Now, as to your proposals. I think I will ask you to come to me *here*. I am very busy, with calls a thousand ways. I really have no afternoons free for as far forward as I can see—except Sundays, which I devote entirely to Tertius and religion. No woman ought to separate the two—love of God, love of husband in God. Sooner or later, all women learn it. Then the mornings are naturally occupied with the house and the children. They have Miss Meadows; but she is young and absurdly inconsequent. I don't see how you can expect a girl in her teens to work miracles. In fact, I don't want her to, and am at hand to see that she doesn't.

"I have spoken to Tertius, and you must forgive me for saying that we both think, under the circumstances, it would look, and be, better in every way if you came here, in the first instance. Without discussing what is done, and (I pray) done with, you will see, I think, that for me *to seek you out* would be, to say the least of it, unusual. You left our father's house for reasons of your own; I had left it to be married to Tertius. Forgiveness, if you wish it from me, is yours: countenance of the step you took—never. You will not ask it. So come here any morning that suits you, and I shall be pleased. You will find me ready to do everything I can to put you on your proper footing in the sphere to which you were born.

"Believe me, my dear Sanchia,
"Your affectionate sister,
"PHILIPPA TOMPSETT-KING.

"P. S.—The Church's arms are very wide. One cannot be too thankful, as things have turned out, that Claire Ingram never sued for divorce. God is most merciful."

There was some knitting of brows over this; and some chuckling. Comedy is the art of the chuckle; but it is very seldom that one of the persons in the play can practise that which delights the spectators. Sanchia was such a person. She could detach herself from herself, see her own floutings and thwackings, and be amused. At the same time her reply to Philippa was curt.

"You," she wrote, "are busy, and I am not. I will come to you one of these fine mornings, and must trust to Miss Meadows's sense of fitness not to work miracles that day."

A day or two later came a telegram from Vicky Sinclair. "Just got your letter. Coming at twelve. Vicky." Sanchia glowed. "Just like her, the darling." Philippa's astringent proposal was put aside.

At twelve thirty-five there lit from a hansom an eager and pretty little lady, all in gauzy tissues and lace scarf, who knocked at the door like a postman and flew up the stair into Sanchia's arms. "Oh, Sancie, Sancie, how sweet of you to write! Now we are all going to be happy again for ever after. Oh, and here's Cuthbert—I forgot." In the doorway stood the erect form, and smiled the bronzed face, of Captain Sinclair of the Greys. His "How d'ye do, Miss Sanchia?" was accompanied by a look of such curious inquiry that Sanchia gave him two fingers, said, "Quite well, thank you," and no more. Much more had been expected, and the captain was somewhat taken aback. He had been ready to welcome the prodigal and admire her too. What's more, he had already very much admired her. To have one's generous motions damped by a coolness of that sort is sickening. But there it was: what could one say? what could one do? He went to the window and stood there, whistling in a whisper, until his wife dismissed him. To the Cavalry Club stalked he, working himself into virtuous heat. There, at luncheon with a friend, he expatiated, which was unwise and unmannerly at once. But his own wrongs swallowed up his wife's rights.

"I'll be damned, Jack," he took up his parable, "I'll be damned if ever I do a woman a good turn any more. Never, never again. Gel I know—relative of mine she is, by marriage—goes a purler with a chap. Knew something of the chap too—so did you, I expect. Not a bad chap, by any means, barring this sort of thing. Well, now she's in town—all over—settled down, y'know. Writes to my wife. Well, I thought it was no good bein' stiff in these things. Against the spirit of the age—what? So I said we'd do the handsome thing and go up. We both wanted a spell of easy—so it was handy. Besides, I wanted to see the gel. I own to that. And there's no doubt, she's a clinker. Quiet, you know, and steady; looks right at you, far in; sees the lot at a glance. Palish gel,

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not too big; but well set up. Square shoulders—deep-chested gel. That sort." He stared at the table-cloth hard.

"I was taken by her, mightily taken. So when she and my wife had done kissin', I put in my little oar. 'How d'ye do, Miss—' I won't mention names, though upon my dick I don't know why I should be squeamish. But there it was; and I'd have kissed her, as you do kiss your wife's—well, cousin, let's say—if you want to. Bless you, not a bit of it. Proud as pepper. Gives me a finger: 'Quite well,' says she. 'Quite well, thank you'—and drops me. Drops *me!* Good Lord!"

He drank deeply of beer. "Well, now, I tell you, that's the last time, absolutely the last time I do the civil thing to—well, to that sort, if she's my wife's grandmother." He stared out of window, mist over his blue eyes. "They're all for marrying her now. It seems it can be done. Chap's to be screwed up. Then she'll be patronizing me, you'll see. Because I was decently civil—that was as far as I was prepared to go; bare civility— And two fingers for it —'Quite well, thank you!' Oh, damn it. Waiter—more beer."

II

Vicky was enchanting; for half an hour Sanchia was at the top of bliss. To be petted and diminutived by a butterfly—it was like that; for though the child was a year older than she, six years of marriage had made a baby of her. Her audacities of old had become artless prattle, her sallies were skips in the air. Yet to be purred over by a kitten was pure joy. "You darling! You darling little Sancie! You beautiful, pale, Madame-de-Watteville kind of person! Oh, my treasure—and I thought I should never see you again!" So she cooed while she cuddled, Sanchia, for her part, saying little, but kissing much. Her lips were famished, but Vicky's must be free for moments if her words were to be intelligible. During such times she stroked or patted the prodigal, and let her browse on her cheeks.

By and by, raptures subsiding, the pair settled down for talk, and the discrepancies which eight years had made began to show up, like rocks and boulders in a strand left bare by the ebb. Grotesque the shapes of some of them, comical others; but wrecks and dead things come to light at low water —spectral matter, squalid, rueful matter. And there are chasms set yawning, too, which you cannot bridge. Sanchia was to be lacerated.

No doubt it was laughable at first, as *naïveté* is. "Cuthbert was very funny about it"—for instance. "He was awfully anxious to see you, you know—you had never met, I think?—and yet not quite liking it. He said it was a great risk; he seemed to think I ought not to be there. He takes great care of me, the darling. And there was little Dickie, you see. Sancie! he can just walk—a kind of totter from my knees to Cuthbert's—and then so proud of himself! Cuthbert said that my duty was to Dickie; but I told him that I meant to come."

Yes, it was comical. "Did Captain Sinclair think I should give him a complaint?" Sanchia was smiling, with eyes and mouth; but the smile was fixed.

Vicky hugged her. "You dear one! Prettiness is your complaint. I should like him to have some of that." She held her at arms' length, looked and glowed, and kissed. She took a serious tone, for the matter was serious. "You know, Sancie, you're the only beauty in our family, the only real beauty. Philippa's awfully handsome, I know, and greatly admired—and I've always said that Melot is *lovely*. There are those three sorts of woman, you know. Philippa's handsome, Melot's lovely, and you're beautiful. Then there's prettiness. I know I'm rather pretty: everybody says so. Besides, there's Cuthbert. Oh, you can always tell! For one thing—he's so fussy about my clothes—you've no idea." She preened herself, like a pigeon in the sun, before she returned to her praises. "But you! You're quite different. You're like a goddess." She touched her curiously. "Yes, I thought so. Exactly like a goddess." She sighed. "I can't think how you do it. Swedish exercises? I know it's wonderful what they do for you—*in no time.* But you have to think about them all the while, and I think of Cuthbert—and Dickie —and the horses—and, oh, all sorts of things! Those sort, I mean—nice things." She pondered Sanchia's godhead, shaking her pretty draperies out, then recalled herself. "Oh, yes, about coming here. Of

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course I knew that mamma would make a fuss—but I had determined long ago, before I dreamed that it would ever happen, not to tell *her* a word. It was only Cuthbert who made me feel—well, *serious*. He is so wise, such a man of the world! But I told him that I meant to come whatever he could say—and afterwards it turned out that he wanted to come too. He was really quite keen. Wasn't that sweet of him? You would adore Cuthbert if you knew him as well as I do. But, of course, that's absurd." She suddenly became intense. "Sancie!" she said, then stopped and peered.

"Yes?" It was a sobered goddess who waited for close quarters. Vicky put her question, but peered no more.

"I wish you would tell me one thing, which—has always puzzled me. But don't, if you would rather not. How did you—I simply can't understand it—how did you ever—? I suppose you loved him very much?"

Sanchia was in a hard stare. "Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose I did." Vicky's head darted back.

"Ah! But now you don't a bit. *I knew you didn't!* Sancie, that's what I can't understand. Because, you know, when you're married, you do. You always love the same person. You must—you can't help it. He's so natural; he knows things that you know. He knows—everything. Oh, Sancie, I can't talk about it, but you understand, don't you?"

Poor Sanchia nodded, not able to look up. Alas for her secrets, offered, taken, and forgotten! But Vicky's vivacious fingers groped in her empty cupboard. "And then, as well as that, you *ought* to love him. You see, you've promised; it's all been made so sacred. You never forget it—the clergyman, and the altar, and the hymns. You're all in white—veiled. And you kneel there—before the altar—and he holds your hand. And the ring—oh, Sancie, the feeling of the ring!" She opened her little hand and looked down at the smoothed gold, coiled below the diamonds and pearls. "You never forget the first feel of that. It means—everything!" She blushed, and said, in a hushed sort of way, "It meant—Dickie, to me."

Sanchia drooped and bled. Vicky, deep in her holy joys, was remorseless. Even when she turned once more to her sister's affairs her consolation made wounds.

"Cuthbert said that it would come all right now—now that Mrs. Ingram—the wife—was— That's rather horrible. Even you must feel that. Instead of being sorry that his wife is dead, one has to be awfully glad. I suppose you felt that at once; and of course *he* did. Poor woman! I wonder if she was buried in her ring." She eyed her own. "No one would dare to take it off. I made Cuthbert promise me this morning. But—of course people do marry again, and it will be practically the same as that." She reflected. "Yes, practically, it will, but—oh, it's very extraordinary! You've had all your fun of engagement and all that, long ago." She looked down deeply at her hand; and then she gazed at her sister. "And, oh, Sancie, you've had your honeymoon!" Before the deadly simplicity of that last stroke Sanchia fell, and lay quivering. She could not ask for mercy, she could explain, extenuate, nothing. Huddled she lay. At this aching moment the one thing that the world held worth her having seemed to be the approbation of this butterfly child. For Vicky's happiness was specific. Nuptial bliss lay, as it were, crystallized within it. There are moments in one's life when love itself seems lust, and safety the only holy thing. Vicky, tearing at her heart, had turned her head.

Vicky once gone, with promise of frequent intercourse by letter and otherwise, it was to Philippa's fine house and respectable man-servant she next surrendered herself. The meeting was cool, but not intolerable to a goddess sore from Vicky's whip. Philippa could ply a longer lash, but not by the same right, nor with the same passion to drive it right. Sanchia's eyes met hers upon the level; and if the elder had a firmly modelled chin, so had the younger sister. Her strength, too, lay, as it always had, in saying little, whereas Philippa's *forte* was dialogue. But it needs two for that. After the first greeting there came a pause, in which the embarrassment, upon the whole, was Mrs. Tompsett-King's.

The trenchant lady had had her sailing orders, and was going to follow them. Mr. Tompsett-King had told her that Sanchia must be led, not driven, into Ingram's arms. "Assume the best of her, my dear friend," he had said, "if you wish to get the best out of her. Take right intentions for granted.

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It is very seldom that a woman can resist that kind of flattery. So far as I can read your sister's mind, she has suffered from your mother's abrupt methods. I beg of you not to repeat them. Nothing but mischief could come of it." When Mr. Tompsett-King called her his dear friend, she knew that he was serious.

But Sanchia's mood had not been reckoned with: Philippa was not Vicky. In the old days, in a wonderfully harmonious household, there had been a latent rivalry between her and all her juniors. The greatest trouble had been with Sanchia, the deliberate. And so it was now that when the elder warmed to her task of making bad best, she was suddenly chilled by that old pondering and weighing which had always offended her. Sanchia replied to her assumptions and suppositions by saying simply that she didn't know where Mr. Ingram was, and that he was no better informed than she. But surely—Philippa raised her brows—but surely she knew when he was coming to London? Sanchia's head-shake shocked her. There was but one conclusion to be drawn from it.

"There's been a quarrel," then said she.

"No," Sanchia answered—as if thinking it out—"No, I shouldn't say that. I should say, a difference of opinion."

"My dear," said Philippa—and the phrase with her was one of reproof—"on essentials there can have been none. He will wait a year, of course. Under the circumstances, a full year. But——"

Sanchia had replied, "I don't know what he means to do. I have left Wanless."

"Oh, of course, of course. But—I was going to say—I fully expect that he has written to mamma." Sanchia's eyebrows and her "I should think that unlikely. Why should he write to mamma?" frightened Philippa, while to Mr. Tompsett-King's advice it was clear gain. It was necessary, after it, to get on to surer ground. The interview terminated by an understanding that Sanchia should write to her mother.

Philippa took her husband to dine in Great Cumberland Place that night; and there, he with Mr. Percival, she with the lady, obtained the terms of a settlement. Sanchia was to be allowed a hundred a year—for the present. (Mr. Percival intended privately to make it two.) Everything was to be assumed in her favor; but she was not to be asked to meet company. Neither Mrs. Percival nor Philippa could be brought to that, and Mr. Percival, so far as he was concerned, had no desire for any sort of company but hers. He was one of those men made rosy-gilled for happiness. Good fellowship, the domestic affections—if they were not there, they must appear to be. His friends of the city were always on his lips—Old Tom Peters—Old Jack Summers—Old Bob—Old Dick. Good fellows every one. All the pet names in the family had been his. To him belonged Pippa and Sancie, Melot and Vicky. "My girls," or "My rascals," he used to call them to Tom Peters or Jack Summers, and bring them home jerky little tin pedestrians from the city, or emus pulling little carts; or (later on) bowls of goldfish or violet nosegays from Covent Garden. If he had a nearer passion, it was to stand well with all the world. That's two passions, however, to his score; and the struggle between them, in Sanchia's case, had taken him as near tragedy as the easy man could go. Heaven be praised, the good times were come again. Now he was all for the return of the prodigal, without conditions—"and no questions asked," as he put it.

But in this he could not get his dear desire. Philippa's sense of justice was inflamed, as well as her moral sense. What! you eat a cake, and then, instead of sitting down to your plain bread and butter—away you flounce, and get ready to eat another cake! That's dead against the proverb, that's monstrous, that's offensive. "Mamma, mamma," Philippa had protested, "you can never have her back to flourish her sin in all our faces."

"Thank you, Philippa, for reminding me, however gratuitously, of my duties to society," had been Mrs. Percival's acknowledgment. She liked sin as little as Philippa, but she liked being lectured a great deal less. Poor Mr. Percival had pulled his whiskers throughout the debate, and now sighed, as he bit them. His girl was to be denied him—but he could give her two hundred a year, and go to see her often. That was comfort.

And then the meeting took place. First with mamma, who had never liked her, and was now a little afraid of what she might do. For Philippa had made it quite plain that if

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Sanchia was not humored, she would have nothing to say to Ingram. "She's exhausted her criminal passion—that's what it comes to," was Philippa's judgment. "Now she will have to be cajoled." So Mrs. Percival was cowed into civility.

The pair conversed, rather painfully, for perhaps an hour. They had tea. All the effort to talk was made by Sanchia, who broached the children—Philippa's three, Vicky's one—and got nothing but perfunctory enthusiasm in reply. Mrs. Percival was far too sincerely interested in herself to care for children. The sons-in-law proved a better subject. Here she could point a moral inwards. She extolled them highly—never was woman so blessed in her daughters' husbands. Mr. Tompsett-King—"Tertius, the soul of honor: the most delicate-minded man I have ever known. And sensitive to a fault! I assure you—" Captain Sinclair was "our gallant Cuthbert," or "my soldier son." "Sweet little Vicky's knight! Chivalry lives again in him. It has been the greatest blessing in my days of trouble to be sure of the ideal happiness of those two young lives. Ah! one does have one's consolations."

This eulogium seemed to leave little to be said for Melusine and her prize; and yet it was certain that Mrs. Percival favored Gerald Scales above the others. A lift of the voice was observable—"Gerald, who, naturally, is quite at home at Marlborough House. . . ." "Gerald, with that charming old-world courtesy of his. . . ." "Dear Lady Scales told me that, of her two sons, Gerald should have been the baronet. Poor Sir Matthew suffers from hay-fever to that extent. . . . But Gerald is a splendid young man. Darling Melot is, I need not tell you, fully appreciated at Winkley." That was the seat of Sir Matthew in Essex.

Sanchia, for her part, having regained the throne of her serenity—from which Vicky had toppled her of late—by means of Philippa, was able to contemplate this singular parent of hers with the interest due to a curious object, and some internal amusement. She was too far removed from her to be moved, too much estranged to be hurt. She wondered at herself for feeling so little of what, in the days of babyhood, she had firmly held to be the devout opinion. She found that, from a child, she had always judged her mother, and was sure now that her mother knew it. She remembered how hopeless she had always known it to be to explain any attitude of mind she may have exhibited and been blamed for. So now, though it was abundantly clear to her what was hoped of her, and though she could see perfectly well that the chance of her doing it was so risky that she must be handled like a heavy fish on a light line, she made no effort whatever to show why what was to be hoped for was absurdly impossible. She watched her mother sail about it and about in ever-narrowing circles, heard herself commended for her promptitude in leaving Wanless, answered inquiries as to Ingram's behavior under what Mrs. Percival otiosely called "his bereavement," echoed speculations as to his whereabouts—played, in short, vacantly an empty part, and kept her mother upon tenterhooks. She gained civil entreaty this way.

But her father's bustling entry changed all this. She had not known of herself how susceptible she still was. Vicky had made her cower; but her father made her cry.

He affected a bluff ease in his manner of greeting her. "Well, Sancie, well, my dear, well, well—" and then he cleared his throat; but he did not dare to look at her. Sancie answered him by jumping into his arms, and upset him altogether. "Oh, my girl, my girl—my little Sancie—" and then the pair of them mingled tears, while Mrs. Percival, who thought this exhibition out of place "under the circumstances," and not in the best possible taste, tapped her foot on the carpet, and wished that Philippa had been here.

But, once they were beyond a certain floodmark, as she knew by long acquaintance, Mr. Percival's emotions must be given play. She retired, therefore, and left the clinging pair. Directly she was gone, the good gentleman's embrace of his child grew straiter, and his kisses of her brows and hair more ardent. He humbled himself before her, thanked her for coming back to him. "My darling, it was fine of you to come! 'Pon my soul, it was fine!"

"No, darling, no," she protested, smiling sadly at his fondness.

"I always loved you, my child! My Sancie—you know that of your old father, hey?" He pinched her cheek before he kissed it again. "'Pon my life, it cut me down like a frost to do—what was done."

"I know, I know," Sanchia murmured, and then begged him not to speak of it.

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"Ah, but I must, you know," he vowed. "What! A damned unnatural father! . . ." And then he held her closely, while he whispered his anxiety. "Sancie—tell me, my lamb—put my mind at rest. He—that fellow—that Ingram—he was good to you, hey? He didn't—hey?"

She vowed in her turn. "Oh, yes, dearest, yes. Of course he was. I was very happy, except for—what couldn't be helped, you know."

"Yes, yes—it couldn't be helped. I know that you felt that. I was bound—for the others, don't you see?—sake of example—that sort of thing, don't you see?" He shook his head. "We can't have that, you know. It don't do—in the long run. Very irregular, hey? And your mother, you know—she takes these things to heart. Goes too far, *I* say. Sometimes goes a little to extremes, you know." He grew quite scared as he recalled the scene. "I shall never forget—" shuddering, he clasped her close. "My darling girl, let's be happy again! It shall be right as—well, as rain, you know—now. We'll have you with a child on your knee in no time—hey?" He seemed to think that marriage alone could work this boon. Again—as before with Vicky—Sanchia had not the heart to gainsay him. She allowed him to speculate as he would; and her mother, returning, found the pair, one on the other's knee, with the future cut and dried.

But Sanchia rose at her entry.

"Dearest, I must go now," she told him, "but I'll see you again very soon."

He urged her to stay and dine. "We're quite alone, you know. No ceremony with our child, hey?"

But she smilingly refused. "No, darling, I won't stop now. I'll come again—" her mother's stretched lips, stomaching what she could not sanction, stood, as it were, before the home doors.

He looked wistfully at her—aware, he too, of the sentries at the gate. "You might— We are pretty lonely here, we old people— I should have said you might come back— There's your old room, you know—eating its head off, hey?"

Sanchia kissed him. "Darling—we'll see. We'll talk about it soon. But I must go now—to my books. I'm working very hard, at my Italian. I've forgotten—lots."

He had to let her go—but, manlike, he must relieve himself in a man's way. He drew her into his study, bade her "see what she should see." He went to his desk and sat to his check-book. He returned with the slip wet in his hand. "There, my child, there. That will keep the wolf from the door, I hope. For a day or two, you know." She read "Miss Sanchia Percival—two hundred pounds sterling." It brought the tears to her eyes again. It was so exactly like him.

"You darling—how ridiculous of you—but how sweet!" He glowed under her praises. "Plenty more where that came from, Sancie"—then piously added, "Thank God, of course."

Sanchia, in the hall, turned to her mother. "Good-bye, mother," she said, and held her hand out. Mrs. Percival took it, drew her in, and kissed her forehead. "Good-by, my child." She could not, for her life, be more cordial than that. The offence itself seemed a pinprick beside the rankle of the wound to her pride. This child had set up for herself, and was now returned—without extenuation, without plea for mercy. She was one of those people who cannot be happy unless their right to rule be unquestioned. Had the girl humbled herself to the dust, grovelled at her feet, she would have taken her to her breast. But Sanchia stood upright, and Mrs. Percival felt the frost gripe at her heart. It must be so.

Her father went with her to the door—his arm about her waist. "Come soon," he pleaded, and when she promised, whispered in her ear—"Come to The Poultry, if you'd rather—I'm always there—as you know. Come, and we'll lunch together. You'll be like a nosegay in the dusty old place."

"Yes, yes, I shall come—often," she told him, and nestled to his side. Then she put up her cheek for his kiss. "Good-night, papa dear." He wept over her, and let her go. Then he returned to his hearth and his wife. In his now exalted mood he was really master of both, and Mrs. Percival knew it. "You gave her the money, I suppose?" she said; and he, "Yes, my dear, I gave her two hundred pounds." He had doubled the sum agreed, but Mrs. Percival let it pass.

III

Upon this footing her affairs now stood: she was to be one of the family, with two hundred pounds a year to her credit, the run of her teeth in the house, and (by a secret arrangement) as often in her father's com-

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pany as she could find time to be. Meantime, by her own deliberate choice, she maintained her lodging in Pimlico, and read at the Museum most days of the week. She prepared herself to be happy, and under a buoyant impulse, due to the softening of her affections, wrote to her friend Mr. Chevenix and asked him to come to see her. That he briskly did.

She received him cordially. It was good to see the cheerful youth again, and to be able to rejoice in the man of the world he affected to be. A man of the world—throned, as it were, upon the brows of a suckling.

Wisdom was justified of her child. "So you cut it? Thought you would. Wanless Park is all very well in its little way—when the rainbows are jumping, what? D'you remember that fish? And old Deverox—*Salmo deverox?* My certy, what a lady! But Nevile—" he shook his head. "No, no. Some devil had entered into him; he was a gloomy kind of tyrant. I don't know, by the way, what's happened to him. Travelling, or something, I fancy. He was always a rolling stone, as you know. But he'll come round, you'll see. Oh, Lord, yes. He'll suck out his devil—and be the first to apologize. Well—never mind old Nevile. You'll see, one of these days. Now, I say, what are you doing with yourself up here? Any good?"

She named her Italian studies, and made him open his eyes.

"Italian? *Tante grazie*, and all that! But that don't take you very far, you know. Your teeth will crack a tougher nut. Now, I'll tell you what you do. You come and see my old Aunt Wenman——"

She was highly amused. "Why should I see your old Aunt Wenman? Does she know Italian?"

"Italian! God bless you, if she knows English, it's as much as she does. Learnt the Catechism once, I s'pose. She's a good old sort—Lady Maria Wenman, widow of my old Uncle Charles. She'll take to you—she'll take to you."

"I don't see—" said Sanchia, puzzled. The youth explained.

"Well, you see—you'll forgive me, I know. It's *tone* you want just now. She'll give you that. She's something to pull against. You get your back up against her, and hang on. That's the ticket. She's a good soul, is Aunt Maria—lots of tone—gives parties to all and sundry. You meet some rare fish in those waters—Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. They'll amuse you—give you bones to pick. I don't get on with 'em myself—too simple, I am, you know. They talk their politics, or domestic afflictions, and I feel so delicate I don't know what to do. There was one chap, I remember—Golowicz his name was—big, red-whiskered, conspiracy chap . . . told me all about his mother—tears running down his cheeks. I didn't know her from Adam, you know, but still— Oh, you'll like Aunt Wenman. She'll want you to live with her, and you might do much worse." Sanchia listened, smiled, and pondered. It was not her way to be disposed of so simply.

What was most impressive to her about this conversation was the real reticence underlying the chatter of her friend. She could feel his conviction of her want of tone; she was convinced of it herself. Her purpose in life seemed gone. Once it had been love, next it had been the ordering of affairs. The second had been so absorbing that she had not missed the first; indeed, she had believed it there until the very end, when she had called it up, and had no answer. But now—what aim had she, in this lonely, empty life she was leading, whose hours were so many that she had to fill them up with Italian got out of books? Without knowing it, it was life she wanted, not books. She with her brains, vitality, beauty, and charm had been growing in these graces unaware, flowering in secret at Wanless under her aprons, behind her account-books and garden gloves. Now that all these swaddling bands were stripped off her, behold her, armed at all points for the lists. So Chevenix had beheld her, it seems. Let her see the world, approve her mettle, run her career. Chevenix, watching her, judged in those pondering eyes, in that half-smile which had charmed him before, a kind of quivering expectancy, new to her. He judged her tempted, and renewed his suggestions.

"What you want," he told her, "is to try a fall or two with the world. You've been too snug, you know—too long under glass. You left the schoolroom to go to Wanless—and where were you there? Under cover. You want the sun, the wind, and the rain; you want to know what these things feel like—and how the rest of us take 'em. And you want to be seen, if you'll let me say that. We all like being looked at, I believe. I

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know that I do, when I'm quite sure about my hat. Now you won't get much of that in a Warwick Street two-pair front, let me tell you—no, nor in your B. 17, or whatever your seat is, at the Museum. You're a star—you're to shine. Well, give 'em a turn in Charles Street. I'll fix it up for you. I wish you'd think it over."

She gave him grateful looks, but said little. Nevertheless, he went away encouraged. A week or so later, she found a card upon her table: that of a Mrs. John Chevenix.

"That's my sister-in-law," the friendly youth told her. "That's Mrs. John. You go and see her. She's a good sort of woman. You'll meet Aunt Wenman there. I thought it all out, and that's the way to get at it. She'll jump at you, in my opinion. She loves orphans. Collects 'em. You go!"

She was due in the city on a visit to her father, was, in fact, dressed for it in her best white frock, roses in her hat. She promised to think of it—and of course would return Mrs. John's call. The amiable youth accompanied her as far Eastward as it was possible for him to go. He went, indeed, further, and in full view of St. Paul's decided upon a visit to that sanctuary. You never knew your luck, he said. He might meet Senhouse there. He had been hunting the recessed philosopher high and low.

"Great sport if we met him now—you, who look like lunching at the Savoy or somewhere, and he like a fakir! What should you do? Fall in his arms?" Sanchia had mist over the eyes.

"I believe I should," she admitted. "I should love to see him again."

"He'll turn up at Aunt Wenman's, I'll bet you," Chevenix felt sure. "She rakes 'em in—all sorts. Do think about her, now, there's a dear. You won't be able to stick it at home, you know."

"I'm sure that I sha'n't go home," Sanchia said. "And I *am* thinking about your aunt."

"Right," cried Chevenix, and briskly mounted the steps of the cathedral.

Mr. Percival had provided a tea for her which had the appearance of a banquet. The table seemed sunk in flowers; a great urn held the tea. There were buns in pyramids, snow-mantled cakes, apricot jam, strawberries, clotted cream. Nothing was too good for his beloved, as he cried aloud when he saw her, fresh and glowing in her lace frock and flower-wreathed hat.

"My girl—and upon my soul, a picture!"

She blushed at his praises, and came in kissing distance. "You make a schooltreat of me, dearest. You mustn't be wicked with your money, or I sha'n't come any more to see you. I won't be spoiled."

"No, my dear, no—and you can't be," he assured her. "Good Lord, my child, you're the only one I've got left. All my birds flown but you! And I had five of the sweetest, sauciest, happiest girls in England once upon a time. . . . Now, come you and pour out a cup of tea for your foolish old father. We're snug here—hey? Better than Great Cumberland—hey? You monkey!" He pinched her ear—and felt that they shared a secret.

She caught his happiness, and bathed in his praises, feeling the sun upon her limbs. How she loved to be loved! How she loved to be praised for her good looks! The world had grown suddenly kind again: the world was good. There, ahead of her, stood Mrs. John Chevenix and a friendly Lady Maria, beckoning her to London delights, a friendly world of admiring eyes. She was to be looked at—she was to listen—and be heard. Her heart beat, eyes shone starry. Life, which had seemed behind her, now danced before, a gay procession. She told her father what seemed to be in the wind. He listened and stared.

"Lady Maria, hey! We *are* going up in the world. The peerage! Charles Street, Berkeley Square! I remember young Chevenix: he had swell connections—yes, yes. How things come about! This will please your mother, my dear. She sets a store by such things." Their eyes met, and she nodded.

"Yes, I thought of that. But what do *you* feel about it, papa? You see—I couldn't very well come back to Great Cumberland Place."

He did see that, poor man. "No, chick, no. That wouldn't work out—that sum. You and your mother never did add up very well— No, no. Much as I should have liked it. But Charles Street? Hum. I'm a plain man, you see, a plain, old comfortable merchant—and the older I grow, the more comfortable I get, I believe. Now, I don't see myself in Berkeley Square, making a bow to Lady Maria. My poor old back's too stiff for that. But if you're contented—if you're to have your deserts—for you're a little beauty, my love, and there's

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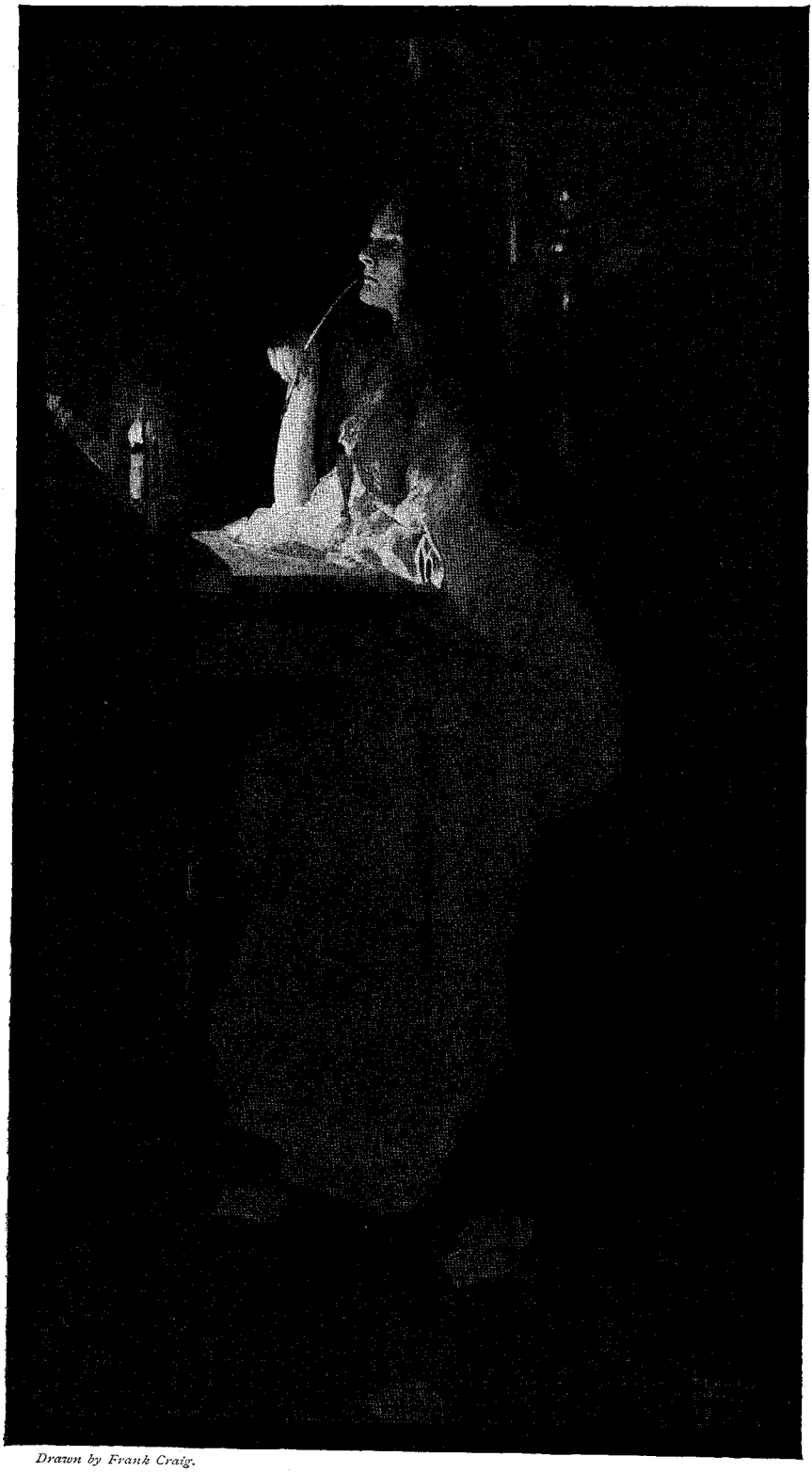

Drawn by Frank Craig.

Wrote deliberately to each of her sisters.—Page 703.

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no mistake about it—why, what can I say? And I know you won't forget papa in The Poultry—hey?"

She held him her hand across the tea-cups, smiling with her eyes. "Do you really think I shall?"

He caught fast to the little hand. "No, child, no! Though, mind you, I deserve it. When I think that I let you be packed out of my house—neck and crop—to the devil, for aught I knew—I grow cold. My dear, it's taken me suddenly at night—when I've been wakeful—and I've groaned in my agony. It don't do to think of—hideous! Women make fools of us men, and knaves as well. But there! You know your mother's way. I mustn't speak against her, of course. No, no. She's a good woman." He looked as if he tried hard to believe it.

Sanchia, her hand still held, had grown serious. "Papa," she said, "I want you to understand me altogether. I should do it again, I believe, if I really loved somebody."

He looked at her anxiously, then away from her, while he patted her caught hand. "Yes, my dear, yes. I understand that you feel like that. It's queer—to me, you know I don't pretend to see it as you do. But I trust you. I know you're a good girl. Only—it's not the old-fashioned way; and your mother——"

"Mamma," she said, "is different. She thinks I'm wicked; you think I'm good. I don't know what I am—I don't understand myself at all; but I'm quite sure that I should do it again, if it had to be done." Her eyes grew large with the certainty of her argument. She had a divine seriousness, a rapt look, as of one inspired from within. "I don't see how you can help it, if you see quite clearly that the person needs you. It seems disloyalty. It seems making too much of yourself—as if what happened to that part of you mattered! And it seems making too little of yourself, too—as if you shrank, as if you were afraid of vile people. One can't afford to be afraid—for the sake of such a small thing."

Mr. Percival, nodding, patting her hand, put in a gentle remonstrance. "I shouldn't say that, Sancie, I shouldn't, indeed. It used to be considered everything in the world, to a woman."

She mused, then decided. "No. I can't understand that. It's not everything in the world. It's almost nothing compared to other things—like freedom. To me the only thing that seems to matter is one's mind. Freedom for that! You can give up anything else. But that you must have—if you are to live at all."

He made a loyal effort to follow her thought, but it led him into bleak regions where he found himself unnerved. "I don't know, upon my soul, where you get these notions of yours, my dear. I don't, indeed. Not from me, I believe."

She smiled gently at him, but with a wistful tinge, as if she felt her isolation. "I don't know, either—but there they are. I always know what I've got to do. I see it, or feel it, ahead of me. There's a path that way, a path the other. I see the fork, and have to follow one of them. I always know which."

That was equally beyond him. He left it, and returned to a more practical puzzlement. "But when—when you made up your mind about—*him*, you know? I wish you would tell me."

"I'll tell you everything I can, dearest, of course."

"Well, now, your freedom, you know. Your freedom of mind. Now, you gave him your freedom, didn't you? And your mind too? Didn't you, now?"

She had to consider that, and he watched her with anxiety. But she looked him fairly in the face with her answer, so that he read the truth in her eyes. "No," she told him. "No. He never had that, luckily for me. I always knew what I had to do before he did; I could always see where he was right and I was wrong—or the other way about. I don't think I could ever give up my judgment. At least—" She had to think again; and again she answered him, but with heightened color. "If I did—it would be a different sort of person altogether. Quite a different person."

His face fell. This didn't sound like marriage-bells. "Oh, my dear!" he said ruefully. "You don't mean to tell me——"

She jumped up and hugged him. "You darling old thing, of course not." But she kept her face buried in his whiskers. "If I ever did that—give up my mind, I mean—I believe I should be happier."

Mr. Percival had no doubt about it. He had old-fashioned opinions.

(To be continued.)

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Kröyer and his wife. By P. S. Kröyer.
A fit workshop is this for the Danish painters.

SKAGEN: THE DANISH PAINTERS' VILLAGE IN JUTLAND

By Edith Rickert

I COUNT it strange enough that, born and bred in other lands, I am often homesick for Skagen. It is years since I came under the spell of this Jutish fishing village; but it is still so rememberable that in the din and ugliness of cities I can feel its invisible presence. The brown and purple moorlands come to rest me and the freshness of sunlit sand-dunes, salt wind and spray, and the ceaseless murmur of "Grenen" where the North Sea and the Baltic clash together.

It is so strangely "north"—this Skagen; north of Copenhagen, north of Frederikshavn, north across the moors in a hollow of the mountainous sand ridges where they close in together between the seas. A fit workshop is this for the Danish painters, sons of Vikings, who, more than other men, seek to interpret the life of the sea.

I had a foreshadowing of a unique experience as we rushed through the great waste of darkness, past the lonely way-stations that point the road to this seeming end of the world; and I was not disappointed.

It began at Bröndum's Hotel when the door was flung wide upon the dark courtyard, showing against a background of panelled and painted wall, the yellow-bearded, genial face of Bröndum himself. There was in his welcome a delightful blending of dignity and friendliness, rare enough in inns, which somehow made me feel as if, after long wandering, I had come home. And when I stood on the threshold of my room, the marvel grew

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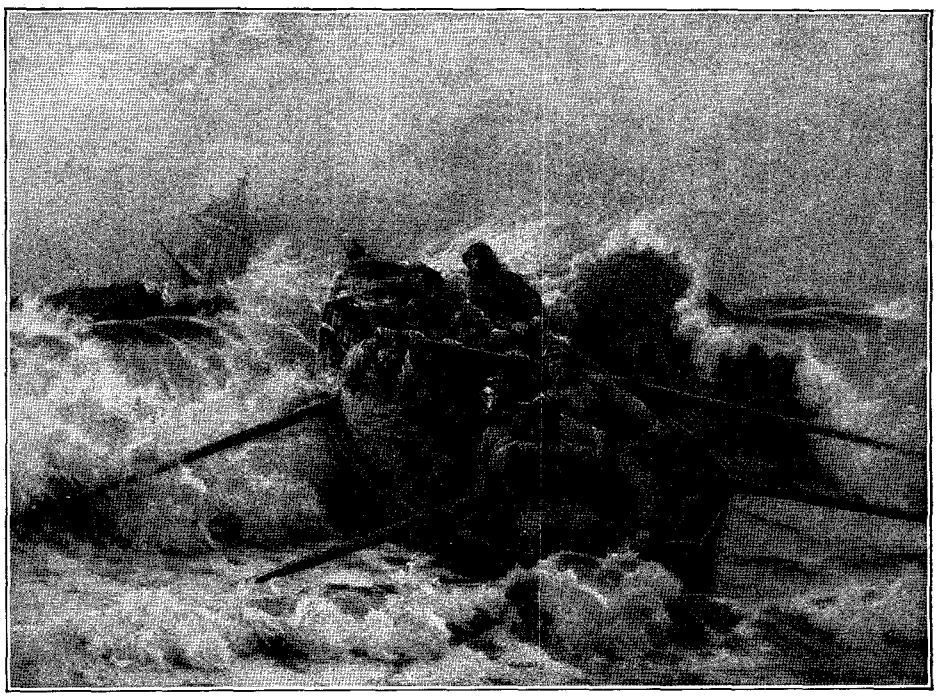

"The Life-boat Goes Out." By Laurits Tuxen.
The splendor and the terror of the sea of Jutland.

that in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth I should find a resting-place so entirely to my liking. Match me, if you can, the charm of this white room, irregular with gables and dormer-windows, with its polished floor, its quaintly stiff green furniture hinged with steel, its draperies of old-fashioned green and rose chintz, lighted by the soft glow from two tall copper candlesticks reflected in the looking-glass of the dressing-table.

"If this is the inn," said I, "Skagen must be like no other place in the world." And I fell asleep to the murmur of the sea.

In the morning I leaned from my window and felt that my last words were true, and I wondered why. There was nothing extraordinary in the scene before me. My muslin curtains were fluttering in the salt breeze, but no sea was visible. I looked out upon a patch of garden, a strip of sandy road on which a woman in a shawl and a fisherman stood gossiping, and a plain little brick cottage or two with rows of splendid hollyhocks against their palings. Everything seemed familiar except the rack of drying fish in a bit of open prairie; and yet all the familiar things had a different look—they had suffered, perhaps, a "sea-change."

All in a moment I knew that I had the secret, though as yet I had seen nothing of the splendor and the terror of the sea of Jutland. I felt that here as in few places in the world, the land and the ocean come together and are one.

And yet it was long before I could find the veritable sea, it lay so quietly under its maze of dunes. I stumbled in and out among the tarred, red-tiled fishermens' huts, wandered up and down sandy roads that begin anywhere and end haphazard. I came upon the little white church in its grove, strayed into the gay plantations of young trees and out upon the moors, until after much vain climbing of turf and sand hummocks, I looked down at last upon the broad beaches and long lines of surf hammering the triple sunken reefs with a roar that I had heard, however faintly, in all my ranging. Here was the lighthouse, *Skagen Fyr*, towering among the sand-hills, and here the perpetual ridge of foam, as far as the eye could reach, though a

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"Fishermen on the Beach at Skagen." By P. S. Kröyer.

The world of grim experience that underlies . . . Kröyer's Beach at Skagen.—Page 718.

mere feather on this windless day, where the Skagerrak and the Kattegat play together.

It is here at "Grenen" one sees at work the creative power that has made "The Skaw" what it is. For countless centuries the waves have been heaping up enormous sand-dunes into a long, hook-like promontory, and changing the face of the moors. Several miles away rises ghost-like the tower of the old Gothic church, which during service one day in 1775 was buried so swiftly and so deeply that the people had to escape by the belfry. However long things and men may endure at Skagen they come at last into the net of the sea.

This sand is strangely fertile. It is said to grow barley. And where the dunes are undisturbed, not only are their crests held firm with the usual coarse scrub and tangle, but in the hollows of them grow glorious masses of silver-gray sea-thistle with sky-blue flowers, the largest I have ever seen; clumps of glossy, golden-berried sea-hawthorn, tiny forests of a fragrant white Lilliputian orchid-like blossom, and I know not what else.

It is, then, the unforgettable presence of the sea that gives its peculiar quality to the work of the Skagen painters. They have interpreted in their own ways, in the perfect medium of light and air that it gives, not only its innumerable moods, but—and more especially—its effect upon the lives of the people in this little fishing village.

Two things one feels strongly on this sea-built Skaw: that life is both serious and simple, and that it must be still much as it was in the days when Hamlet was Prince of the land. Then as now there could have been only fishing and fish-curing, a little hunting on the moors, a little grazing on scanty strips of grass, a little tillage between the bog and the sand. Then as now, these few men, dwelling miles from their fellows across treacherous bog-lands, fighting for their lives in the struggle for a livelihood, must have been a folk of simple ideas with a strong feeling of the imminence of death in life. Some battles befell not far away, and it may be that a Viking chief lies buried in the tumulus on the shore; but sailors have landed rarely until these last years, since the harbor has been built, and the

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"The Life-boat is Driven Down to the Beach." By Michael Ancher.
Year after year risk and lose their lives for other lives.

Skagen folk have grown to express their own individuality without the interference that comes of constant clashing with other lives. For centuries they have worked together in a kind of brotherhood, of which the greatest friend and the greatest foe is the sea; and it is the realization of this long history of travail that gives to their faces the spiritual significance reflected in the art of the Skagen painters.

These summer days, in the friendly atmosphere of Bröndum's, I saw but one aspect of their work. What room was there for affectation, mannerism, or ornament in the bare simplicity of the sea? There was no temptation to the conventional, often spurious, picturesque, for the village is cleanly built and in straight lines; and the great contentions of wind and sun allow no mould or fungus or decay. Even the artistic apparatus of a peasant dress is lacking; the more directly do the painters approach the deeper beauty.

Yes, I could feel the freshness, the unstudied charm of Skagen; and its darker side, the shadow of its brilliant sunlight, came to me through many winter tales. I could scarcely imagine life in a place where there have been twenty shipwrecks in a year; much less could I conceive any truth in that legend of Little Christmas Eve (December 23), 1825, when fifty merchantmen came ashore in the night. But when I went to the Skagen Hotel and saw a great room filled like a museum with the figureheads and name-boards of ships of all nations, then I began to understand the stern-featured men and sober-eyed women; and I felt the emotional background that, like a second atmosphere, gives a strange power to the Skagen pictures. And when I had seen the life-boat and the life-boatmen, who year after year risk and lose their lives for other lives, I felt something of the world of grim experience that underlies the quiet watchfulness of Kröyer's "Evening on the Beach at Skagen," and the cheerful gossip of Michael Ancher's group of fishermen on the sunlit sands, as well as the tragedies of the sea painted by Fru Anna

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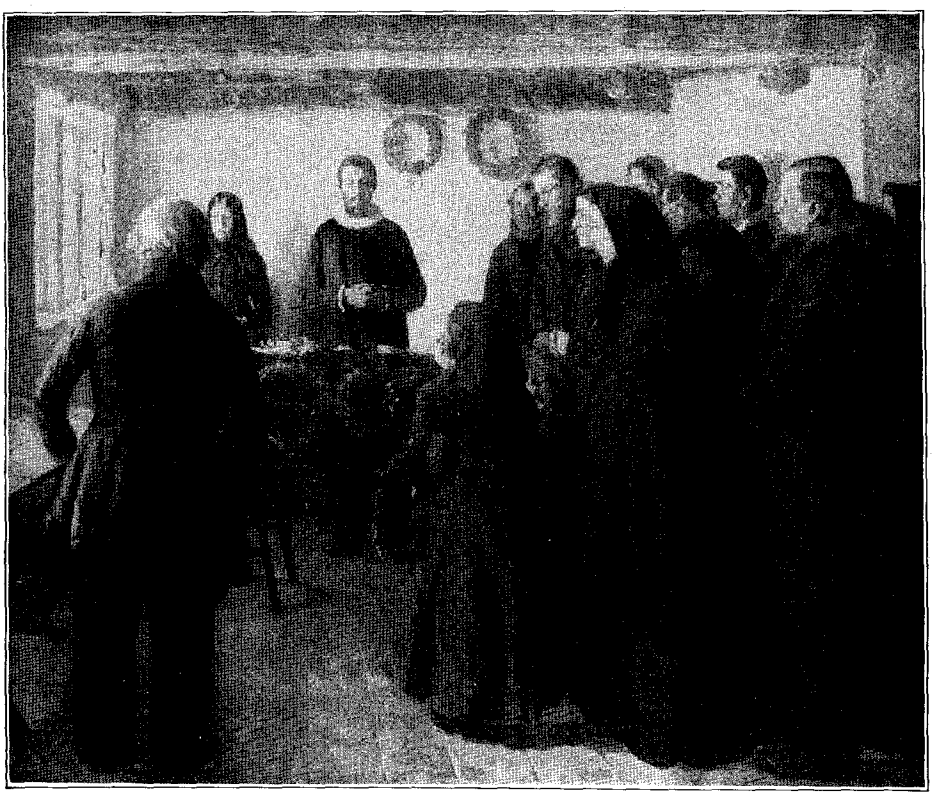
Ancher. The sheer vitality of the air in which life grows strongly and freely deepens the bitterness of the contrast when the sea has its way.

I went to church on Sunday morning, and there I saw again rows of faces that filled me with longing to know the strange histories written upon them. On the one side were the women in their black dresses; on the other, the serge-clad men. And there was no extraneous ornament of building or of dress to lessen the effect of the spiritual beauty that shone upon them almost like a presence. And when service was done, the people lingered for a christening; and I saw in the life one of Michael Ancher's pictures, and perceived that it was the simplest possible study from reality. A fisherman's child, Nils Olaf—I think—was named; and he took the ceremony with a lively sense of tragedy, in marked contrast with the composed faces of the elders round about him. The thought that clung to me persistently, as I watched the scene, was of the limitations of this deep and narrow life. Little Nils Olaf, unless he were swept away in some sudden disaster, would grow old like his ancestors before him, in this simple ancient form of existence. For him, almost certainly, there would be little choice of ways, scant complexity of experience; and in this, is he the happier?

It is not difficult to understand how from their study of these Skagen faces, the Danish painters have learned to invest their portraits with vitality and strength. Perhaps chief among them in this respect is Michael Ancher; and it is curious to note how, on the one hand, he uses the sea as a background, and how, on the other, he has attained a marvellous directness and simplicity that makes his highest achievements not unworthy of Rembrandt.

But Skagen is not only the workshop, it is the home of painters, several of whom have built houses of their own, while others are content with the genial simplicity of Bröndum's. There are traces of their stay



"Burial." By Fru Anna Ancher.
Spiritual beauty that shone upon them almost like a presence.

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Ancher's Studio.

under this roof-tree in the sketches that cover the panels of the dining-room walls, and the portraits of themselves that make a frieze, of which the central face is that of ruddy Bröndum himself, cigar in mouth.

For some reason—perhaps because it has been for several generations in the same family—the inn is the abode of singularly pleasant customs. One is that the master himself sits at the head of his long table, and that the guests feel themselves enough of a family to linger about in small informal groups until all have assembled. Even the total stranger without introductions, does not find it necessary long to study the sea-pieces and landscape and interiors and fantasies and still life that adorn the walls; for your Dane is the most friendly and hospitable man in the world, and the spirit at Bröndum's is distinctly social. Even language is no barrier. The Dane learns English, French, and German, because, as he says, nobody can or will learn Danish.

Another pleasant way at Bröndum's is that after-dinner coffee is a social function.

Kröyer at home.

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Holger Drachmann at home.

You find small groups in the little salon with its books and piano, perhaps one or two in the writing-room; but for the most part, the guests step through the open door into the garden, where it is easy to pass an hour or two at the rustic tables under the trees.

Sunday evenings, all the year round, the members of the artist colony are Bröndum's guests. Possibly the custom arose originally through the fact that Fru Anna Ancher is the daughter of the house. The table is rearranged so that the supper-party can be together; and there is no lack of the intercourse that lives by its own vitality while the hours drift away. One looks from the guests to the clever study by Kröyer on the wall of a similar gathering in which some of the same people appear, and so one realizes the full truth of the representation. In its own way, this scene is as interesting as that in the little church. Here is Kröyer himself, burly and red bearded, with blinking eyes that seem to see all things at once; here is the dark, ascetic face of Paulsen, scholar among painters;

Tuxen at home.

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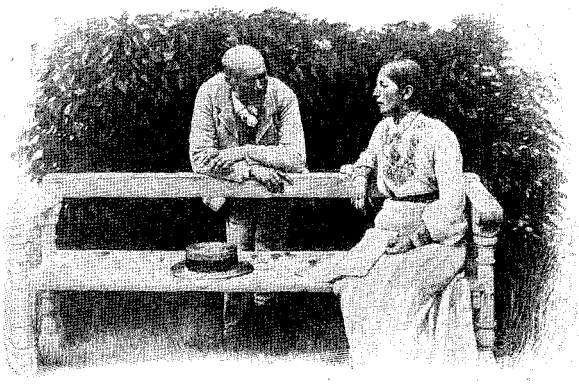


Michael Ancher and his wife.

here is Professor* Tuxen, iron-gray, furrowed, and kindly, with him his charming Norwegian wife; here is Michael Ancher, bluff, gray bearded, soft of speech, and his wife, with her clear-cut, eager profile and pretty laugh.

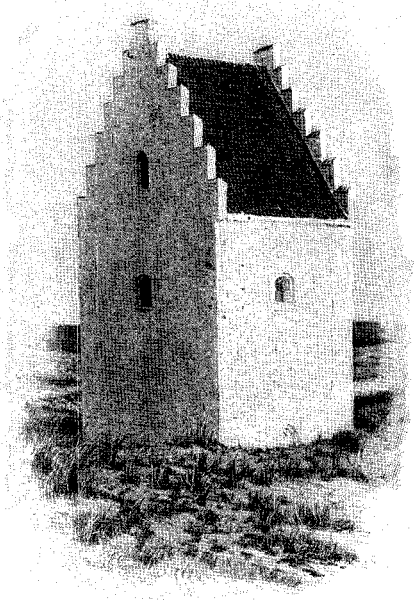
In my time it was already too late for the literary giant, Holger Drachmann, whose Viking-presence used to dominate these gatherings. He was then in his last illness, and only a few months later his ashes were placed in an urn by the sea at Skagen; but I was familiar with the look of him from the portraits that several of the artists had been making, in the realization that the end was not far.

Apart from Bröndum's, life at Skagen shows the same charming simplicity and freedom that seem to thrive in the air of the place. Professor Tuxen, Court painter in England as well as in Denmark, has built himself a beautiful house, in which Queen Alexandra herself has photographed him with his family; but it is noticeable for these rare qualities. Alike in the flower-massed garden where tea is served, English fashion, under the trees, and in the deliciously quaint dining-room with its sanded floor, its long table under the window, and its barbaric, painted furniture—a typical Scandinavian interior—there is beauty rather than splendor, and a wit almost Gallic to lighten the Danish profusion of hospitality.

After supper we gather in the bare, lofty studio. There are cushions on the floor and a great wood-fire blazes and crackles on the hearth. Two concentric circles of candles hang from the roof, the two kinds of light giving such effects as Viggo Johansen sometimes paints. The men smoke and there is coffee. Some play billiards. Stories are told . . . and the hours have slipped away past midnight.

The Anchers have always lived for the most part at Skagen; and for many years Kröyer has come to dwell in one of the charming, long, low houses of the older Danish fashion. Sometimes these are tarred, sometimes built of concrete with visible timber framework; they are usually red-tiled and one-storied, and have an interminable row of windows—I have counted as many as fifteen—and perhaps several doors. They have gay gardens; in the autumn the hollyhocks flaunt up to the very tiles. I have never seen elsewhere such glorious hollyhocks as in Denmark.

The summer I was in Skagen was a little era in portrait-making. In Professor Tux-



The tower of the old Gothic Church, buried in 1775. —Page 717.

*In Denmark a title of honor not necessarily implying any position as teacher.

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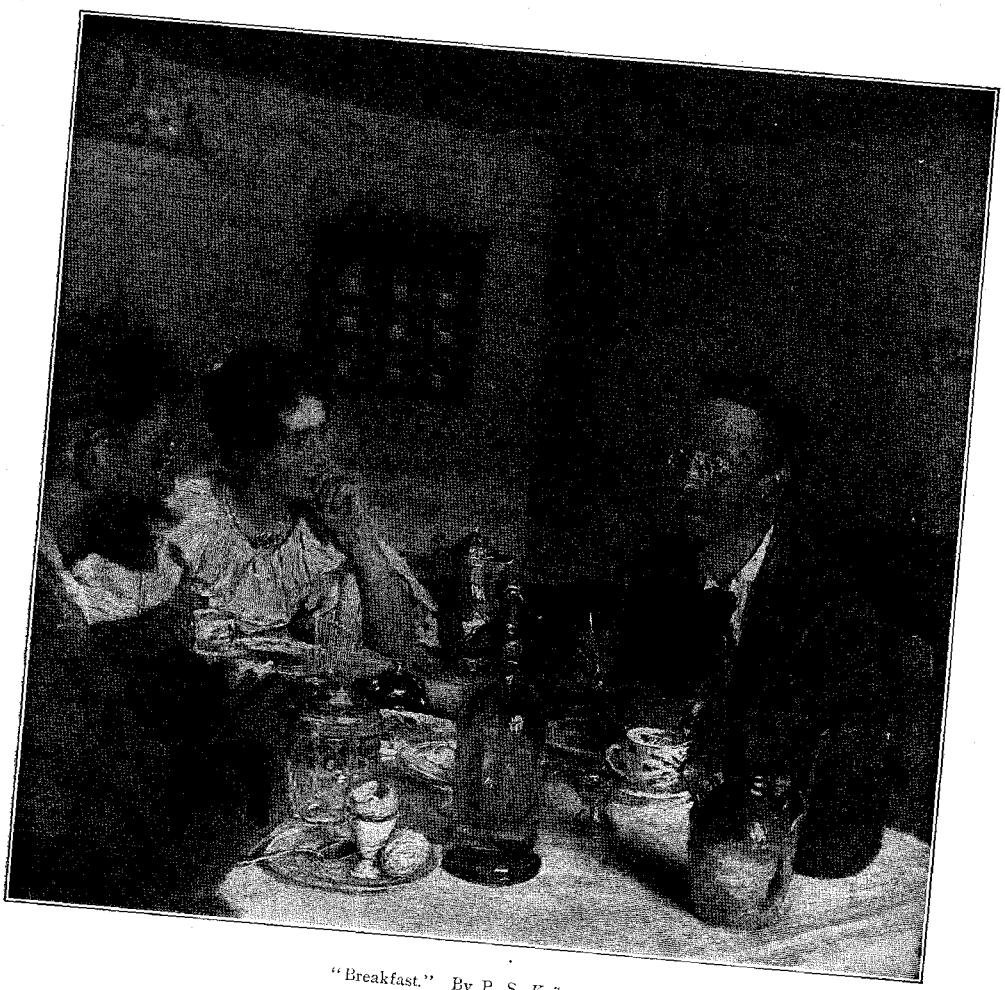

"Breakfast." By P. S. Kröyer.
Life is so amusing. . .

en's studio was a picture just finished of himself and his wife by Paulsen, and a group in clay by himself of Kröyer and Ancher, intended for a bronze. In Kröyer's studio, I watched the artist at work upon a study of Paulsen, while he discoursed easily in French upon theories of art; and in Ancher's house, the master brought forth his unfinished portrait of Kröyer, similar in style to his own superb self-portrait in the National Gallery at Copenhagen.

Everywhere among these painter-folk one feels the spirit of high endeavor and of earnest toil that never claims to reach its ideal. Here seems to be no waste, no friction, no hurry. Every step is toward its end, and the end is worthy.

And yet this is not all. Life here may be fresh and real and child-like, but it is more than these things. It is in the words of one who lives at Skagen, "So amusing!" Amusing? With that background of tragedy? Yes, because of it. Imperfect English had stumbled upon a happier word than one more accurate. Nowhere can interest in daily happenings be keener than where these are threatened with change; and nowhere does the play of life seem more joyous than where the reality is grimmest. I have sometimes thought that the gay independence of Skagen, its verve and its daring, appear in a little tale of Fru Anna Ancher.

One rainy day she put on her mackintosh and went to the station to see the Tuxens off to England.

"Come to Frederikshavn with us, Anna?" they said.

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She laughed: "I've only three farthings in my pocket." But she went.

So they coaxed her to Aarhus and to Esbjerg; and at Esbjerg they said: "You might as well come all the way now."

So she sent a telegram to her husband and went to England, in a mackintosh, with three farthings in her pocket, and less than three words of English on her tongue!

And for this spirit, I take it, Skagen is to blame, and the sea that made Vikings.

I had a message, the other day, from the garden where the elm-tops are always swayed in the sea-wind; and as I read it memories began to throng. . . . There was the day we drove out among the sand-dunes with the children. We had tea kept hot in straw-packed bottles, and poured out into brown peasant ware; and we drove back along the hard floor of the wet beach. Once it yielded a bit and Nina—or was it Vibeke?—was rather frightened. . . . There was that early morning rush down to the sea for the life-boat practice, and the gossip with the old sailor, and coffee in the summer-house that he had built at the end of a curious maze. . . . There were studio talks and garden talks, and rambles over the sand and over the moors; and all the while there was the strong home-feeling in a strange land.

But in the end came farewells at the station; and as the little toy train moved away, I had left of Skagen no more than two great La France roses in my hand, a blur of receding sand-dunes, purple against a sunset of orange and gold, and a lasting memory of strong and friendly hearts that help one to find the whole world akin.

THE MAN WHO MISSED HIS MOMENT

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"IT'S been a tiresome term, hasn't it, Martin?" suggested Mrs. Graham.

"Not so tiresome as the day," he answered. "I had to red-ink the same grammatical error in eighteen different and consecutive examination papers, and if young Morgan had made it in the nineteenth, I should have killed him—slowly and painfully."

"Eighteen?" she questioned, trying to smile and squint through the eye of a needle at the same time.

"Well—at least three," he confessed. "They're nice boys, but they lay instead of lie—like a lot of hens. That thread will have to bant before it can get through the eye of your needle."

It was in before he had finished speaking, but her glasses fell off, and it popped out again.

"It's the rich man and the kingdom of heaven," commented Graham. "Try again. It's only twice too large for the hole."

"Only women can do the impossible," she answered unperturbed, and succeeded forthwith. "There!"

"You're right," he answered, with unexpected seriousness; "only women can."

He bent forward to knock out his pipe on the andiron, and remained for a moment with his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire. She looked across at him, her needle caught in the middle of a stitch; the sadness of his face was very evident, because he did not know that she was watching him. She went on with her sewing, casting furtive glances at him the while; presently the sound of sleigh bells broke the silence.

"There's Johnny," said Graham, and rose.

A draught of air made the fire flicker, and their elder boy—the one who was a Senior at Yale—came in, kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and asked for a cup of tea.

"Why, it's nearly dinner time," objected Mrs. Graham, as she touched a match to the alcohol lamp; "you'll have

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She looked across at him, her needle caught in the middle of a stitch.—Page 724.

to wait till the water boils again. Turn on the light, Johnny. I can't see you with only the fire."

"You could see well enough to embroider towels," reproved Johnny. "When will you learn to take care of your eyes?"

"Probably never. Besides, it's not very close work. Do turn on the light."

The house was wired for electricity, apparently for use in illuminating the bathroom. It was never used anywhere else. John lit the lamp.

"McGurk drove me up," he said, as he replaced the chimney. "He had to leave Seabury and Hawkins at the school, so we went there first."

"They're back for the alumni dinner, I suppose?" said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes. I stopped there a moment to see the kid. He told me to tell you he was bringing a couple of boys over for dinner."

"Porthos and Athos, I suppose?" asked Graham.

"The same. They're a great triumvirate, aren't they? Mr. Blake said that the Judge and the Magnate were going to arrive to-night."

"Good! I haven't seen either of them for an age."

Mrs. Graham had gone out to tell the cook that there would be extra people to dinner, and the pious ejaculations of that perfervid Hibernian retainer, who always prayed both long and loud when told of an unexpected guest, came faintly from the kitchen.

"Maggie's always up to sample, isn't she?" commented John. "I wonder if we could get along without her?"

"We couldn't, and she knows it," replied Graham. "Did Maggie enter her usual protest?" he asked, as his wife came back.

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"'The shteak is not made av rubber, praises be,'" quoted Mrs. Graham, in a rich South Irish brogue. "'An' how can I make food fer three feed a dozen? Answer me thot!' Oh, Maggie is too absurd."

"Protest is in her blood," answered Graham, "and she doesn't mean any more by it than any other Irish legislator. Here come the boys," he added, as the stamping of feet and a laugh in the corridor heralded the Three Musketeers.

"We're not late, are we?" asked Peter, the younger of the Graham boys. "It's snowing again."

"I suppose it will be one of those confounded white Christmases," commented Graham as he shook hands with Porthos and Athos. "Well, perhaps they have their good points," he corrected as he caught his wife's reproachful eye. "Mrs. Graham will never let me say anything against them, but I'd prefer to migrate every winter to some country that wasn't so aggressively Puritanical—the West Indies, for instance. Many old boys back for the dinner?"

"Lots," answered Peter, "and more coming to-morrow. The Judge and the Magnate get here on the eight o'clock. It's great they're coming."

"Who are they exactly?" asked Athos.

"They're the two boys that gave me the most trouble in my first year here," answered Graham. "Everybody prophesied an evil end for both of them, and everybody was right, as usual. One's a judge of the Circuit Court, and the other owns all the railroads east of the Mississippi."

"Then how do you mean that everybody was right?" asked Porthos, who sometimes rose too late for the fly.

"Because everybody can't possibly be wrong," replied Athos, indulgently.

"Porthos," said Peter, his eyes on the ceiling, "Porthos doesn't express himself at all. He comes by freight—in the caboose."

"Dinner's ready," interrupted Mrs. Graham, who was always a little afraid that school-boy badinage might hurt the feelings of her good friend Porthos. In her girlhood she had known his mother, and had been intimately acquainted with himself when he was an infant; as a consequence she could never realize that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"All the same," said Porthos to Athos as they moved toward the dining-room, "I don't think Mr. Graham prophesied a bad end for either of them."

"Sh!" said Athos, "he'll hear you."

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Porthos.

"Idiot!" responded Athos.

It was a cheerful meal, served in the happy-go-lucky fashion that made all guests at the Grahams resolve to dismiss their servants and get a Maggie to do the work, if they had to go to Ireland after her. But they never did, because they could never find a Maggie. She was waitress, valet, cook, and spiritual adviser all in one, and this evening when she opened the door to the Judge and the Magnate, she openly praised God for their presence. When Graham reached the door, she had begun to scold them both for walking from the school in a howling blizzard.

"Well, well!" said the Judge as he greeted Graham. "I don't believe you or yours have changed a bit since the Flood, and here's the Magnate bald as a tin lamp, and me with one foot in the grave."

Be it known, the Judge was so great that he had no need to be grammatical.

"It's mighty good to be back," said the Magnate, and they came into the library with Graham between them, all three talking at once.

"It makes me feel twenty years younger to see you two again," said Mrs. Graham. "Now, sit right down and tell me all about everything—both of you—before a lot more old boys come and sidetrack Martin and me."

It was a large order, but they did their best to fill it, and succeeded to such good purpose in fifteen minutes, that the three Musketeers sat silently agape except when they were laughing. The Magnate was a wit and the Judge was a humorist; Graham was a little of both, and Mrs. Graham knew how to keep them all going. As the room filled with graduates, Graham and his wife were swept away in the currents of hospitality, but not before they had jointly extracted promises from the Judge and the Magnate to remain after all the rest had gone. The crowd—recent alumni for the most part—filled the little library, overflowed into the dining-room and parlor,

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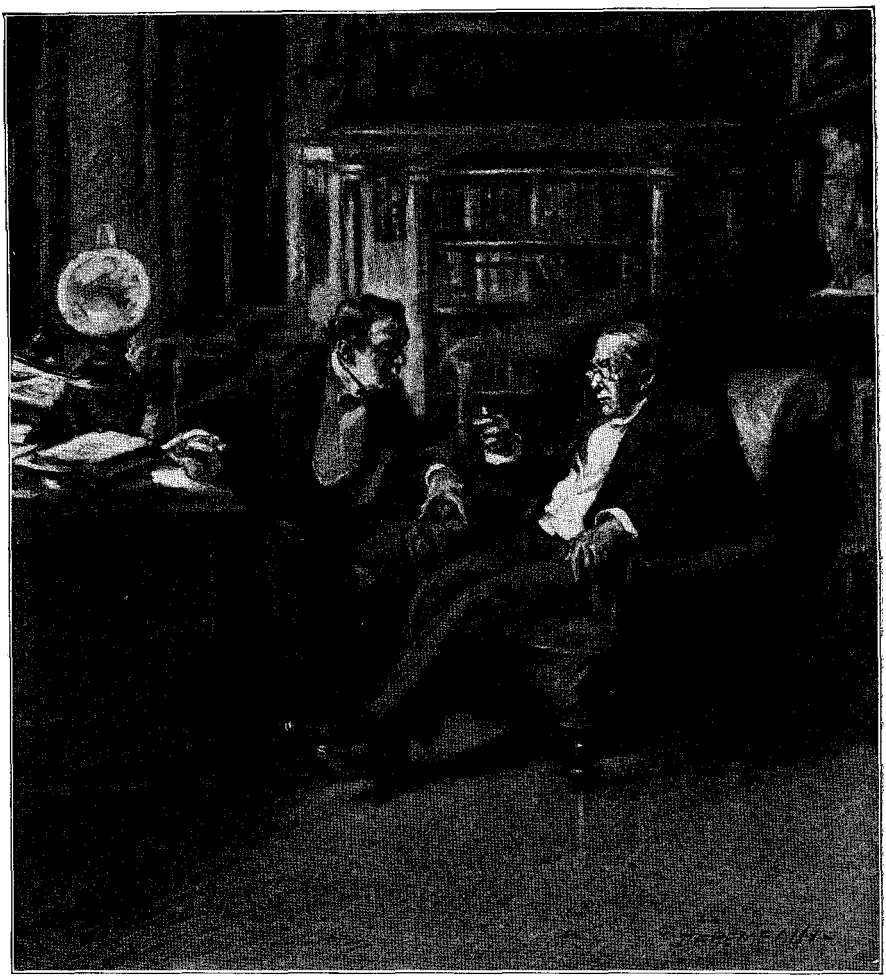

"He was too good a sport ever to squeal about it."—Page 728.

gave vent to occasional song, and separated into groups where every sentence began with "Remember the time?" The Grahams had their hands full; the Judge and the Magnate remained in their secluded corner, and it is doubtful if either of them once mentioned the Interstate Commerce Law, though the Magnate might have to appear before the Judge almost any fine day to answer for violation of it. Presently, as middle-aged men will, when opportunity offers, they took to examining the younger generation.

"Don't these boys average ten years younger than we did at their age?" remarked the Judge.

"Do you put sentences like that in your opinions?" retorted the Magnate.

"I hope not. But don't they?"

"They do," said the Magnate, and added, "Do you come back here to see the school or to see Graham?"

"I've thought of that too. I think it's Graham with me—mostly Graham, at any rate."

"Me too," said the Magnate. "I often wonder why he ever stuck to school teaching. It's all wrong, I know, but somehow I can't feel that it's quite the place for a man as brilliant as he is."

"Why is that, I wonder? It's hard to explain why a fine profession is almost universally considered petty—and all wrong, as you say. Do you know, Billy, I've often had an idea that he was never quite satisfied with it?"

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The Magnate looked at him with immeasurable scorn.

"And you a judge! Just had a vague idea—is that all? Servant of Mammon that I am, I could tell that by looking at him."

"Looks discontented, do you think?"

"I wonder if you know that as well as I do?" murmured the Magnate. The Judge, over his ears in his favorite pool of character study, did not hear him.

"You've only to look at his jaw to see that," he went on; "that is, if you didn't know it in other ways. No, it's not resig-

"But a failure—you?" he said.—Page 731.

"Far from it. There's something, though—can't you see what I mean? Wait till he smiles."

The Judge waited.

"I said, I had an idea that he wasn't satisfied," he remarked slowly; "that's legal caution, I suppose. There's always been something in his face that baffled me. It's not disappointment, or resignation, or discontent, or any of those things, because there's nothing womanish about Graham, and he's about the best loser I ever knew. He's a fighter."

nation, nor anything weak and acquiescent like that. But he's not in love with his profession."

"Generally," said the Magnate, "a man can control circumstances if he's as strong as Graham is. But sometimes there's a psychological moment to secure control, and if you don't do it then you never can."

"That's it!" exclaimed the Judge. "Graham missed his moment, and he was too good a sport ever to squeal about it to any one. That's why we're reasoning from a surmise instead of from a certainty now."

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"These must be from nearly all my former wives."—Page 731.

"But did he, after all? Would he be as big a man anywhere else as he is here? Can a man's own preference always be relied upon to show him his work in the world?"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps not. How many hundreds of boys have graduated from here since our time?"

"A good many."

"And they've all got something of Graham in them—all that are good for anything. He's a big man, Billy, a mighty big man, and the sphere isn't so limited as it looks."

"Do you suppose," said the Magnate slowly, "that he ever thinks of that side of it?"

"Not he! He doesn't know his own size in the first place."

"Yet he's missed his moment, and he's not as happy as he should be. Do you think any one ever tells him things such as we've been saying now?"

The Judge caught the idea. Afterward he claimed that he thought of it first, and that the Magnate only elaborated the details. Eventually the discussion almost caused a rupture in their friendship. But just now there was no disputation, for the time was short if they were to put the great scheme through before Christmas. It was a scheme more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon; the Judge's name was Duhamel, and he afterward brought forward that fact in support of his claim of discovery, but the Magnate cast aspersions on his logic. The Magnate's name was Jenkins.

The two were the last to leave Graham's house that night for their quarters in one of the school buildings; it was after one in the morning when the door closed behind them. Graham came back to the library when he had seen them off, and found John standing alone by the fireplace.

"The snow is making fast," he said as he sank into his favorite chair, and lit a good-night pipe. "It's nice to see them all again—'some in rags and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns.' More velvet than rags, though, bless 'em!" The pipe was going well, and he regarded his son

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keenly through the smoke. "What's on your mind, Johnny?"

"Father," answered the boy, "I've been thinking over our last conversation, and I can't see my way to being dependent on you for a medical education, with the kid coming on and all. I could make enough money in three years—school-teaching."

Graham's hand had been over his eyes, shading them from the lamp. He dropped it at John's last words, and the boy saw in his father's face something that was almost never visible there—the bitter travail in which his characteristic smile had been born.

"Johnny," said Graham after a moment, "you have no right to deprive your mother and me of anything we have looked forward to so long. If your inclinations——"

"You know my inclinations, sir."

"Better than you do. They were mine once, and I've had thirty years to get perspective on them. I thought, as you do, that I could earn all I needed in three years—and I'm not a doctor yet. I've been all that time in a profession that deserved all a man's heart and had only half of mine. I've hated it sometimes, and it's far too good for that. All that time—all these thirty years—the blood has gone back to my heart and made me sick every time I dodged an ambulance in the street, or saw the outside of a hospital. It would have been much better to borrow the money at ruinous interest, and—" He broke off, and poked the fire savagely. "Don't be a fool, John. If you are, you'll be a failure too, and you may miss meeting the woman God made for you—as I have not."

Maggie . . . retired to the kitchen and smashed crockery.—Page 731.

With a hand that trembled, the boy turned up the lamp till it smoked, and then turned it down again.

"I think I never understood before—at least not quite. I'll let you pay."

"Thanks," said Graham, dryly. He rose and stood with his back to the fireplace, the one weak spot in his armor once more effectually concealed. Upon impulse, John placed both hands on his father's shoulders and looked into his eyes.

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"But a failure—you?" he said. "I think you're the most successful man in the world."

One of Graham's usual quizzical retorts was on the tip of his tongue, but he did not let it slip off.

"The leopard's spots, my dear boy," was all he said. "I'm a very fortunate man at any rate."

"Aren't you two boys going to bed?" said Mrs. Graham, entering at that moment.

"I've decided to do what Father wants about studying medicine." John blurted it out.

"I'm so glad." She kissed him, and smiled at her husband.

"Well, let's all go to bed," said Graham, characteristically closing the subject. But he lingered after they had left the library, revolving many memories, and pondering many hopes.

So well and carefully did the Judge and the Magnate conceal their tracks, that until Graham came down to breakfast on Christmas morning he suspected nothing. His end of the table was almost entirely covered with letters; Mrs. Graham, John, and Peter, who were accessories before the fact, were in a state of more or less suppressed enthusiasm, and Maggie, who always invaded the dining-room horse, foot, and artillery when interested in anything that was going on there, was very much in evidence. Graham looked aghast at the letters.

"My sins have found me out," he said. "These must be from nearly all my former wives."

"Look at 'em, Dad," pleaded Peter.

"At the outside—yes. But I shan't open them till I'm a good deal less nervous than I am now. The Red Cross stamps alone would endow the Adirondacks."

He controlled his curiosity till he had finished his breakfast, and Maggie became so impatient that she retired to the kitchen and smashed crockery for five minutes on end.

"The condemned man ate heartily and seemed calm," observed John, as his father opened the first letter.

Graham's face changed as he read, and lost the expression of whimsical dismay that had rested upon it since he entered the room. The deep lines softened; the calm optimism of it became vivified by a very poignant pleasure. It was a shadow of the way he had looked at their wedding, his wife thought, and at a very few other times in their life together. He read letter after letter, oblivious or almost oblivious of the rest of his family. There were letters from men who had been boys thirty years ago, and from boys of last year; letters from boys he dimly remembered, and from some that he had almost completely forgotten; letters from the West, the East, the South, and the North; from Wall Street, and from the prairies. None of them were very long, but every one of them recalled relations and events which he thought had long since faded from the memories of these Christmas correspondents. Some thanked him for some specific thing that he had done for them in the old days; some, and these were the most pleasant of all, thanked him not at all, but only wished him the merriest of Christmases; some jested, and a few were pensive. All the parties signatory had quite evidently written with a keen pleasure in the writing, for the Judge's circular letter had commanded this—"if you can't do it *con amore*, don't do it at all." As Graham finished each letter he passed it to John, and it went the round of the table. In the end, he looked across the centrepiece at his wife, then turned to John with a smile that was as his old smile, yet in some way subtly different.

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd better teach school after all."

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Molière

From a photograph by Braun Clément & Co. of the painting by Pierre Mignard, in the Musée de Chantilly.

MOLIÈRE AND LOUIS XIV

By Brander Matthews

I

THE "Impromptu de Versailles" was the first play of Molière's written to the King's order; and it was speedily followed by others, commanded by Louis XIV and composed especially for performance at court. It would be idle to assert that these plays, prepared for particular occasions and cramped by the rigorous limitations of the court-ballet, have greatly raised Molière's reputation with posterity. But the cleverness and the ease with which he carried out the King's wishes, did lift him higher in the favor of the monarch, who had taken all power into his own hands. Perhaps we must consider these lighter trifles, put together hurriedly to meet the caprice of the King, as the price that Molière paid for the privilege of writing his later and ampler plays to please himself, the richer and deeper comedies in which he was able to express himself more abundantly.

Yet there is no reason to think that Molière was working against the grain in trying to gratify the King, or that he did not find amusement himself in the exercise of his inventive ingenuity. Probably the association with the King and with the court was as pleasant to him as it was profitable. Louis XIV was then young; he had only recently come into power; he was ardent in the pursuit of pleasure. He enjoyed every kind of theatrical entertainment, delighting more

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particularly in musical spectacle. He was good-looking and graceful; and he liked to figure in the court-ballets, a form of quasi-drama, which had a general likeness to the English masques, both of them being descended from the same Italian original. Popular at court for several reigns, these ballets had been mostly mythological in theme, as unreal as they were elaborate, setting in action Minerva and Venus, the muses and the graces, satyrs and nymphs. The plot itself was almost always forced and fantastic; and the interest of the spectators was centred on the groups of dancers, who came on at intervals to sing and to caper in character.

In the "Fâcheux" Molière had shown how it was possible to get away from the frippery of mythology and to devise a genuine play, which would justify a succession of songs and dances quite as well as the earlier and emptier schemes introducing gods and goddesses. In that comedy-ballet, simple as it was, he had proved that a web of true comedy might be embroidered at will with the interludes of singing and dancing which characterized the ballet. The comedy-ballet, as Molière thus presented it, was less pretentious and less fatiguing than the earlier type with its exaggerated grandiloquence; and it was more amusing because it contained within the spectacle what was after all a real play, however slight this might be and however overladen this might seem when distended by its extraneous terpsichorean accompaniments.

Stripped of these needless accessories, the "Fâcheux" is but a single act. So is the first comedy-ballet, which Molière devised for Louis XIV himself, the "Mariage Forcé." It is in one act, in prose; but it was first performed in January, 1664, at the Louvre, with a variety of songs and dances, which expanded it to three acts. It was written for the King; it was produced before him; and it was also performed by him—for he himself appeared as a gypsy in one of the interludes. The plot has the needful simplicity; it turns on a single suggestion, presented from a variety of aspects. *Sganarelle*, the same fixed type that Molière had impersonated more than once before, is a man of fifty, and he is thinking of getting married. But he does not know his own mind two minutes together. He consults a friend: he consults two philosophers, one after the other; he even consults a pair of gypsy girls; he has a disquieting interview with his chosen bride, and he overhears a still more disquieting interview between her and one of her admirers. Finally, he resolves to break off the match; and thereupon the chosen bride's father sends him her gentle spoken brother, who insists either on a duel to the death or a marriage on the spot. And *Sganarelle* accepts immediate matrimony in preference to immediate mortality.

This is the story of the play in one act; yet it lends itself to a host of other consultations and of other misadventures of *Sganarelle*, episodes of singing and dancing, which Molière ingeniously scatters through the action, and which he could omit without loss when the play had to stand on its own merits. There is genuine comedy in the perplexities of *Sganarelle:* and there is rich humor in the two philosophers whom he seeks to consult. The pedant with his mouth crammed with scholastic phrases was one of the accepted types of the comedy-of-masks; but in the hands of the Italians it presented only a caricature of external characteristics. Molière had had a solid training in philosophy himself; the vocabulary of the schools was perfectly familiar to him; and here he turned it to humorous uses, caricaturing the essential qualities of the philosophy then going out of fashion. Having utilized what are really three of the fixed types of the comedy-of-masks, Molière employed again its customary and convenient scene, the open square, with the houses of four of the characters all on the stage together—those of the two philosophers, that of the bride, and that of *Sganarelle* himself. As usual, the acting took place in the neutral ground between the houses, very much as it had done in the "École des Femmes."

This summary outline serves to show that the "Mariage Forcé" is not one of Molière's more important plays; but it will serve as a specimen of the comedy-ballet which he was often called upon to improvise at the King's command.

II

"THE best title of Louis XIV to the recollection of posterity is the protection he extended to Molière," so Mr. John [Lord] Morley has declared; "and one reason why

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this was so meritorious is that Molière's work had a markedly critical character, in reference both to the devout and to the courtier. But Molière is only critical by accident. There is nothing organically negative about him; and his plays are the pure dramatic presentation of a peculiar civilization." The civilization that Molière portrayed was peculiar partly because of the conditions which had prevailed in France during the infancy and youth of Louis XIV, and partly because of the personal character of the King himself.

Francis I had already established the royal authority, breaking down the influence of the feudal nobles in the provinces, and seeking to centre all power in Paris in the hands of the sovereign. Richelieu took up the work of Francis I and made ready to substitute autocracy for mere monarchy. He overrode violently all laws and all customs which might in any way limit the might of the monarch. So thoroughly did he consolidate the kingly power that it survived the weak rule of Mazarin, marred by the petty bickerings and murderous intriguings of the Fronde. Louis XIV lived through the Fronde; and suffered from it and was humiliated by it. What he was then forced to see intensified his resolve that he himself, when he took the government, should be supreme, with no one to gainsay his royal will. He meant to be the focus of everything; to hold all command in his own control; to let no one shine except by reflected light from the throne; to be the centre of the solar system. It was as though he had taken to heart the saying set him as a copy for his boyish writing-lessons: "Homage is due to kings; and they may do whatever they choose."

The reign of Louis XIV, like the reign of Solomon, began magnificently; and both kings, the Frenchman and the Hebrew, survived to see the failure of their rule, the misery of their people, and the pitiful diminishing of their glory. There were not a few great men in France, while Louis XIV sat on the throne; but the King himself was not one of them. He was not a man of much more than ordinary ability, although he was not without a certain sly cleverness. He had a shrewdness of his own; he had abundant taste; he had the knack of saying the right word at the right time; he was wise enough never to uncover his immense ignorance, the result of his neglected education. He was as lacking in depth of understanding and in breadth of outlook as he was in solidity of knowledge. His dominant characteristics were pride and selfishness; and they united to give him a monstrous egotism, even surpassing that of Napoleon, without being sustained by the soaring imagination and the superb energy of the Corsican adventurer.

He was supremely proud and also superlatively vain, although in most men who are proud the larger vice inhibits the pettier. He erected statues to himself in his own lifetime; and he did not allow any statues to be erected during his reign to any of his predecessors. He created Versailles, where he was free from all comparison with the past splendor of France, and where he caused to be strewn broadcast throughout the decorations, his own boastful emblem, the sun, and his vainglorious motto, declaring that he had "no equal among many!" At Versailles, which he had created, he saw only his own creatures, the courtiers who hung on his nod and who prostrated themselves at his beck. He was jealous of the ablest of his ministers, Colbert and Louvois, at times treating them harshly, while he was more affable toward their feebler successors who had no will of their own, and whom he preferred because he believed that he had trained them himself. He was ever greedy of flattery, although not so insatiable in his youth as he became in his old age, when the only way to the royal favor was by grovelling servility. Yet even when he had just ascended to the throne he was always expecting a compliment, almost demanding fulsome eulogy, and never declining it, however gross or abject it might be. He took himself so seriously that this incense seemed to him only what was due to him. He was so well pleased with it that he seems never to have despised those who proffered it.

His selfishness was appalling. In all France he cared for no one and for nothing but himself and his own pride. In public affairs he held himself above all law, overruling every other authority in the state without scruple or hesitation. In his private life he disdained to be bound by any code of morality or even of decency. In his youth he was an ardent sensualist; and in his old age he naturally became a narrow-

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minded bigot. He flaunted his amorous intrigues, sometimes two or three at once, in the face of the Queen, in the eyes of the whole court, and even before the people of France. He punished severely the lady in charge who sought to prevent his having access by night to the apartments of the Queen's maids of honor. He legitimated his bastards, even those he had by Mme. de Montespan, the children of a double adultery, which he thus forced on the gaze of the world. He had no consideration for the fatigue or the health even of those whom he cherished, his intimates, his own family. He had no regret, no kindly feeling, no gentle word for the vanquished or for those who no longer pleased him. His own personal caprice was his sole law.

What his sluggish mind and his arid soul most delighted in was the empty ceremonial of Versailles. He found unfailing pleasure in the pettiness of it all. He enjoyed the routine of royalty; and in the incessant direction of all its details he was as hard-working as he was hard-hearted. He was glad to submit himself to rigorous slavery of the prescribed etiquette and he subjected all the nobility to it, enforcing their attendance upon his person, to the neglect of their estates and the ruin of their fortunes. He did everything in public, the cynosure of an adoring group of courtiers. He got out of bed and washed his hands and put on his shirt while a throng of nobles filled his bedroom. Every day had its regulated duties and every hour had its prescribed occupations. Life at Versailles was monotonous and servile; and the sole relief for the emptiness of this parade was the spectacle of envious rivalry for the favor of the sovereign. The King himself did not care if everybody was uncomfortably lodged in the ill-planned and unhealthy palace; he was himself in reality little better off than they were. The outward show with its gaudiness gratified him daily and hourly, so that he gave no thought to the discomfort, the dirt, and the ever-present possibility of disease. He had no more regard for the convenience or the health of the courtiers whose presence in the palace was due to his direct command, than he had for the well-being of the populace of the kingdom, crushed beneath the taxes constantly increasing to pay for the palace, for the support of the courtiers, for the lavish wastefulness of the royal existence, and for the indefensible wars to which he was urged by his pitiful avidity for mistaken glory.

In the beginning of his reign he gave France what it most needed, order and stability and unity, that it had never had before. Toward the end he laid waste the Palatinate; he ordered ruthless religious persecutions executed by brutal dragoons; and he revoked the Edict of Nantes, which broke up countless homes, sowed discord in countless families, drove out of the kingdom hundreds of thousands of most useful and orderly citizens; and by so doing he deprived France of a most precious element in its population, an element that might have wisely guided the Revolution which his selfish rule made inevitable. Louis XIV was the perfect embodiment of the King by divine right. In him we see this autocratic principle reduced to the absurd. He acted selfishly always, seeking glory in useless war and in ostentatious living; and he never felt any obligation to consider the cost of this glory, such as it was. He has been acclaimed as a great king; but assuredly it is only as a king that he is great. He was despicable in the meanness of his ambition and he was contemptible in the intensity of his selfishness. Behind all his grandeur his essential pettiness stands forth.

III

If Louis XIV was the King whose character has been summarily indicated in the previous paragraphs and if Molière was the man whose character is known to all the world, how was it possible that they should ever have worked together, that the playwright should have pleased the sovereign, and that the monarch should have sustained the dramatist? The question must needs be put, and it is not easy to answer.

First of all, must it be noted that Molière saw the King only in the earlier years of his reign before the worst characteristics of the ruler had had time to be declared or even to be developed. When Molière died the King was only thirty-five; and it was after Molière's death that the royal selfishness stiffened into habit. The defects of the King's character and the appalling results of these defects were scarcely visible during Molière's lifetime. Molière shared with his contemporaries an inherited regard and

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admiration for the kings of France. He had seen the meanness and the misery of the Fronde; and he was glad to behold the reins of government firmly held by a strong hand. In the beginning of the young king's rule there was peace and prosperity in the land; and the monarch got the credit even if Colbert had done the work. There was a general gladness in the air; and the buoyancy of hope. Molière, like the rest of his countrymen, was captivated by the glamour of Louis XIV's youthful grace.

Then Molière was a burgher of Paris, with no love for the arrogant nobles; and he was gratified to see the King take power from them and keep it for himself. This action of the sovereign, while it might raise him to a still loftier position, tended toward a juster equality among his subjects. Molière was no republican; he was no precursor of the Revolution; he was no advanced thinker; he had no aptitude for political speculation; he accepted the framework of government as he found it, glad that the King gave to the country the internal peace it sorely needed. Molière was no sycophant; he had manly self-respect; but he was his own contemporary, after all; and like his contemporaries in France, he unhesitatingly accepted the inequalities of society as he found them. There is no reason to suppose that he perceived the emptiness of rank and the danger that comes from the existence of privileged classes. He had no respect for place in itself, for the foolish courtier, for the dissolute noble; and he took every occasion to laugh at the one and to hold the other up to scorn, pleased that the King permitted this. For the rest, for the system of caste, for the autocracy of the monarch, he cared little, accepting a state of things which must have seemed to him natural.

Furthermore, Molière had a hereditary appointment in the King's household. Chaucer was a "valet of the King's chamber" to Edward III; and Molière had the humbler post of one of the *valets de chambre tapissiers du roi* to Louis XIV. This appointment gave him a personal relation to the sovereign; it imposed on him the occasional task of making the King's bed; it may even account in some measure for the protection now and again extended to him by the monarch, whose pride led him to look with favor on all those attached to his own person. For this protection, however, it is easy to find other reasons. The King in his youth was very fond of the theatre; and Molière brought back to Paris a type of broadly humorous play, which the monarch greatly relished. This accounts for the bestowal, first of the Petit-Bourbon, and secondly of the Palais Royal. Later, as Molière grew in stature as a comic dramatist and began to put more of the realities of life into his comedies, the King found himself provided with a new form of pleasure. The records show that Louis XIV, as might have been expected, preferred comedy to tragedy; and in acting comedy Molière's company was far superior to the rival organizations. This, in itself, was a reason why the King should afterward take the company under his own patronage. This would explain the King's suggestion of a new character to be added to the "Fâcheux"; and also his commanding Molière to retort on his enemies with the "Impromptu de Versailles."

Probably Louis XIV, entrenched in his own pride, found pleasure in Molière's exposure of the *précieuse* and of the marquis and of the falsely devout. Probably again, the sovereign was so secure in his supremacy that he felt no fear of any social disintegration, such as would have influenced a usurper like Napoleon, who declared at St. Helena that he would never have permitted the first performance of "Tartuffe." Under Napoleon "Tartuffe" would have been suppressed and its author exiled; and under Louis XIV it was performed and its author rewarded. This much must be set down to the credit of Louis XIV. That the King really saw and felt the purport of that play is very unlikely; and it is still more unlikely that he ever suspected its author to be more than a clever contriver of comic plays. Molière was manly always, and never servile; but when he was in the presence of the King he knew his place and kept it. Not for nothing had he cultivated his insight into human nature; and we may be sure that he had formed a pretty shrewd guess as to the best way to win the regard of the sovereign and to gain the royal support for the bolder comedy he had resolved to write.

The most open road to the young King's good will was to minister to his pleasures; and it was along this road that Molière advanced. He was prompt to obey the

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King's wishes and to anticipate the King's desires. However important the work on which he might be engaged, he was always ready to lay it aside to devise the kind of play that the King wanted, comedy-ballet or spectacle, as the case might be. Whatever the inconvenience to himself, the insufficiency of time, the haste with which he had to fulfil his task, he never hesitated and he never complained. Whatever the King had commanded was executed at once by Molière as best he could. Swift obedience was a quality Louis XIV could well appreciate—as he could also the inventive fertility that Moliere revealed in the succession of plays written to order. It is no wonder that the King was willing to do what he could for a servant of his pleasures, who met his wishes at once. To say this is not to say Louis XIV overlooked the difference of rank any more than Moliere forgot it.

There is a pretty anecdote setting forth the King's discovery that Molière was once breakfastless because his fellow *valets de chambre* refused to eat with an actor and narrating the monarch's magnanimity in thereupon inviting the dramatist to join him in his own royal meal. It is a picturesque legend illustrated in paintings by Ingres and Gérôme. But it is quite impossible to believe without surrendering all we know about the inevitable etiquette and the invincible ceremonial of the court, and without denying the haughty arrogance of the sovereign who was served alone, and who did not allow even the princes of the blood to sit at meat with him. It could not have happened; but if it had happened, the report of an event so monstrous would have reverberated through all the abundant letters and journals of the time. As the case stands, the simple story first emerges a century and a half after Molière's death; and it appears then in a memoir of slight historic validity, wherein it is credited to the doubtful recollection of an unnamed physician.

There are two other anecdotes, of which one at least is more solidly authenticated, and which reveal more clearly the King's opinion of the dramatist. Grimarest, Molière's second biographer, to whom we are more indebted than many later scholars have been willing to admit, and who displayed a desire to collect all the information accessible—Grimarest, writing in 1705, declared that "within the year the King had occasion to say that there were two men he could never replace, Molière and Lulli." Now Lulli was a wily Florentine, who composed the music for the court-ballets, and who also shone as a buffoon, evoking spontaneous laughter by his antics. Grimarest would not have dared to publish this in the King's lifetime, if he had not believed it to be true. And it sounds highly probable, for it confirms the belief that Louis XIV saw in Molière, not so much the supreme comic dramatist, as the deviser of court-ballets, the adroit minister to royal amusement.

The other anecdote is to be found in the life of Racine, written by his son. The assertion is there made that Louis XIV once asked Boileau who was the rarest of the great writers that had given glory to France during his reign, and that Boileau at once named Molière. To which the King replied, "I should not have thought it," adding with the gracious condescension he seems often to have shown to Boileau—"but you know more about these things than I do." Probably it had never before struck him that Molière was either a great writer or a rare genius, since he had always regarded from a very different point of view the dramatist who was also an actor.

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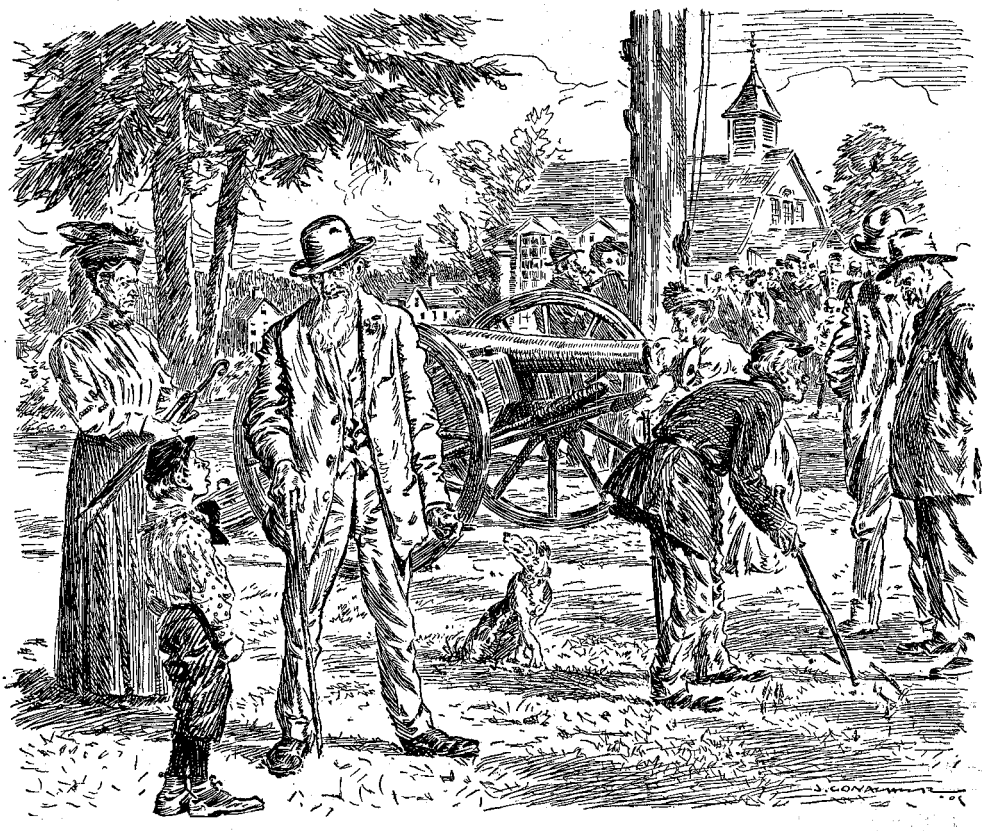

"Grandpaw, why wasn't you to the war?"

THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CONACHER

"GRANDPAW, why wasn't you to the war?"

It was the hundredth time little Myron had asked the question, and having replied a hundred times to the satisfaction of any fair-minded person, Amos Killiwill felt justified in answering it now with a look of reproach. But it was hurled at him as he stood conspicuous in the dusty-brown clothes of peace amid the warlike blue of the Grand Army, and the eyes bent on him from beneath the brims of many slouch hats seemed to demand a reply. He had to tell again the story which he had been hurling from the housetops these thirty years—how he had wanted to go, but his brother Bert had stolen a march and slipped away in the night, leaving him to care for their old parents; how Bert had been killed at Gettysburg. But these were not fair minds that he addressed, and the more he descanted on Bert's heroic service the broader were the smiles greeting him on every hand. Then the question was put to him by Mrs. Cridle, and it came with a double cut, for her son was only playing the cymbals in the band, yet as she asked it she looked the picture of the Spartan mother, from the exalted height of the top step regarding him contemptuously as he sat among the women and the children watching the parade. He was with the

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women and the children when the Rev. Mr. Hike, from an impregnable position on the rostrum, hurled his volley of reproaches at the craven souls who had clung to security and plenty when their brothers were fighting for their country, and it seemed that the rolling periods and disdainful glances of the orator of the day were aimed at him. He fled. Only when in his own home did he feel safe from contemptuous eyes, from curling lips and shrugging shoulders. But even here the music of the band penetrated and set his blood to tingling, and the roar of the post cannon made his heart leap. The spirit of the boy does not die in the man. It needs but martial music and the crash of guns to arouse it. And in Mr. Killiwill's soul the boy was stirred to lusty life. He longed to step with the drum-beat, to have a hand on the cannon's rope, to take a man's part at the camp-fire. But he had stayed at home! He had no place in the village that day—not even for Bert's sake. He would go away and stay away till the storm of war had passed over the valley. He would go to Gettysburg, for there, if anywhere, there where Bert had died, he would be treated with some distinction. And he longed for a little distinction. He had never tasted of it, but it was enough that he had seen his friends feasting on it, as in the pride of their blue and brass they marched and countermarched through the village street.

Distinction came quicker to Mr. Killiwill than he had expected, and in a degree beyond his dreams. Yet he reaped only what he had sowed, for when a man plants a soldier cap upon his head and boards a train for Gettysburg it is to be presumed that he is a veteran returning to the scenes of his prowess. No one would dream of asking him why he had not gone to the war. And this was the very reason why Mr. Killiwill was wearing Bert's old cap, the one precious relic of his brother's soldier life. He had no purpose to sail under false colors. He was going as a Christian dog would go, in a Mussulman's garb, to penetrate the mysteries of Mecca. This innocent disguise would allow him to wander unharried among the monuments; he could stand in peace on the spot where Bert had died and it would be as though Bert's spirit were protecting him from contemptuous inquisition. But though his first intention was innocent enough, he began to feel a guilty pride when he noticed the sidelong glances of respect which were aimed at him. Then the conductor addressed him as "captain," and he accepted the honor as the easiest thing to do, yet unconsciously he sat more erect and looked out more fiercely from beneath the battered visor. That a real veteran, a man in the Grand Army uniform, should halt in the aisle beneath the flickering light of the lamp and stare at him, was not surprising, but it was surprising that the stranger should suddenly grasp a seat for support, and then when strength had returned to his shaking knees should flee to the end of the car. There he made a feint at drinking at the water-cooler, but Mr. Killiwill saw that over the top of the glass he was being furtively watched. He turned to the window as though something in the gathering darkness without held his attention, but all the while he kept the corner of one eye intent on what was happening within. With quick steps that told of a sudden resolution made at immense cost to nerves, the stranger came down the aisle, stopped at his side, and leaning over touched him fearfully on the shoulder.

"Bert!" he exclaimed, recoiling when his finger met solid substance.

Mr. Killiwill started. It was his turn to be frightened, and he shrank into his corner. The unerring first impulse was for honesty, but it was not easy to explain to this gallant veteran why he had not gone to war, and still more difficult why he was masquerading in his brother's soldier cap.

"Bert Killiwill," the veteran said again in thick voice, "I thought you were dead; I could 'most have swore you were, yet who could forget that pecul'ar cast of the eye? When I saw you looking out of the window and at me all at oncet, I said to myself, 'It's him—I'm sure it is him.'"

Hard though Mr. Killiwill pressed against the side of the car, it would not open to let him escape, and the stranger cut off all way of retreat by dropping into the seat beside him and placing a hand on his knee, pinching it hard to make sure that it was flesh and bone.

"Don't you mind Hatcher—Henery Hatcher?" he asked.

"No." Mr. Killiwill's voice trembled as he spoke. "I don't remember anything."

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"Where have you been all these years?" demanded Mr. Hatcher, squeezing his knee till he winced. "How did it come you wasn't killed at Gettysburg after all? You don't wonder I took you for a ghost first off, do you? Can't you remember anything? Think a bit—you mind Hatcher—Henery Hatcher, your old tent-mate?"

This bombardment of questions demanded an answer. Mr. Killiwill realized that

"Bert!" he exclaimed, recoiling when his finger met solid substance.—Page 739.

he could extricate himself from his unpleasant position by telling the truth, but the truth entailed a humiliating confession, so he had recourse to cunning. He played for time, fleeing to the refuge of tobacco, that boon companion of procrastination, and while he filled his pipe, and lighted it, and puffed it into soothing life, he settled on a line of action. Mr. Hatcher could not keep him a prisoner forever in the corner of this seat, and if he allowed him to persist for a few hours in his mistake the moment must come when he could quietly abandon the unsought company. For the present there was a certain delight in sitting this way, smoking, journeying with so pleasant a companion, a man marked above the common herd by his blue and brass.

"I don't mind much about the war, Henery," said Mr. Killiwill softly. "I have heard tell that I was killed, but, of course, that's not so. I do remember that I was hit here." He tapped his forehead. "The next I knew I was home, and there I've been till to-day, when I felt kind of an onresistable desire to go back to the old battlefield. Now, tell me all about yourself. Mebbe you'll help my memory."

Mr. Hatcher was not to be side-tracked so easily, for the return of Bert Killiwill to life was a remarkable event and not one to be passed over lightly.

"The boys will be surprised," he cried, slapping his companion heartily on the shoulder. "You'll give 'em a shock, sure. They'll all be at the reunion—all that's left of the old regiment. Ballinger, the colonel, and our captain—of course you remember them, Bert?"

"I was hit here," Mr. Killiwill said, tapping his head again. He could not fight back the smile which came to his face as he thought of the boys and the surprise in store for them. To Mr. Hatcher this was only evidence of a disordered condition of mind, such as might be expected in one who had been struck on the head with the butt of a musket in the heat of battle.

"I understand, Bert," he said kindly. "You mustn't bother about things too much, for it might upset you more. Mebbe seeing familiar faces will bring back your memory gradual."

He moved toward the end of the seat, and half turned, so that from the vantage of distance he could fix a more earnest eye on his comrade's face. His brow was furrowed; he seemed to be concentrating all his own mental force on awakening the sluggish consciousness of his old friend.

"Bert, there is something I want to ask you," he said in a deep, measured tone, a voice so ominous that Mr. Killiwill started. "There is one you remember, now isn't there—one?"

"One?" exclaimed Mr. Killiwill, meeting the solemn gaze with frightened eyes.

"One," returned Mr. Hatcher; "one who was very dear to you."

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"Think—think—can't you remember the one?"—Page 742.

Mr. Killiwill shrank back into the corner, tapping his forehead again and again. "I was hit here," he said. He was beginning to think that he really was Bert and had suffered a blow from a musket, so sure was Mr. Hatcher of it and so masterful in his treatment of his unfortunate comrade.

"Think of one," commanded the veteran, "of one you'd rather see than anybody else on earth."

He passed his hands before his companion's eyes, but this hypnotic gesture was to Mr. Killiwill a threat of violence and he edged further away.

"What are you talking about?" he said hoarsely, raising his arms to protect himself.

"I am referring to—" Mr. Hatcher stopped. For a moment he studied Mr. Killiwill's face, to find in the anxious, reproachful look there but further evidence of mental weakness. "I won't tell you now, Bert," he went on in a tone of caress. "Shocks are bad in such cases and we must bring you back easy-like."

His kindly demeanor restored Mr. Killiwill's courage and with a show of some spirit he demanded, "Now, who are you referring to?"

But the veteran shook his head. "Not now," he said. "I'm afraid of upsetting you. It's enough that we have you back—even as you are—and it's mighty glad the boys will be to see you living instead of in a soldier's grave. You are in my charge now, comrade, and to-night we'll be tenting once more on the old camp-ground, which is to say at the boarding-house where my folks are staying."

The mysterious reference to the one whom, above all others, he wished to see had made Mr. Killiwill very uneasy, and he was now fixed in his intention not to leave the train at Gettysburg at all, but to let it carry him on, out of the clutches of this kind-hearted comrade who had taken possession of him. But circumstances con-

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spired against him, and when the train was slowing down, the conductor called the last stop, Gettysburg, and Mr. Hatcher confiscated his little hand-bag. There was nothing left for him but to surrender for the time and to trust for the evening to open a way of escape. So he followed his companion with trepidation, for back of all the kindness, the gentle grip on the arm, the soothing modulation of the voice, he was beginning to suspect some deep-laid motive. He could face his own past without fear, for it was as clean as an unused slate, but of Bert's he was not so confident, and it was into Bert's that he was being carried. His fear of that past grew deeper when Mr. Hatcher stopped suddenly beneath a flickering street-lamp and again began those mysterious passes before his eyes, saying in solemn tones as he waved his hands, "Think—think—can't you remember the one?"

"I don't remember anything, Henery. I was hit here," cried Mr. Killiwill frantically.

Fearing to overturn by emotion the already tilting senses of his comrade, Mr. Hatcher desisted and led the way on in silence. But once in the boarding-house the soft smile which had been playing about his lips began to spread; it caught his eyes and they beamed on Mr. Killiwill; it caught his hands and they rubbed themselves together with a soft, unctuous sound; it caught his feet and they did little jig-steps about the narrow hall.

"Henery!" cried the astonished Mr. Killiwill.

"Ssh!" whispered Mr. Hatcher raising a finger in warning. "Now open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you a great, big, big surprise."

With one hand he seized the door-knob and with the other he caught Mr. Killiwill by the shoulder and pushed him violently into the parlor.

In a rocking-chair, beneath a lamp, reading, sat a woman. The commotion made by Mr. Killiwill on his sudden entrance brought her to her feet. The sight of him sent her down into the chair again and she lay back staring at him. Then she began to tremble so violently that all her long curls got a-going and her hands shook as she lifted them to her eyes to adjust her spectacles.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Killiwill with an apologetic cough.

At the sound of his voice she clutched the string of pink corals which hung from her throat and began twisting them as though she would end her life by strangling.

"I hope I didn't startle you, ma'am," said Mr. Killiwill, a little louder.

She rose slowly from her chair. "Bert!" she cried. "My Bert, back from the grave!"

Mr. Killiwill groaned. Only the truth could save him now, and it was on his lips, but when he raised his hands to make his solemn avowal, his brother's old soldier cap rose before his eyes with them, a thing to be explained, and explained, to humiliate him. He clapped it on his head to get it out of his sight, backed toward the door and laid a hand on the knob, only to find that it would not turn. He edged toward the window, hoping to discover there a means of egress, however undignified, but even in this he was checked, this time by a woman's hands.

"You are real," she cried joyfully, as her fingers closed on his arm. "Oh, Bert, don't you remember me—Emily Hatcher—your Emily?"

"No, I don't," snapped Mr. Killiwill, striving to push her away from him gently. "I don't remember anything."

But she would not be denied. With a sob she clasped her hands behind his neck and suddenly became limp, so that Mr. Hatcher, projecting his head into the room at this juncture, thought it wise to leave the happily united pair alone. Though he closed the door softly, the click of the latch did not escape the quick ear of Mr. Killiwill.

"Henery—old comrade," he called pleadingly.

"I thought she'd bring your memory back," cried Mr. Hatcher, as he answered the summons and advanced toward the pair with arms upraised in fraternal benediction. "I thought that when the sight of the one you loved best on earth burst upon your eyes the whole past would open up like. I knowed——"

"Oh, Henry, I am so happy," sighed Miss Hatcher. "To think that he has come back—him I thought dead—after thirty years of waiting."

"See here, Mr. Hatcher," cried Mr.

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Killiwill, "there's some mistake. I never saw this lady before. I never——"

"That's all right, Bert," returned Mr. Hatcher, patting him kindly. "Don't get excited. You see, Emily, he was hit on the head with a musket and don't recollect anything, so you must treat him patient and gentle—mention things as will arouse his dearest memories, such as the moonlight evening you two were walking along the mill-dam and he asked you to be his—tell him how true you have been to him—kind of touch him, and meantime I'm off to rouse the boys and get up a reception."

With that he darted out of the room, and the banging of the front door and the rapid footfalls on the pavement promised the quick coming of the comrades. So confused was Mr. Killiwill that he was hardly aware of what was passing, and when at last the quiet of the place and the soothing tones of Miss Hatcher's voice stilled the turmoil of his brain, he was surprised to discover that he was sitting beside her on the settee; his arm was actually around her waist and his subtle effort to withdraw it disclosed the fact that his hand was firmly imprisoned in hers. He was angry. Modesty bade him rise and free himself, even with violence were that necessary, but how could he when she nestled against him so naturally and her very curls seemed to claim his shoulder as their birthright? He glanced down at her stealthily. It was many years since he had looked this way into a woman's face, and the prospect pleased his eyes though it was somewhat autumnal. His anger fled, for after all the present was not unpleasant, and while he sat up very straight, staring at the ceiling and seemed to disclaim any connection with the imprisoned arm, he remained passive.

"It's so good to have you here again," Miss Hatcher said, and he saw that it was only kind to return the pressure of her

Sent her down into the chair again.—Page 742.

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hand. "You know I never, never could believe that you were killed. Mr. Pettingbird used to say to me, 'Miss Hatcher, you are wasting away, thinking of him as is gone.' And I used to say to him, 'Mr. Pettingbird, the memory of my soldier boy is dearer to me than all the riches you can lay at my feet.' And that was a good deal, Herbert, for Mr. Pettingbird was the leading druggist in Carlisle. Wouldn't it have been awful if you'd have come back and found me Mrs. Pettingbird?" Miss Hatcher shuddered.

"Pettingbird, old Pettingbird!" cried Mr. Killiwill, as though the leaven of mirth was in the very memory of his discomfited rival. This time the pressure originated in his hand, for he had begun to feel that Miss Hatcher's sufferings and sacrifices had placed his family in her debt, and he alone was left to repay her.

"Mr. Pettingbird had almost won me," Miss Hatcher went on softly, looking away from him. "Then you came home with Henry on furlough and after that all his wealth couldn't tempt me."

"Pettingbird—old Pettingbird!" repeated Mr. Killiwill.

Miss Hatcher looked up sharply. "You remember him and yet you don't remember me," she said in a tone of chiding. "You've changed so little that it seems only yesterday that we parted. Can't you mind one tiny little thing of it all, Bert?"

"A little," replied Mr. Killiwill, for he was not a man to make a woman unhappy by his coldness.

"What?" she asked, seizing his free hand and holding him completely captive.

Mr. Killiwill coughed. "There was the —the—it's gone from my mind. My memory is so jumpy."

"The night we walked by the milldam," prompted Miss Hatcher. "You told me——"

She looked up at him. He knew what he must have said under such circumstances, but he could see no reason for repeating what she had known for thirty years, and was silent, his feet seeming to hold all his attention and to require profound study.

"What was it you told me?" she asked softly.

"Well," he replied, "I guess I must have said that I favored you."

"That you loved me," she corrected.

"Yes, mebbe I said that," he returned, pulling at an ear as though it troubled him.

"And do you still wear that lock of my hair?" she said.

"Now that you mention it," he replied with shameless assurance, "I do mind coming across it in one of my pockets and I couldn't think where I got it; so I gave it to Myron."

"Myron? Who's Myron?" inquired Miss Hatcher.

"He's my grand—" Mr. Killiwill caught himself just in time. "My grandnephew —my brother Amos's son's boy," he added quickly. "I can't remember much, but I guess you'll find that on the main points I'm all right."

His incautious reference to his grandson warned Mr. Killiwill that though his present situation was delightful enough it was fraught with danger to him. In this exchange of tender nothings he was frittering away precious moments, for Mr. Hatcher would soon be upon him with a sufficient force of comrades to guard him. If ever, this was his time to escape, for beguiled by his increasingly tender glances, Miss Hatcher had relaxed her vigilance and allowed her hand to lie passively in his. Hardly breathing lest a tremor betray him, he withdrew his arm, as gently as though she were made of spun glass, and once free, rose hurriedly. She tried to follow, but he pushed her back with gentle insistence.

"No, Emily," he said in his softest tone, "you are too tired—too overcome by this happy meeting. Rest here while I run down to the hotel and get supper, for I've had nothing since noon but an apple."

"You might forget me again," she exclaimed, struggling to rise.

Mr. Killiwill avoided the outstretched hands and made a dash for the door, only to run into the arms of Mr. Hatcher and a great company of veterans. With a cheer they swept him back into the room. They all knew him. It mattered little that he did not know them, for they understood, and the mental infirmity he suffered for his country only made him doubly dear to them.

So happy were they over his miraculous escape and his return, and so considerate of his peculiar mental state, that there was little for Mr. Killiwill to do but to receive

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their felicitations in embarrassed silence. When he tried to speak their voices drowned his. If he raised a hand in protest, some one seized it and shook it. When he struggled free from the grasp of Comrade Simmons it was only to fall into the arms of Comrade Pitcher. Bewildered by this boisterous reception, he forgot Miss Hatcher's existence, for the press of old soldiers about him had shut her from his view. Her brother brought her back to him, and the wild hope he had cherished that once the first enthusiasm over him had subsided he might find a way of escape, was crushed. Mr. Hatcher, rapping on the table for order, seemed to be beating that hope into fragments, and then to scatter them to the winds as he waved his arms. Mr. Killiwill had come to regard Mr. Hatcher with immeasurable awe. The veteran's every smile seemed to augur evil, and as he was being smiled on now more benignly than ever, icy thrills of fear shot through him.

"Now, boys, I've a happy announcement to make," said Mr. Hatcher when he had stilled the tumult. "Two hearts—" He gave a meaning glance, first at his sister and then at Mr. Killiwill, who was trying to say something but was unable to form the words. "Two hearts which for thirty years have been separated will begin beating as one to-morrow." Mr. Killiwill's hands were stretched toward him in mute appeal, but he did not see them. "We are fortunate to have with us our chaplain, Mr. Young, who will perform the ceremony at ten in the morning, and so you are all invited to be present at a regular military wedding."

Mr. Hatcher gave no names. His glances told the story, and half of the company rushed to congratulate his sister, while the others crowded about Mr. Killiwill. He was making furious gestures of protest, but Mr. Hatcher would not listen to him.

"Don't worry, Bert," he said kindly, "we will have a committee to attend to everything."

"But it's kind of sudden," pleaded Mr. Killiwill.

"Sudden?" cried Mr. Hatcher. "Haven't you two been waiting for thirty years? Sudden? Huh!"

"Well, s'pose we say next day instead of to-morrow," said Mr. Killiwill in a shaking voice.

"Most of the boys will be gone then," snapped Mr. Hatcher. "They mustn't be disappointed, and they've set their hearts on a military wedding."

A score of voices were raised in approval. Seeing that his request for delay had no popular support, Mr. Killiwill had recourse to what flashed to him as the most convincing of arguments. Catching Mr. Hatcher by the sleeve, he whispered in his ear, "But, Henery, I've nothing saved up."

Mr. Hatcher waved this potent argument aside as though it were a child's. "It's like you to think of that, Bert, but you mustn't let it bother you. Emily has lots—three hundred dollars a year, besides a half interest in a Pennsylvania Railroad bond."

Mr. Killiwill's hands fell and he drew a long breath. In a flash the storm-clouds parted and he basked in the brightest of sunshine. Looking at Miss Hatcher now, he wondered how he could ever have been so cold to such a woman. How fortunate that his stupid blundering had not lost her to him forever! It was clear that his trip to Gettysburg had been providential; that no mere chance could have led him here. He had been called, not to enjoy Bert's honors, but to care for and protect this lovely woman who had given her whole life to his brother; who had refused Mr. Pettingbird and riches and had clung to the memory of her soldier. His duty was plain. Did he reveal the truth as to himself, she might in a moment of anger upset this heaven-made plan for her happiness, and while he could not long persist in his equivocal course, it would be wrong to explain too soon the mistake as to his identity.

"Well, if you insist, Henery," he said smiling. "But I thought you had otter to know."

"It's the happiest day of my life," cried Mr. Hatcher, shaking his hand.

"And to-morrow is none too soon," said Mr. Killiwill, beginning to edge his way through the crowd toward Miss Hatcher. "Emily," he called in a voice of possession. He coughed. With a tremendous effort he called again, "Emily, my dear—" He stopped suddenly, seeing a large, bearded man in uniform, a new-comer, standing on the threshold staring at him, open-mouthed and open-eyed.

"Who is that, Henery?" he asked, dig-

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"It's him! It's Bert!" Mr. Killiwill found himself in a giant's embrace.—Page 747.

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ging his fingers into his hair as though to turn up the buried past. "I've seen him some'eres before. I'm sure I have."

"Why, it's Plummer, William Plummer," cried Mr. Hatcher. "Of course you remember him, Bert. He slept in our tent."

"William Plummer," exclaimed Mr. Killiwill, opening his arms.

"It's him! It's Bert!" Mr. Killiwill found himself in a giant's embrace. "I didn't believe it at first, but *it is* him."

"William—William," Mr. Killiwill murmured, as though overcome with this meeting with his old comrade.

"And they told me you couldn't remember anything," said Mr. Plummer. "But you do remember me—don't you, Bert?"

"Some," was the guarded reply. The path of duty was so clear now. "You know I was hit on the head, and it kind of infected my memory, but it's coming back gradual."

Over his shoulder he smiled at Miss Hatcher, and she answered him by shaking her curls.

"He remembers those as were very dear to him, Mr. Plummer," she said, and then turned away to hide her confusion.

"Of course," said Mr. Plummer, holding his comrade at arm's length and drinking full of the refreshing sight of him. "My, but it's good to see you after all these years."

"And it's nice to see you, William," returned Mr. Killiwill.

"And," said Mr. Plummer, now pitching his voice very low, that its solemn tones might drive every word deep into the clouded memory, "there is one——"

Mr. Killiwill seized Mr. Plummer by the lapel of his coat. "Don't—ssh!" he whispered hoarsely.

"Who is longing to see you, Bert," Mr. Plummer went on, lifting Mr. Killiwill off his feet and holding him at safe distance.

"I must have visited you on furlough," faltered Mr. Killiwill, casting a helpless, frightened look about him.

"Why, he does remember," cried Mr. Plummer in triumph. "Boys, he remembers."

"Don't you think we'd better talk these family matters in private, William?" pleaded Mr. Killiwill.

"Not a bit of it." Mr. Plummer shook him to emphasize his refusal. "No one will rejoice more than our old comrades to see you two united. It's a real reunion we are going to have. She's in town now, Bert, and she couldn't believe that what we heard was true. 'It can't be true, William,' she says. 'It can't be that after thirty years of waiting my Herbert has come back to me.' But he has. And, Bert, speaking as her brother who knows, I can tell you she's a jewel—a perfect jewel."

"I know—I know," said Mr. Killiwill, struggling vainly to free himself. "But for special reasons I'd rather nothing was said till I'd seen her."

"Seen her?" Mr. Plummer folded his comrade in his arms to keep him from falling. "Why, Bert, she'll be here in five minutes. She only waited to fix up a bit."

"What are you talking about, William?" demanded Mr. Hatcher, taking Mr. Plummer's wrist and uncoiling his arm.

Mr. Plummer beamed on the company. "I'm going to invite you all to a wedding—a regular military wedding, with the chaplain and a band."

"But I'm attending to that," snapped Mr. Hatcher, drawing himself up with dignity, for he was evidently angry at this interference in what he deemed his family affairs.

Mr. Plummer dropped Mr. Killiwill and confronted Mr. Hatcher with a frown. "You?" he said, scornfully. "What right have you, Henery Hatcher, to be arranging about my sister's wedding—plans which was settled thirty years ago?"

Mr. Killiwill, free at last from the loving clutch of the giant, looked at Miss Hatcher. Never had she seemed more lovely to him than at that moment as she stood, erect, her arms folded, her head up, gazing contemptuously at William Plummer. It was hard to give her up, to give up the beauty and wealth which but a little while ago had seemed so secure for him, yet the door which admitted Mr. Plummer might at any instant give forth one more terrible than he, and were she twice as beautiful as Miss Hatcher and thrice as rich he dared not brave the storm he saw rising on the faces of those about him. Now its force was divided. Mr. Plummer was declaring that he knew Bert Killiwill too well to believe him so fickle, so untrue to his little Margaret. Mr. Hatcher was shaking his fist in Mr. Plummer's face and denouncing him for plotting to get possession of the finest man

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who ever wore the blue and to ruin the life of one of the sweetest women in the world. Miss Hatcher was proving herself a woman of spirit and was loud in her assertion that she had trusted her soldier for thirty years and would not desert him now. She was moving toward him with hands outstretched as she spoke, but he did not wait for her. The door was open. With a bound he reached it. Not even to seize his precious hand-bag did he pause in the hall, but in a moment was out of the house, flying down the dark street on the wings of fear. Close behind him he heard shouts and the clatter of many feet, and looking back he saw the comrades coming—the whole regiment—double-quick, Hatcher and Plummer leading. He knew that they had united to catch their prey, and the thought that they would divide him afterward added to his fright and to his speed. They called to him soothingly—"Comrade, Bert, Killiwill"—but soft voices could not beguile him. His old legs, steeled by terror, stood him in good stead. Soon lights shone ahead and he heard the clang of an engine's bell. He had thought that he must run the whole way home, and had resigned himself to that herculean exertion, but instinct had brought him back over the way he had come. The lights were moving. It was a train, going—where he neither knew nor cared. Mr. Hatcher's sharp voice rang almost in his ear, angrily now, and it seemed that Plummer's arms must be stretching out toward him. With a tremendous leap he caught at the hand-rail of the last car. It shot away from him. With another blind plunge, he felt his fingers close on it, and he swung himself to the platform. Looking back, he saw Mr. Hatcher and Mr. Plummer, the regiment at their backs, standing under the brilliant lights of the station, shaking their fists at him. He waved his hand to them, for he was safe and laughing, yet so tired that when he had left them far behind the conductor had to lift him to his feet and support him into the car.

"Did you ever happen to know Bert Kil-

In a moment was out of the house.

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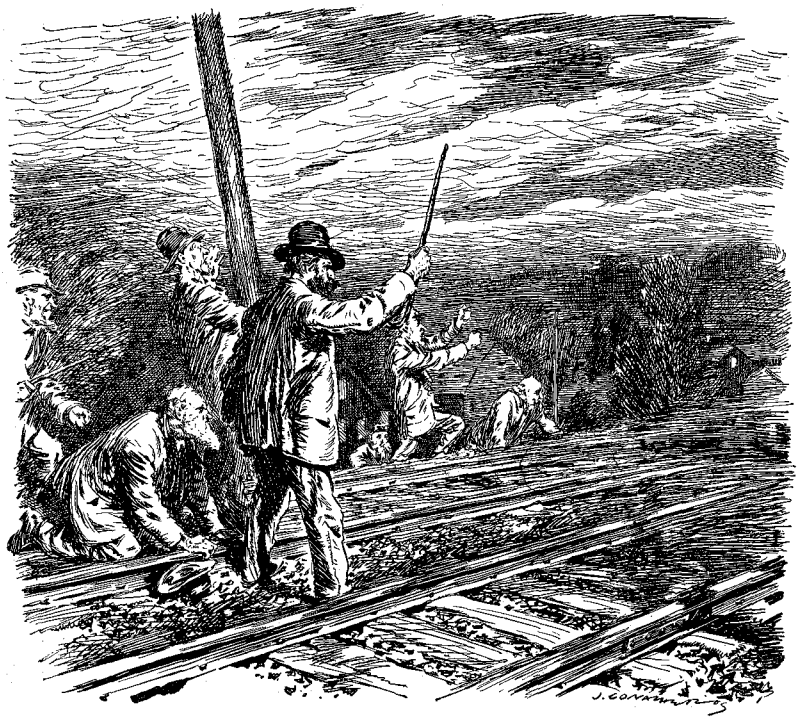

Standing under the brilliant lights of the station, shaking their fists at him.—Page 748.

liwill?" he asked looking up from his seat into the face of that kind official.

"I think I do recall—" began the conductor politely.

"Well, I'm not him. I'm just his brother," returned Mr. Killiwill quickly. He gazed out of the window into the night. After a moment he added, with a long-drawn sigh of wonder, "What a boy he must have been!"

AD LICINIUM

By Charles E. Merrill, Jr.

LICINIUS, I have had my day—
Beyond the reach of hopes or fears
The stream has carried them away,
The foolish, unforgotten years,
The years of roses and of wine
When youth and Cynara were mine.

The sober Sabine in its cask,
My orchard-close, my winter fire,
Yield all the ecstasies I ask
And all the raptures I require,
And prove the paradox of time:
Life's prose is sweeter than its rhyme.

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THE PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT OF INLAND WATERWAYS

By Samuel O. Dunn

A REMARKABLE agitation has been going on recently for additional development of inland waterways by the Federal Government. A project for the construction of a waterway fourteen feet deep, or more, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is receiving wide-spread support. This main project is supplemented by numerous minor ones, including the deepening of the Mississippi to St. Paul and of its various tributaries and of other rivers in all parts of the country; the construction of a ship-canal to connect the lower end of Lake Michigan with Lake Erie; the construction of a ship-canal from Lake Erie to the Atlantic Ocean, etc. To finance these great works it is proposed that Congress shall vote a bond issue of $500,000,000, which amount shall be spent at the rate of $50,000,000 annually until exhausted. The three principal arguments advanced for this plan are (1) that it would cheapen transportation; (2) that it would regulate railway freight rates; and (3) that it would provide in the best practicable way needed additional facilities of transportation.

These arguments are pressed with great earnestness and confidence by the advocates of development of waterways. It is the purpose of this article to examine them in the light of experience in this country and elsewhere, and particularly with reference to commercial and transportation conditions in the United States. There are various incidental benefits besides those above referred to which it is contended waterway development would confer. It is not considered necessary, however, to notice them here; for if it can be shown that development of waterways is desirable for transportation reasons, no citation of incidental benefits it would confer is necessary to make out a case for it; and if the opposite can be shown, it must follow that the incidental benefits it would confer, such as the reclamation of overflowed land along our rivers, should be sought by some less expensive means than the digging of fourteen or twenty foot channels.

When it is said that the proposed works would cheapen transportation it is meant that they would provide means by which commodities could be carried at a lower cost than they can now or probably can in future be carried by railway. In support of this contention the freight rates of boats on the ocean and Great Lakes, which are much less than those of the railways of the United States, are frequently cited. But this evidence is not pertinent. The most costly parts of a railway's plant to build and maintain are its roadway and terminals; and the physical limitations they place on the size and capacity of the vehicles that can be used on them cause a large part of the expense of operating railways. Nature provided for ocean and lake boats roadways which have none of the physical limitations of a railway's roadway; and nature and governments provide and maintain the harbors which serve as their terminals. The case of *artificial* waterways, including under this designation both canals and improved rivers, is very different. Expenditures analogous to those for the construction and maintenance of a railway's roadway must be made on them; and the expenses of operation caused by the physical limitations of their channels are comparable to those caused by the limitations of a railway's track. Now, of course, the real question to be considered is not the relative cheapness of transportation by rail and on *natural* waterways, but the relative cheapness of transportation by rail and on *artificial* waterways.

Nor is the question whether transportation on artificial waterways can be made cheaper than on railways *to the shipper* the one properly to be considered, as is very commonly assumed. The true question is whether the *total* cost of transportation can be made less. The rates that shippers pay to the railways cover the total cost of rail

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carriage. The rates that shippers pay to boats ordinarily cover only the cost and profit of operating the boats. To arrive at the *total* cost of water transportation, to the charges of the boats must be added what the public expends on the waterways. It might be that the average rate by railway on commodities adapted to water transportation would be five mills per ton per mile, and by boat only four mills, and yet that, because of taxes paid by the public to defray interest and maintenance charges on the waterways amounting to two mills per ton per mile, the *total* cost of transportation by water would be greater than the cost by rail. Transportation would not then have been cheapened by waterway development. It would merely have been cheapened to the shipper. And it could have been cheapened equally to the shipper, with 50 per cent. less expense to the public, if the government, instead of developing waterways, had paid a bounty of one mill per ton-mile on shipments sent by rail equal in amount to those carried by water.

We can arrive at a rational opinion as to whether further development of rivers and canals in the United States would cheapen transportation here only by studying the past experience of this and other countries. Now, while the traffic of the Great Lakes and the railways of the United States has grown rapidly, that of most of the canals and rivers of this country has for some years declined. The commerce on all our inland waterways, except the Great Lakes, in 1889 was 40,600,000 tons; and in 1906, only 31,800,000 tons. The advocates of waterway development reply that the canals and rivers of the United States have not been able to hold their own because they have not been sufficiently developed and because the railways have used unfair methods of competition. They call attention to the fact that while the traffic on our rivers and canals has been declining, the commerce on the rivers and canals of Europe has been growing faster than on the railways of Europe. The principal inland waterways of Europe are those of Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, and France. The traffic carried on the waterways of Great Britain has been declining. But the tonnage carried on the waterways of Belgium increased 115 per cent. between 1888 and 1905, while the tonnage on the railways increased only 62 per cent. The ton-miles of traffic carried on the waterways of France increased 154 per cent. between 1880 and 1905, while the ton-miles of traffic on its railways increased only 72 per cent. The ton-miles of traffic on the waterways of Germany increased 211 per cent. between 1885 and 1905, while the traffic on German railways increased only 168 per cent. Data such as these, it is argued, show that wherever waterways are properly developed and not subjected to unfair competition they provide service and rates that attract most of the bulky commodities.

But the more carefully rail and water transportation in Europe and in the United States are studied the more we shall be convinced that the experience of Europe affords no evidence, at least, that the total cost of canal or river transportation can be made less than the cost of rail transportation in the United States.

The British Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways issued late in 1909 a comprehensive report of its investigation of the waterways of continental Europe. This, in conjunction with the report on the proposed Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway, issued a short time before by a board of United States army engineers, and other United States Government reports, makes possible a tolerably up-to-date comparison of the more important waterways of Europe, those of France and Germany, with those of the United States.

The waterways of France which are considerably used include about 4,500 miles of rivers and 3,000 miles of canals. The maximum depth which has been obtained on them is 8.5 feet, while most of the traffic is carried on water varying in depth from 1.5 to 5 feet. The largest estimate of the mileage of the waterways of Germany is 8,500 miles; the mileage on which the traffic is considerable is 6,200. The depth of the "free rivers" varies from 3 or 4 feet on those, such as the Oder, Elbe, and Vistula, which have unstable beds, to 5 or 6 feet on those, such as the Rhine and Upper Main, which have stable beds; and on the lower sections of some of the larger rivers the maximum depths are 8 to 10 feet. The depths of the canalized rivers are 2.6 to 7.5 feet; and of the canals, 4 to 10 feet, the latter being very rare, and 4 to 6 feet being most common.

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The United States Government had spent, up to 1907, over $208,000,000 on the improvement of the Mississippi Valley waterway system alone; and the Mississippi River now has in its lower section a minimum depth exceeding that of any river in Europe. During seasons of low water, boats having draughts of 25 to 30 feet can easily be taken from the Gulf of Mexico 270 miles to New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Bayou Sara. Boats of a draught of 9 feet can always be taken from these points 840 miles to Cairo, Ill.; boats of 8 feet, from Cairo to St. Louis, 182 miles; and boats of 4½ feet, from St. Louis via the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and the Illinois State Canal to Chicago, 365 miles. There is a channel of at least 4½ feet at low water (7 feet during 1907–8) from the mouth of the Illinois River 620 miles up the Mississippi to St. Paul, Minn.; and a channel of at least 4½ feet up the Missouri River to Kansas City, and of 2½ feet to Fort Benton, 2,285 miles from St. Louis. At mean stages of water there is a depth in the Ohio of 9 feet from Cairo, Ill., to Pittsburg, 1,000 miles; and the Monongahela, a tributary of the Ohio, has a depth of 5 feet into the Pennsylvania coal fields. The Kanawha, another tributary of the Ohio, has a depth of 6 feet into the West Virginia coal fields. Other streams in the Mississippi River system which have channels as good as those of most of the navigated rivers of Europe include the Alleghany, Little Kanawha, Muskingum, Kentucky, Cumberland, Tennessee, St. Croix, Minnesota, Osage, Gasconade, St. Francis, Yazoo, Arkansas, and Red.

There are 295 navigable streams and 45 canals in this country, having an aggregate mileage of 28,600 miles; and of these, 40 streams, with a length of 2,600 miles, have a depth of 10 feet; and 70, with a length of 3,200 miles, have a depth of 6 to 10 feet. Over 67 per cent. of the *total* water-borne commerce of Germany is carried on the Rhine and Elbe, yet these two rivers together have only 617 miles of channel, with a depth of as much as 4½ feet, which is the minimum depth on the present waterway of 1,657 miles from Chicago to New Orleans.

We must look elsewhere than to the comparative conditions of the waterways of Europe and of the United States for an explanation of the fact that while on the one commerce has grown, on the other it has declined. One explanation advanced is that municipalities and private corporations in European countries have provided excellent terminal facilities for boats at cities and large towns, and the concerns running water lines have developed types of towboats and barges which can be operated at the minimum cost, while in the United States there has been almost no improvement in river or canal boats or terminal facilities for thirty years. But the failure to provide good facilities in the United States has been the effect, not the cause, of the decline of the water traffic. They would have been provided by private enterprise had there been profits in sight to justify it.

One reason, undoubtedly, why our water-borne traffic has not grown is that our principal waterway system, except the Great Lakes, viz., the Mississippi and its tributaries, is not so situated with reference to the main currents of commerce as to be able to command a large amount of traffic, no matter what rates may be made on it. In order that either a waterway or a railway may get traffic and actually cheapen transportation by carrying it, it is not enough that it should be willing and able to make low rates. It must also run in the same general direction as currents of commerce large enough to afford it a substantial business. The general direction in which commerce moves is determined by the economic law of supply and demand. People ship goods to make a profit; they can only make a profit by shipping them from where they are less valuable to where they are more valuable; and where they shall be less valuable or more valuable is determined, since the coming of the railway, mainly by conditions independent of the way in which waterways run. In this country, owing to historic and economic reasons, manufactured goods are shipped mainly from east to west, and the products of the farm, mine and forest, mainly from west to east. The amount of traffic which moves north and south is relatively small; and there seems no ground for anticipating any substantial change in this respect. As the Mississippi and its tributaries run mainly north and south, it is hard to see where a heavy traffic for them could be obtained even though the boats on them were able to

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compete successfully in rates against the north-and-south railways.

The situation of the principal waterways of Europe relatively to the main currents of commerce is more fortunate. The Rhine in Germany, for example, like the Great Lakes in this country, is ideally located relatively to the sources of production and consumption of coal, iron ore, etc., to get a large traffic in them. In Europe, also, commerce grew up before the advent of the railway, and the direction of the currents of traffic has been influenced more by the way the waterways run. Here commerce and the more flexible railway have grown up together, each determining where the other should go in substantial disregard of most of the waterways.

While the fact that the Mississippi Valley waterway system runs transversely to the main currents of commerce tends to show why it has not developed a heavy commerce, it does not explain why its traffic has actually decreased while that on the competing north-and-south railways has grown. Nor does it explain why the traffic on other waterways having more favorable situations, such as the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, has declined. The main reason why the water-borne traffic of the United States has decreased while that of Europe has increased is the wide difference between railway freight rates here and abroad.

The average railway rate per ton per mile in Belgium is over 16 mills; in France, 14 mills; and in Germany, 13 mills. In the United States it is 7.54 mills, or 47 per cent. of what it is in Belgium, 54 per cent. of what it is in France, and 58 per cent. of what it is in Germany. Mere averages which take no account of differences in conditions and methods of transportation may mislead, but, allowing for all such differences, it is quite safe to say that railway freight rates here are very much lower than in Europe, especially for long hauls and for the cheaper and bulkier commodities. In fact, the rates of American railways compare favorably with those of European waterways. On the Rhone, in France, the rates vary from 7.8 mills to 15.6 mills per ton per mile; on the Seine from 26 (twenty-six) to 56 (fifty-six) mills; on the Canals du Centre and du Midi from 6.2 to 7.8 mills; on the canals in the north-east and east of France from 3.8 to 4.6 mills. The average rate on a wide variety of commodities moving to Paris, where the traffic is very dense, is 5.78 mills. The average rate on all the waterways of France is not less than 6 mills. The average for the waterways of Germany, according to the statistics given by the Royal Commission, is about 5 mills; and the average for the Belgian waterways about 6.5 mills.

Before these rates can fairly be compared with those of railways several facts must be considered. A waterway usually is longer between any two points than a railway. This makes its rates seem lower than they are. If the distance by rail between two points is 100 miles and by water 150 miles, and the rate by both rail and water is $1 per ton, the average per mile by rail will be 10 mills, and by water only 6.6 mills; but the greater distance which makes the waterway's average rate *per mile* lower will also hinder the waterway from getting traffic. Now, the distances on which these average rates for the waterways of Belgium, Germany, and France are computed are at least one-third greater than the distances by rail. Computed on the distances by rail, the average rate by water in Belgium and France would be about 8 mills and in Germany about 6.5 mills. Furthermore, the average railway rate for an entire country includes the comparatively high rates on many high-grade commodities which seldom can move by water and the rates on many roads running through mountainous territory where operating expenses are greater and rates are apt to be more than on the low-grade railways with which waterways mainly compete. While the average railway rate per ton-mile in the United States is 7.54 mills, the averages are much lower on many American roads having low grades or handling traffic consisting largely or mainly of cheap and bulky commodities. The average rate per ton per mile of the New York Central in 1907 was 6.4 mills; of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 6.3 mills; of the Illinois Central, 5.8 mills; of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, 5.27 mills; of the Big Four, 5 mills; of the Norfolk & Western, 4.95 mills; and of the Chesapeake & Ohio, 4.33 mills.

It would seem from the foregoing that the cost *to the shipper* of water transportation in Belgium, Germany, and France is

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certainly on the average no less than on American railways.* The total cost is substantially greater than the cost to the shipper. The expenditures of the French Government for maintenance of canals and improved rivers and for interest on the money laid out in their development amounts to 4 mills per ton per mile for all water-borne traffic. The similar expenditures of Belgium amount to 4.6 mills; and those of Germany to 8½-tenths of a mill per ton per mile, including the Rhine and Elbe on which the traffic is very large, and, excluding them, to 2 mills per ton per mile. This makes the *total* average cost of water transportation in France, estimated according to waterway mileage, 10 mills per ton per mile; and, estimated according to railway mileage, 12 mills. It makes the *total* average cost of water transportation in Germany, estimated according to waterway mileage, not less than 6 mills; and, estimated according to railway mileage, not less than 7.5 mills. It makes the total cost in Belgium, based on waterway mileage, 11 mills; on railway mileage, 12.6 mills. In Germany it just about equals, and in Belgium and in France it greatly exceeds the average cost of rail transportation in the United States.

It is not possible to estimate what is the average rate on the rivers and canals of the United States. It is worth noting, however, that in 1906 the average amount paid by the shipper on each ton carried on the Mississippi waterway system, regardless of the distance it was carried, was 62 cents, while the interest alone on what the government had spent in improving this waterway system, computed at 4 per cent., was 33 cents per ton.

Transportation service by rail is faster and better than by water. The freight car can move as well into a shipper's warehouse to get goods as on the road's main line, while all goods shipped by water must in some way be hauled to and from the water's side and be transferred to and from the boat. Therefore, to compete successfully with railways, boats must make rates to shippers not only as low as, but lower than, those of railways. Experience in Europe and the United States shows that they must ordinarily be 20 to 50 per cent. lower. The conclusion is inevitable that if our waterways and their equipment were in the exact condition of those of France and Germany, and made equally low rates, they would fail as utterly in the future to compete successfully with the railways as they have heretofore.

Some of the advocates of further development of waterways apparently see this. They therefore demand that the proposed Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway shall be dug 14 feet deep, or even 20 feet, or more; and they paint alluring pictures of great vessels loading at Chicago and St. Louis, and steaming without transfer of goods through the country to the Gulf, and thence to all the ports of the world. But if the waterway were deepened to only 14 feet hardly any boats could use it which cannot use it now, for over 95 per cent. of the vessels on the Great Lakes draw over 14 feet of water and more than 80 per cent. draw over 19 feet; and, of course, sea-going vessels cannot navigate where lake vessels cannot. Even if the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway were dug 20 feet or even 30 feet deep, it is not probable it would be used by lake or ocean steamships. The average cost of an ocean steamship per ton of capacity is $71; of a lake steamship, $41.50; and of a river tow-boat and barges capable of carrying 10,000 tons of freight on an 8½-foot draught, only $12.00. Moreover, a lake or ocean vessel is poorly constructed for navigating a canal or a tortuous river with a swift current; its ratio of length to beam is too great and its rudder power insufficient to keep it from frequently running into the banks except when moving very slowly. Col. Thomas W. Symons, of the corps of engineers of the United States Army, in a report in 1897 on the proposed deepening of the Erie Canal, estimated that the cost to the shipper of transporting wheat in a lake freighter of 7,000 tons capacity through a ship-canal would be 38 per cent. greater than with a tow-boat and barges on a barge-canal. This took no account of the fact that the estimated cost to the public of building the ship-canal would be four times as great as that of building the barge-canal. The Mississippi waterway system could be used as well now by boats such as those on the

*The United States National Waterways Commission says in its preliminary report, which was issued after the above was written: "The average European freight rates on railways paralleling water routes are higher than those on lines similarly situated in the United States, and European rates for water-borne carriage, in some instances, even where the traffic is very large, are as high or higher than on railways in the United States where traffic is likewise large."

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waterways of Europe as if it were much deeper; and if it were much deeper it could not and would not be used by either lake or ocean vessels.

If the proposed development of waterways would reduce what I have called the "total" cost of transportation, it is quite obvious that it would be practicable for boat owners to make rates which would be high enough to cover a return on the government's expenditures and yet low enough to attract traffic from the railways. If those who advocate further development of waterways believe that the owners of the boats could do this, and are animated solely by public motives, why do they not make it a part of their programme that the government shall levy such tolls on the boats as may be sufficient to compensate it for its expenditures? When the United States Reclamation Service builds an irrigation ditch, it requires those whose lands are watered to pay for the water. Is there any more reason why the government should provide facilities of transportation for boat owners or shippers for nothing than why it should provide irrigation for farmers for nothing? In some cases governments have levied tolls on canals and improved rivers, but in no case since the advent of the railway has it been possible to get in this way enough revenue to pay interest and maintenance charges.

The second argument in favor of waterway development to which I have alluded is that it would regulate freight rates. By this is meant, of course, that it would reduce the rates of competing railways. If I draw the correct inference from the data I have presented, unless lower rates were made on the canals and improved rivers than ever have been made on such waterways, the effect of their development on existing railway rates would be but slight. Assuming, however, that it would enable canal and river boats to make lower rates than ever have been made by them anywhere, what would be the effect on railway rates?

It should first be remarked that advocates of waterway development hold incompatible views as to the effect it is desirable that it should be allowed to have. In a Chicago newspaper, President Taft recently was quoted as saying that waterways should be developed to regulate railway freight rates. In the same column of the same newspaper Representative J. E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, President of the Rivers and Harbors Congress, was quoted as repeating the charge frequently made that the railways of the United States have in the past attracted commerce from the waterways by unfair methods of competition, and as saying that when the waterways are further developed there should be legislation to prevent the roads from so reducing their rates as to monopolize the traffic. Now, if the railways are not allowed in the future, as in the past, to freely reduce their rates to meet water competition, the waterways will not regulate railway rates; and if the railways are allowed to so reduce their rates they will attract traffic from the waterways.

A policy of prohibiting railways from meeting the rates of water-carriers would not be without precedent. The French Government does not let them reduce their rates within 20 per cent. of those of the water lines. The German railways—which are owned by the government—also refrain from meeting the water rates. This is one reason why railway rates in France and Germany are relatively high.

It does not seem probable that such a policy would be adopted in this country. We are more apt to adopt the policy either of letting the railways reduce their rates to points where they meet water competition, without correspondingly reducing them to other points, or of letting them reduce their rates to meet water competition and requiring them, when they do so, to make corresponding reductions to all points. Probably it is the latter policy which Mr. Ransdell meant to advocate.

The former policy would aggravate the very discriminations in railway freight rates to different communities about which there is now so much complaint. For the main cause of these discriminations is that where the railways encounter effective water competition it forces them to make lower rates than they can afford to make elsewhere. With every increase of water competition there would be an increase of discrimination. All the people of the country would be taxed to pay for the development and maintenance of the waterways; but only those adjacent to the waterways would get the benefit of any resulting reductions

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in railway rates. The communities not on the waterways would actually be injured. It is the *relation* between rates that mainly counts; and a community may be as much harmed by reductions in the rates of a rival community as by advances in its own.

It may be said that such discriminations in rates could and should be prevented by passing a law requiring railways to make rates as low in proportion where they do not encounter water competition as where they do. But the railways could not afford to reduce all their rates to the level of those that they make to meet water competition any more than the manufacturer or merchant could afford to reduce all his prices to the basis of those he makes to get rid of surplus and otherwise unsalable goods. The effect of such legislation would be to force the roads in many cases to quit making rates to meet water competition. This would not benefit places without water transportation; for the communities having water transportation would still enjoy the lower water rates. It might actually injure communities without water transportation. For the law will not permit the railway to be denied a "fair return." If it quit meeting the water rates it would lose whatever traffic it had got to points having water transportation; and if this reduced its aggregate profits below a "fair return" it legally could make up the deficit by advances in rates to communities without water transportation. These communities would then have paid taxes to secure for rival communities low water rates and for themselves the privilege of paying higher railway rates.

If fairly conclusive evidence could be adduced that development of waterways would lower the total economic cost of transportation it might properly be decided that the benefits it would confer on the whole country would outweigh any disadvantages under which it would put parts of the country. But since the evidence tends to show that it would not reduce the total cost of transportation, it would seem rather inconsistent for the government, after prohibiting discrimination by railways between communities, except under "substantially dissimilar conditions," to take the money of all communities and use it to build waterways which would create the very "dissimilarity of conditions" which legally authorizes railways to discriminate between communities, and which, as I have pointed out, would give some communities advantages over others, even if the railways were absolutely prohibited from discriminating at all.

The third argument in favor of further development of waterways which I have mentioned is that it would provide in the best way needed additional facilities of transportation. That expansion of such facilities is needed is not questionable. Every fall and winter for some years before the panic of 1907 the country suffered from what were called "shortages of cars," but what were really shortages of railway facilities in general. Owing to subsequent large increases of facilities and improvements in methods of operation the railways last fall and winter handled the heaviest traffic in their history without serious congestion or delays. But commerce again is growing rapidly; and unless means of transportation are increased proportionately periods of "car shortage" will recur.

The object of public policy should be to cause such additional facilities to be provided, whether by the expenditure of public or private capital, as will, at the least cost, move most freely the increased commerce of all parts of the country. I have already sought to show that it is improbable that rivers and canals can be so developed as to make the cost of transportation by water lower than by rail. It is still more improbable that their development would provide as effectually for the free movement of the commerce of all parts of the country as would expansion of the facilities of the railways. It is practicable to develop rivers and canals only in certain sections; and these are not necessarily the parts of the country which most need additional facilities of transportation. As already remarked, the principal river system of this country runs north and south, while the great currents of commerce flow east and west. The most severe congestions of traffic in the winter of 1906–7 were on the railways running from the Pacific coast to the Great Lakes, from the trans-Missouri country and the South-west to Galveston, and from Chicago and St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard. The Mississippi and its tributaries were at that time in as

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good condition to carry a large commerce as any waterways in Europe; yet they were not resorted to to relieve the situation. On the other hand, it is perfectly feasible to secure expansion of the facilities of the railways in proportion to the needs of the whole country and of each part. Most of our railways are but the skeletons of what they should be made. Our total railway mileage is over 230,000 miles. Of this, only 20,000 miles is double-tracked. While it costs much less to build the second than to build the first track, the capacity of the road is thereby quadrupled. The Board of Army Engineers estimates that it would cost $160,000,000 to dig a channel 14 feet deep from Chicago to New Orleans, 1,657 miles. This would build almost 2,000 miles of low-grade, double-track, well-equipped railway; or it would build 3,500 miles of good, low-grade, single-track railway, which could handle as much traffic as an equal mileage of waterways; or it would double-track 5,500 miles of existing single-track railway, thereby increasing the capacity of the American railway system the equivalent of 22,500 single-track miles. The $500,000,000 which it is proposed to spend on inland waterways during the next ten years would build 5,000 miles of good, low-grade, double-track railway; or it would build 10,000 miles of good, low-grade, single-track railway; or it would double-track almost 20,000 miles of existing single-track railway, which would be equivalent to an increase in single-track capacity of almost 60,000 miles. If the additional railway facilities were provided by private capital we may feel sure they would, in general, be provided where they would be of the most public utility. For private capitalists naturally would invest where the largest profits were to be secured; that would be where there was available the largest traffic; and those places where the largest traffic is available are those where there is the greatest need for additional means of transportation. The public can obtain the needed increase of railway facilities by the simple expedient of adopting a policy of regulation, which, while protecting the rights and interests of the public, will not make investment in railways less attractive than in other businesses.

There are facilities of transportation, the scientific and systematic improvement of which by the Federal and State Governments would reduce the congestion of traffic on the railways and lower the cost of transportation without involving wasteful duplication. These are the public highways. From about February 1 to October 1 of each year the railways have many thousands of idle cars. Late in September and early in October the traffic sweeps on them in a deluge, and for about four months there is a car shortage instead of a car surplus. These annual alternations of car satiety with car famine are due largely to the condition of the public highways. In the greater part of the United States the snows, and the alternate thaws and freezes, of fall and winter put the highways in such bad shape that it is hard or impossible to pull a heavily loaded wagon on them. In consequence, most farmers rush their crops to market soon after harvest. At the same time the railways have to haul the larger part of the coal traffic, and thus they are swamped. If the highways were put in good condition the farmers could haul their crops to the railway station more at their convenience and the annual congestion of traffic would be alleviated. The country's annual bill for transportation would also be much reduced. Mr. Frank Andrews, expert in transportation of the Department of Agriculture, estimates, after a thorough investigation, that the average cost per 100 pounds of hauling wheat from the farms to the railway stations is 9 cents; of hauling corn, 7 cents; of hauling cotton, 16 cents; and of hauling oats, 7 cents. The average length of the hauls are 5 to 10 miles. The average rail-and-ocean rate on grain from St. Louis via New York to Liverpool is less than 15 cents per 100 pounds. It is evident that there is a great deal better opportunity to reduce the cost of transportation by improving the public highways than by improving either railways or waterways.

It is easily imaginable that, in a country where changes in commercial and industrial conditions occur so rapidly as in this, the time might come within a comparatively few years when additional development of waterways would be justifiable and desirable. But the criterion of whether it is desirable at any particular time should be the extent of the use made of channels pre-

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viously provided. The government having provided as good channels as can be found elsewhere, nothing less than such utilization of them as justifies past expenditures can afford rational ground for inferring that their further improvement or the construction of new channels will be justified by resulting public benefits.

GEMMA TO BEATRICE

By Katharine Fullerton

MADONNA BEATRICE, in highest Heaven:—

I have a word—oh, I had many words
To that slim girl in red who struck him blind
Years since, in bitter Florence. Poets, they say,
Are better blind, and sightless eyes can see
God's rangèd worlds, where we see murk and flame.
Yet for no grace she gave him, did he lose
The look of men who look upon the sun,
Or gain the look of ghosts beyond the grave.
Light women are at worst but traffickers,
Exchanging least for most: this saint gave naught,
And snatched a soul—Madonna pilferer!
Not even bride of Christ, this Beatrice,
But wedded to an honest citizen.
I saw no matter there for sacred song,
Or magical complicity of stars.
But I have paced beside him while he spoke
Tongues I knew not, heard "Bice" called at midnight—
While the lamp flickered and I lay alone.
I doubt not God has made this mystery,
This scourge of Beatrice to smite our sins;
I rail no more against the long Possession.
My heart beats quieter against his heart
Each year; my hands have learned to cherish
The yellow sheets that slowly build the Work—
On which I read but one name: *Beatrice.*
I have struck truce at last with Beatrice.
Ah, lady, in the utmost ranks of Heaven
You sit with saints, he says, devising well
Of Love. I say you have not known it: nay,
Gemma, in this, has lore past Beatrice,
Past Dante, who himself has lore past prophets.
Beyond the grave, I render him again
To that pale Presence which beset his days,
Yet left him Gemma's. You who loved him not,

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Accept the homage of immortal song,
The tribute of all lovers yet unborn,
Who still will talk of "Dante's Beatrice,"
Linking your name through ages with his name,
Betrothed in Heaven and to Eternity.
Let this content you, you who loved him not—
A girl, a stranger's lips have canonized,
And wonder-struck to find herself a saint.
They who go murmuring your name and his,
Scarce will know what was Gemma, and no words
Will outlast death to tell if I was fair.
Yet would I scorn to be but Beatrice,
I who am Gemma! I who have been bride
And mother, and am now content to go
Through the slow Purgatorial years, until
The centuries shall slay my human heart,
And leave me fit for Heaven, where you sit.
The Work is yours, Madonna; but his head,
Pillowed on my young bosom, taught me first—
Watching above his sleep—a motherhood
Without the bearing-pangs. Then came the child
That said to all the world: "Lo, these are one,
And I am both, indissolubly twain."
I swear no separate sainthood is worth this!
Your Dante, worn with hymning you, sought rest
Within my arms: I kissed the haunted brow
To slumber. If by sleight of soul, or chance
Of constellations, Dante's mind fell prey
To Beatrice, shall Gemma grudge it her?
No stars imposed me on his heart; he chose
Gemma to wife, and Gemma stands defended
Before all men, as you before all angels.
I have shed many tears, Madonna, for your sake:
Now I am wise, and would not change with you,
Who have known love but as the angels know it,
In Heaven, where none gives or takes to wife.
I have loved Dante, whom you did not love;
I wedded Dante, whom you did not wed:
I hold no woman is so blest as I—
No other woman born will have had this.
  Gemma and Beatrice must still be twain,
And Beatrice has the better part, I know,
Winning from Florence straight to Paradise,
Unpurged and pure. And yet this poet of ours,
Madonna, though his mind transcends the tomb,
Roams, pitiless and wise, among the dead,
And shapes each petal of the deathless Rose,

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(Oh, I have crouched to listen, at the dawn,
To know what kept him sleepless and aloof!)—
This poet of yours and mine, I say, Madonna,
Treads earth with firmest feet; bread nourishes
The hand that writes, and body's peace has part
In the soul's rapture. Were it not for Gemma,
The world, mayhap, had not known Beatrice.
I am content to perish, knowing this:
That my poor flesh has served my Dante's soul,
That hands and feet and heart have ministered.
—Nay, there was sorcery, lady, in your gift!
One glance—no word: 'twas God, not you, that wrought it;
Another could have served for Beatrice.
—But I have paid in human wise for him:
The roses of my cheeks have ebbed into
The veins of these his children; my seared brow
Is but the scroll of my perplexity,
Deep-scrawled; my hands have coarsened and grown hard
Because his fare was delicate; I have turned
Bread into manna, water into wine,
And inch by inch my beauty wrought his strength.
I have no beauty now—there stands the Work!
My alchemy, Madonna, is worth yours;
Three souls, not two, have done our Dante's task.
I give you greeting, lady, in all peace
And reverence. I ask your pardon now
For ancient hatred, ere I had grown wise.
Gemma and Beatrice must still be twain,
And Dante must seek both. This is the law
Of every poet's soul. No woman born
May be the twain: each woman born must choose,
Or love a lesser man. I would be Gemma,
Though God should give me choice of Beatrice.
We shall not meet, be sure, in Paradise.
When Gemma is come thither, it will be
To sit far off, the humblest citizen
Of the celestial city. I shall come late,
Slow-faring under penitential skies
Through a long age, and purged of all that made
Me Dante's wife, and servant of the Work.
Scarce Dante will remember on that day
That Gemma was, or will know Gemma's face.
I have had earth, Madonna. Heaven is yours.
I shall not speak through all eternity
To challenge you. Oh, I am well content!

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

PRIZING, as I believe most readers do, any form of literary animation, even when arising from bad blood, I always hasten to the scene of verbal conflict in the hope of seeing manly blows exchanged. The art of literary warfare is declining, as compared with the brave days of old. Not that writers hate each other any less. On the contrary there is as much wrath as ever, but its expression is hopelessly inadequate. Writers personally are often at the boiling-point, whose words will not "come to a boil." Take, for example, the great volume of hostile comment caused by those two witty and provocative persons, Bernard Shaw and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. No two writers of our day have invited so many attempts at a sarcastic rejoinder. The literary folk are always nagging at them. Every newspaper has had its fling, and there is one British weekly magazine which makes a point of printing a bitter word about one or the other of them in every issue. From all these whole-hearted endeavors, it seems as if something of interest ought to have come. But so far as I recall there has been nothing at all commensurate with the hostile intentions—not a "Parthian dart," or an "envenomed shaft," or a "flick on the raw," or a "well-directed thrust," or any of the mordancies, causticities, pilloryings, unmaskings, witherings, and excoriations which connoisseurs in literary bitterness delight to describe. It has been a sad display of verbal impotence, humiliating to two warlike nations of Anglo-Saxon blood. Often the rage is barely articulate, expending itself in mere short outcries of "fool," "clown," "driveller," and "mountebank," as if the hater had run short of breath. Somebody will merely utter three times the dreadful term "mud prophets," whatever that may mean. Another will say "self-advertiser" and let it go at that. No gibes or thunderbolts; no fun or fury; nothing that could give pain to the victim or pleasure to the on-looker; just a nose-to-thumb gesture, and all is done. It is hard to see why writers go into battle if this is the best they can do.

The Art of Disparagement

And it is the same way with the single combat. Many a literary hand-to-hand encounter have I attended in recent years, only to find it an affair of pop-guns. "Why do you box my ears in public?" said a well-known writer to his foeman, not so very long ago—rather a lapse from the good old-fashioned "reply to my critics!" "You're a Bayswater prophet," said an angry editor to a playwright. "You're a blazing boy," was the thundering rejoinder. And each withdrew, claiming the victory. But this was an uncommonly savage contest as modern word-fights go. Usually each backs away expressing surprise at the other's lack of gentility. It is the reader's misfortune. He ought always to be the *tertius gaudens* at these affairs. Unless at least one shot proves fatal, there is no excuse for the printing. It is unseemly that literary wrath should bring forth no fruit meet for publication.

Not that I would bring back the days of "The Dunciad" or of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." You cannot ask an angry modern author to plan these long campaigns or to rout the household out at midnight, as Pope did in his transports of inspired malignity. But as a lover of the manly art (for others) I do protest against these poultry-yard fulfilments of gladiatorial undertakings, this cheating of the hope of bloodshed by exhibitions in spilled milk. For a fight is after all a public occasion and should be an occasion of interest. It is a promise of warmth and of heightened color, and we have a right to demand some little excitement as we hurry to the field. The eyes of the cat are greener and her tail is handsomer when she fights. It is not unreasonable to expect as much of authors. Self-love has ever been a rich literary vein. Admirable consequences have flowed from its wounds, and many a good poem has followed a puncture. Great happiness has often been conferred upon the world by the simple process of pricking an author. Moreover, every well-known writer is entitled to at least one dangerous foe, none of your sputterers of "fool," "mountebank," and "mud prophets," but the sort of enemy who will take pains in order to inflict them—whose rule for the arena shall be *Ita feri ut se sentiat mori*, or, if that high standard is unattainable, who will at least so strike that he will entertain the amphitheatre. But nowadays when a critic is angry he merely seems out of sorts—

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no literary bowels to his wrath, the wits being lost along with the temper. Hence the absence of an effective opposition party—as bad for books as it is for politics. It does not mean an era of good feeling. It means an era of no feeling at all.

A Consolation for Age

IT may be remarked that the essays on the attractions of old age are usually written by youngish persons who look forward to that presumptively happy period through those least presbyopic lenses of pleasant anticipation—with a real pleasure of hope. There is bound to be an empirical quality in their study of the subject; the student has the detached attitude of the essayist whose free-running phrases are never hamstrung by any sharp edge of experience. It is an admirable thesis; some of the wisest and greatest minds in the world have already expressed it; the essayist feels himself, in a measure, on sure ground, and he pricks along very cheerfully, untroubled by any present sensation of the shadows which he is sure must be found cool and agreeable when he shall—later on—perceive himself riding into their outlying mists.

As an English writer has reminded us recently, when we read the "De Senectute" we are not listening to Cato the Elder, at eighty-four, but to Cicero, a considerably younger man, telling us what he thought Cato would have said. The same writer cites Gibbon as really perceiving the matter most clearly when, after acknowledging the peace-bringing philosophies achieved by men later in their lives, he yet wrote: "But I must reluctantly observe that two qualities, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

The browner shade, which marks the falling leaf, must have its inevitable hint of melancholy, of course; and the failure of the chlorophyl doubtless must cause such measure of regret as exists as an integral part of any failure. But if the philosopher have gained any balance of mind at all through his years, he will observe that the greenness which is agreeable to the eye in the leaf, is less desirable in the woody fibre; a sappy sprout cannot hold its own with a seasoned trunk; you can't live by chlorophyl alone, in this world. And out of this strong, seasoned wood he can make himself a club for defence against some attacks of the pride which luxuriates most boastfully in the greenness of the leaf.

And so he can come by at least a single consolation for his age. If he must grow old, at least he need not fear lest he grow young. What nightmare of fate would that be, for a man to know, surely and of a truth, that his strong sense, his experience, his wisdom even, his poise, his gentleness, his tolerance—all his "best of life" (as Rabbi Ben Ezra saw it) must slip from him, with imperceptible slowness, perhaps, so that he should scarcely feel his deprivation till it was complete, yet going on so surely as night follows day, leaving him worth a little less with every elusive year, yet gaining no ounce of influence or men's respect? —for these synovial fluids of men's lives would dry up and leave him helplessly creaking in his stark greenness of spirit. A man may consider, looking backward through his years, that he has not got so much as he had expected—of truth, or love, or the seeds of the fruit of the forbidden tree. But whatever he has got—that's his own, at least. He is not to have it filched from him, pitilessly, sneeringly, by some strange goblin with green blood in its veins. He may feel some shuddering sense that this goblin once lived in his father's house; but at least he left it—lost it—somewhere back there, years ago. And brown as he may be himself, he will never have to see that green thing again.

On Mark in Books

OF our books, none have a life so much their own as those wherein there still crops out the genius not of an author alone, but of a reader worthy of that author. A keen intelligence has passed that way; in passing, it has conveyed to an inanimate object the stir of its own life. The thought of the writer has been taken a stage farther on in the journey toward truth; else it has been led into one of the untrodden by-paths. Or perhaps the text has been tortured with interlineations by one who proves himself no mean antagonist; the margins have been stabbed, not with imbecile interrogation points, but with ironical rejoinders, with taunts, in the face of which the author is cruelly condemned to silence. Questioned and questioner are alike departed; perhaps they walk arm-in-arm by the Styx bank, amicable in their discussion of the points at issue.

A year ago a great library was dispersed. Hundreds of collectors divided among themselves, according to their preferences and their purses, the books that had been a celebrated

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critic's playthings and tools. The books are scattered—the *editiones principes*, the authors' copies, the books that are precious only for their notes in that fine, clear hand, each letter formed with care as if it had its value. Fortunate as are the possessors of these volumes, they must sometimes own to a certain feeling of guilt, as having profited by an ill deed. In the breaking-up of such a library there is the final dissipation of a personality. The books should have been kept together, like Carlyle's, that are preserved at Harvard. Kept together, they would have had a meaning no less precious to the sentimentalist than to the closest student of the man as writer and as thinker; yes, and as reader, too. A book well read and somewhat scarred by the reader's pencil is become a part of him—a member of his spiritual body. Even the *Bosh!* inscribed by Carlyle opposite a statement that he disbelieved or disliked has a transcendental value for us, embodying something of his character. One prizes his expletive above the bit of philosophy or of poetry that it so cruelly—and doubtless so unjustly—qualifies there to the end of time.

Not great men alone have scribbled on the edges of books they loved or quarrelled with. Nor was the practice limited strictly to schoolgirls' scribblings in the current novels. Those were days when every man of scholarship or substance took pride in his books; the era of the levelling public library was not yet come. And with the more personal feeling that the reader had in those bygone days (remember, he had fewer books, but he read them through!) that reader was apt to have a genuine tête-à-tête with the writer himself, before the volume was laid down. As for my grandfather, who may not have differed very widely from your own, he took a naïve pleasure in writing over against a bit of characterization in a novel he liked, or in a favorite essay, the initials of his excellent neighbors: it was a discreet "just like M. G.," or, "*Cf.* Mrs. H. A.," that he traced there. The marginalia, these, of a man who never distinguished himself: and yet they have a certain quaint significance for me, though I have no clue to the identity of the "M. G.'s" and the "Mrs. H. A.'s." What it proves to me is the fact that my good grandfather—prig though he may have been—read with an open eye and an intelligence that never slumbered. It shows, besides, that he went back to his books—that he picked them up the second time, and the third—that he looked on them as old friends and confidants; as such, not to be lightly jilted in favor of the next "best-seller."

Yet best-sellers there were, and ever have been. In the eighteen-fifties, a certain young man named Mitchell was writing them. His books were read by old and young; they sold like hot cakes, as we say; like bread, as the more sober idiom would have it. Our fathers read those books, if we ourselves did not; sometimes they read them to our mothers. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" is still read today; but my copy of it is gray and dog's-eared, like a school-boy's Virgil; the bravery of its gilding is tarnished; yet how crisp were the pages sixty years ago! The "Reveries" came into the world with a pseudonym to cloak their author's modesty: Ik Marvel was the pseudonym, and we buried its wearer, bachelor no longer, though still an amateur, but yesterday. Ik Marvel had survived his literary generation, and even in his hey-day an old-world flavor was tasted in his style; the gentle sentimentalist was one that knew the *Spectator* papers and had smoked his pipe late over Sterne and Goldsmith. It is hard to see how he was the worse off for it—or his readers, either.

I treasure my copy of the "Reveries," though I picked it up for a song at a stall where none but the maimed of the book world find their way. It is a shabby old book, and its two engravings have only stained the pages that they adorn. But, as I turn the pages of "Over a Wood Fire" (the best of the Reveries, as it is the first),—*Smoke, signifying Doubt*, and *Blaze, signifying Cheer*, and *Ashes, signifying Desolation*,—they take on a new meaning for me, and a double interest. The author's sentimentality seems to me less obvious than before; his humor less facile and less reminiscent. It is pleasant to think that I am not the first to get pleasure out of that cigar of his,—*A Cigar three times Lighted*. Tramping through the woods, one comes upon the dead ashes of a camp fire. Does not that make the woods more interesting territory? Here I have a book that some one else has marked as suited his whim of the passing moment—the passing moment of half a century ago! Something of the fellow's temperament I know from the record of it that he made here. And the book—this copy of it—has had its little history, that it tells after its own pretty fashion. I cannot do half so well; and something keeps me from transcribing. I feel guilty enough in trying even to retell it.

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Estelle's lover took the "Reveries" with him in all his comings and goings. He, too, was a Bachelor—though that against his will. When he returned from his Wanderjahre (the book went with him), his fondness for the "Reveries," his fondness also for a certain maiden, were only the stronger for his having seen the world and the wonders thereof. Finally he took a step that I commend to you, all lovers that have been rejected once in love, and yet would try again. He gave the book (and a flower pressed in it that he had plucked off Shelley's grave) to the maiden that had said him no (I am falling into the rhetoric of the youth), telling her that the Revery called *Blaze, signifying Cheer*, expressed more feelingly than he could express them (though not more expressively than he could feel) the sentiments he had for her. Once more he played the suppliant. And he begged her—on a fly-leaf—to regard his heart outpourings on the various pages (all very neatly written with the sharpest of hard pencils) as thoughts that he had set down only for himself, as he had then supposed; that belonged to her too, however, since she was their single inspiration. In London, and amid the distractions of tailor shops and haberdasheries; in Paris, where he had attended, for all his passion, at café and at comedy; in Florence, drinking in the beauty of the Pitti—and drinking Lachrima Christi, too—it was she, the little maid of *chez lui*, whose image had flashed and flitted and floated before him. So he sent her his travelling book, his bed book, too; in which was to be found so much that was hers—and that he hoped might be his, as well. A very pretty way of offering one's self, thought I, as I read the neat handwriting of his heart outpourings. And I think so yet.

Oh, yes, he was a sentimentalist, the author of the "Dream Life" and the "Reveries"; and a sentimentalist was he who wrote the dedication to Estelle; but remember, please, that the world was younger then—younger by half a century. If that seems little to you in the light of our geological knowledge, well, remember, too, that "Werther's Sorrows" were not so dim in the literary background of that day; and young ladies still read Miss Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and even, perhaps, if they were not too nervous, Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho," with its story of the love of Emily St. Aubert and the young Valancour. I don't think the less of the unknown gentleman who signed only his initials, but who gave little glimpses into the heart of a man in love (first love, I think), in his foot-notes to Ik Marvel's "Reveries." I am sorry, though, that the book fell into the dealer's hands—even though it is in my keeping now. Let us hope that the busy bookseller never stopped to read the finely pencilled sentences upon so many pages. I wonder, too—one can't help wondering—whether the suit was smiled on at the last: if it was, why was not this doubly human document treasured by its recipient? Was she ungrateful for the heart that went with it? Was she cruel, as well as fair, Estelle?

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE ART OF THE BOOK-PLATE

THE *ex-libris*, so frequently worthy of consideration as a work of art, especially in its modern manifestations, is based primarily on the individuality of the person for whom it was made. It is the result of a natural impulse to indicate ownership in a book by more than a simple signature, or a type-printed label, by some device that shall be distinctive, that shall give some indication of the owner's character and tastes. In fact, this impulse, and the pleasure in its artistic expression, have led some people to have more than one book-plate. Egerton Castle has several; Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg, over twenty.

By E. D. French.

In these little art products, not only the skill and individual attitude of the artist are expressed; the personality and ideas of the one who orders the plate have had also their influence on the result, and are, in fact, as one book-plate designer has well said, the key-note of the design. That does not alter the fact that ultimately the artist's personality is often the dominating one, and forms the main reason why particular plates are sought.

By J. H. Fincken.

The factors in the composition of the book-plate are, therefore, the relative mental attitudes of owner and artist, and the sympathy of each for the other's stand-point. It is this combination of elements which makes the charm of the book-plate, which results in a variety of interest that has caused the cult of the book-plate to become wide-spread and has occasioned a voluminous literature.

Associations and periodicals devoted to book-plates exist in various countries, and large collections of plates have been formed, such as the one in the British Museum (seventy thousand or more pieces), or private ones, such as those of Mr. W. Baillie and Mr. Henry Blackwell in this country. An extensive literature deals with the book-plate in general, in particular countries, in the work of individual artists. Book-plates for children (frequent particularly in England and the United States) and for and by women have found their recording historians.

The mass of material has led the systematic classifier to group plates into divisions, such as the Jacobean, the Ribbon and Wreath, the Allegorical, the Pictorial. The last, again, has been subdivided into the book-pile plate, the library interior (which frequently pictures the owner among his books), the portrait, the biographical, the landscape.

In earlier days the book-plate reflected the importance of heraldry in all the pomp of armorial bearings, and was, therefore, an emblem of family dignity rather than an expression of personal tastes. To-day the pictorial plate predominates, directly or symbolically illustrating a particular individuality. That, of course, does not exclude the opportunity for an unobtrusive introduction of heraldic devices. But possibilities for a less hampered effort on the part of the artist are immeasurably increased.

Mottoes, allegorical allusions, the portrait of the owner, pictures of favorite places, the paraphernalia of sports or other hobbies, rows of books labeled with the names of preferred authors, allusions to personal achievement, wit good and poor, the downright pun (a cat and a bull on the plate of Chabœuf), such elements,

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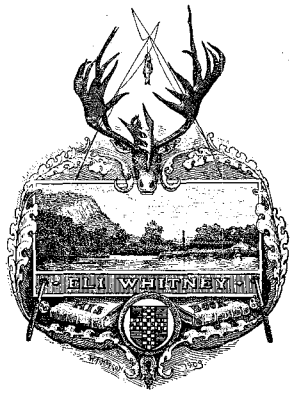
By Sidney L. Smith.



By W. F. Hopson.

By Geo. Wharton Edwards.

with decorative setting, form material for *ex-libris*. There is plenty of opportunity for the display of poor taste. An apparent anxiety to avoid running counter to the Scriptural admonition regarding bushel-covered lights may result in a parade of self-advertisement that weighs down the designer's freedom of expression, as the Old Man of the Sea did Sindbad the Sailor. (Beraldi boldly asserts that "the worth of a bibliophile is in inverse ratio to the dimension of his *ex-libris*.") But if the owner may be too much in evidence, so, too, may the artist. An attempt to make a book-plate a compressed pictorial biography may prove fatuous, but it is equally unfortunate to make it a miniature mural decoration or poster, or to utilize it in the exploitation of super-advanced artistic idiotisms. Not stiffness, not even necessarily absolute seriousness, but a certain dignity is called for here; vagaries are out of order. The final purpose should always be kept in view.

Appropriateness is a prime necessity, appropriateness in conception, design, and execution, the last implying a proper regard for the reproductive medium. The principles of taste which govern our judgment of any prints hold good here as well.

The book-plate may indicate the owner's taste with no distinct reference to him, as when A. A. Hopkins adopts an illustration from the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphilii" (Florence, 1499), or another a figure from Botticelli's "Spring." Or the allusion may be more direct, as in Francis Wilson's plate, which represents a court-jester lost amid old volumes while time goes on unheeded. The towers of Notre Dame looming dark in Victor Hugo's plate, by Bouvenne, are sufficiently clear in meaning, as is a pair of hands on the key-board of a piano in another instance. In Phil May's plate, by W. Nicholson, the London 'Arriet, whose rakish vulgarity May hit off so well, is decoratively utilized. And it is a dry, bibliophilic chuckle which is caused by the exultant *Je l'ai* ("I have it") entwining a volume on the plate which Bracquemond designed for Poulet-Malassis.

By Jay Chambers.

Certain devices frequently recur (for instance, in England, a quasi-allegorical female reader, of more or less saccharine quality), as do mottoes such as "inter folia fructus." Especially appropriate mottoes are at times encountered, as *Voulour c'est pouvoir* on Gambetta's plate by Legros. Willibald Pirckheimer's *Sibi et amicis* ("his and his friends"), like the famous *Io Grolierii et amicorum*, marks by contrast the more frequent expressions of the tenor of Prince Pückler Muskau's "Keine Leih-

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bibliothek," or a certain Frenchman's advice, "Ite ad vendentes et emite vobis" (go to the dealer and buy it yourself). Such vigorous emphasis of non-lending ownership appears in a more elementary form in doggerel like the familiar "Don't steal this book, my honest friend, or else the gallows may be your end," and even the curse of heaven is called down on the heads of remiss borrowers. The middle course, that of the admonitory lender, is furnished by Garrick: "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plus tôt."

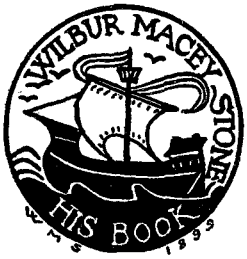
By Louis Rhead.

The *ex-libris* remains in its totality a "document," a phase of human activity which not only cannot be overlooked, but which repays study, and is of most varied charm. It appeals through personal, historical, or literary association, it attracts as an instance of art applied, as one of the many forms in which art may be made an integral part of daily life.

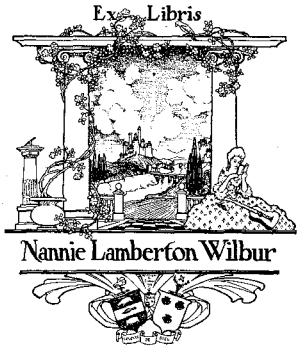
Specifically the artist's province, when the basic ideas have been decided on, is the design, the co-ordination of the various elements into an orderly whole. Over-elaboration, here, is as objectionable as a slighting of essential possibilities. One of the problems always is the arrangement of name and motto; a problem similar to that of the ornamental value of lettering on medals, exemplified, say, by the work of Pisanello.

It is over four hundred years since the first known book-plate was made, and the list of artists who have since then designed book-plates either occasionally or habitually is a long one. A great variety in artistic style and mood has been enlisted in this specialty of production. Names taken almost at random from the list illustrate this. Dürer, Amman, Chodowiecki, Thoma, Greiner, Sattler, Orlik in Germany and Austria; Faithorne, Bartolozzi, Strange, Bewick, Sherborn in England; Eisen, Bouvenne, Bracquemond in France. Just a few, but what an array of influences they bring to mind: nationality, schools, personality. What a variety of technical methods, of adaptation of different reproductive processes to individual style.

There are reflected the wit, fancy, and grace of the French, the decorative quality in English work such as Crane's, the contemplativeness and analysis of the German, the versatility and adaptativeness of certain of our own artists. In numerous individual variations are these movements and tendencies of nations and schools and groups expressed. The very names of Boucher, Gravelot, and Moreau *le jeune* conjure up pictures of the elegance and gayety of the eighteenth century in France, as Chéret's evokes the poster and the lithographic art. D. Y. Cameron, Sir Charles Holroyd and Frank Brangwyn repeat the distinction and character of their larger etchings. The "Little Masters," Holbein and Max Klinger give pregnant expression to German ideas and ideals, old and new. Rassenfosse, Rops, Hoytema, Carl Larsson form further rich notes in this concert of racial expression. The medium employed—the formal line-engraving on copper, the free etching, the vigorous wood-



By W. M. Stone.



By Wm. Edgar Fisher

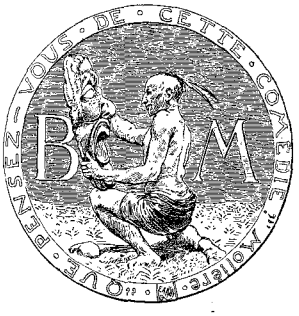


Plate of Prof. Brander Matthews, by Edwin A. Abbey.

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cut—has also its distinct and important part in the result. Adjustment of medium to style, giving natural expression to period and nationality, we find in the best art of any kind, and so here also.

In our own country we may trace the development of the book-plate from the heraldic magnificence and stately formality of the line-engraving period to the free expression of thought, or of passing mood or whim which is transmitted by the immediateness of the photo-mechanical processes. One turns from the earliest work by Hurd, Paul Revere, Bowen, Doolittle, Dawkins (from which Washington's plate stands out mainly through associated veneration), to that of E. D. French, who in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries perpetuated the best traditions of line-engraving on copper with signal success. He employed formalized foliage, as did Beham and other German masters, with ever-varying effect, with a dignified beauty of decorative line and a calm nobility of expression which give him a place apart. J. Winfred Spenceley, who did not long outlive Mr. French, also engraved on copper, with more variety in design. A happy combination of adaptativeness and individuality, of dignity and a certain free, etcher-like swing in his landscapes, marks his work. A similar note of variety is felt also in the line-engravings of Sidney L. Smith, W. F. Hopson (who sometimes adds aquatint to the pure line), J. H. Fincken, Frederick Spenceley, and A. N. Macdonald, the last-named evidently inspired by the example of French.

By Shelden Cheney.

By Walter M. Aikman.

The combination of graver and copper-plate imposes its limits and its distinction on the work of the men just named, which, while differing in style and in degree of freedom, bears in every case a certain stamp of reserve. For the artists who draw for the process plate no such limits are set; the very facility of reproduction invites free expression and tempts those who have a tendency to go beyond proper artistic bounds. It is decidedly to the credit of these younger designers of book-plates that the whole of their work, subjected to so many influences, and with so many opportunities for going astray, is so satisfactory. L. S. Ipsen, W. M. Stone, Jay Chambers, Mrs. A. R. Wheelan and various other California artists (with their organ in the "Book-Plate Booklet" of Berkeley, Cal.), Wm. Edgar Fisher, A. A. Lewis (who engraves his designs of an archaic flavor on wood) are among those who devote themselves habitually to this specialty. E. A. Abbey, Geo. Wharton Edwards, Elihu Vedder, E. H. Garrett, Louis Rhead, E. L. Warner have occasionally turned to it.

But while a number of able artists have devoted all or most of their energies to this form of art, fascinating to many, it is with a shade of regret that one notes the very few cases in which an American painter has turned aside from his canvas to design an occasional plate. We are still too much dominated by the idea that art, "high art," is painting or sculpture, and that most other forms can be left to artist-artizans or treated as a bit of by-play. The realization must come that art, after all, should be the general application of principles of beauty in our daily life, and that this application is not unworthy of the best talent.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

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